The PATHS *of* VIRTUE *Delineated*;

OR, THE

HISTORY

IN

MINIATURE

OF THE CELEBRATED

PAMELA,

CLARISSA HARLOWE,

AND

Sir *CHARLES GRANDISON*.

Great Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous Deeds,
And, tho' a late, a ſure Reward ſucceeds.

CONGREVE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for S. CROWDER, T. LOWNDES, S. BLADON,
and R. BALDWIN.
MDCC LXXIII.

1568/930.

BL
30.14.14

THE

PREFACE.

IT is univerſally allowed by all moraliſts, that the moſt important part of education is implanting in the minds of youth, maxims of religion and virtue, and teaching the young inexperienced heart to govern its paſſions: to regulate its deſires and purſuits after happineſs. To anſwer this purpoſe, it is neceſſary to ſhew, that only the path of virtue leads to pleaſure, tranquility, and honour; that innocence is the beſt ſecurity againſt danger; that a mind unruffled by turbulent paſſions can alone enjoy the ſweets of peace; that the exertion of true benevolence, with the kind and friendly offices that always accompany it, not only affords the nobleſt of all pleaſures, but is the moſt effectual method of obtaining the eſteem of mankind, and the approbation of God himſelf; and that this, with the love of the Supreme Source of all perfection; a reſignation to his will, and a dependence on his goodneſs, gives the trueſt magnanimity, is the ſureſt defence againſt all the accidents and un-

foreſeen calamities of life, and is capable of exalting every character to its higheſt excellence. This is erecting the fabric of happineſs on the moſt ſolid rock; an edifice that ſhall grow more and more perfect, and receiving freſh ſtrength and beauty from every ſtorm, ſhall laſt for ever unimpaired.

On the other hand, nothing can be more uſeful, than to pull off the flattering diſguiſes of vice, and to ſhew it to the youth of both ſexes, (who are too apt to be deluded by appearances,) in all its dreadful conſequences, and to let them ſee, that the happineſs ariſing from vicious pleaſures, is not only in the higheſt degree vain and deluſive; but is deſtructive to the body, the canker of the ſoul, and will be attended, in its conſequences, with contempt and miſery, and that no outward or mental accompliſhment can atone for the want of humanity and integrity. The vicious man gazes on a gleam of lightning, and takes it for a ſunbeam; he purſues the ſerpent, pleaſure, and, allured by the gaiety of its colours, ſnatches it to his boſom, and is ſtung to death. In ſhort, he builds on a quickſand, but the fabric ſinking with the firſt tide, falls and cruſhes him in its ruins.

But the young mind, though it pants after happineſs, is, however, too apt to be diſguſted with the formality of precepts, and the moſt important truths are ſlighted, when inculcated by

by dictatorial wiſdom: but the caſe is quite otherwiſe, when the world is ſet before it, and the conſequences of virtue and vice are exhibited in characters and events drawn from nature and real life; when the human heart is laid open, and all the ſprings and movements that actuate it are expoſed to view. Theſe living pictures affect the minds of youth by an irreſiſtible charm, and thus they obtain a knowledge of human nature and of the world, and gain that experience which a ſucceſſion of years could otherwiſe alone beſtow.

Among the ſeveral hiſtories of this kind, drawn from nature and real life, we could find nothing more adapted to anſwer the above excellent purpoſes, than the works of an author who has filled the eyes of the humane with the tears of pity, and whoſe moral paintings, by the fineneſs of his deſigns, the ſtrength and delicacy of his colouring, and the beautiful variety of his lights and ſhades, have obtained an infinite number of admirers.

The following work conſiſts of miniatures, taken with as much care as poſſible, from thoſe large pictures of human life; and it is hoped, that none will be ſo unjuſt, as to imagine, that this is done with a deſign to injure the beautiful originals. In draughts ſo ſmall, much muſt be left out to make room for the more diſtinguiſhed figures: and even ſome of the noble and admired touches omitted, from the impoſ-

ſibility

ſibility of repreſenting them in ſo ſmall a compaſs. This we have found to be particularly the caſe with reſpect to thoſe long, yet fine and moving dialogues between Sir *Charles Grandiſon* and the noble *Clementina*, where the paſſions, being raiſed by inſenſible degrees, are at length wrought up to the higheſt pitch of human nature.

We have, however, the greateſt reaſon to believe, that the following work will be highly entertaining to the youth of both ſexes, for whoſe uſe it is ſolely intended. In every part it abounds with the moſt intereſting and affecting events; ſuch as not only raiſe every tender, every generous paſſion in the mind, but afford the nobleſt moral leſſons, in which the incidents themſelves inculcate almoſt every virtue, and a juſt abhorrence of almoſt every vice, without the formality of ſet reflections or laboured digreſſions. The young gentlemen and ladies who read will perceive theſe naturally ariſing in their own minds, and will inſenſibly find ſuch diſpoſitions take place, as, by a proper cultivation, may be of the greateſt ſervice to the cauſe of virtue.

They will ſee in *Pamela* the native beauty of innocence, without the embelliſhments of a polite education, and a free converſe with the great; and while the fair reader will wiſh to imitate perfections that muſt give a luſtre to every ſtation; the manly youth, by being taught

taught to deteſt the vices of the accompliſhed Mr. *B.* will be ſenſible of the cruelty of attempting a virgin innocence, and will dread being guilty of a crime which he deteſts in another.

THESE diſpoſitions, it is hoped, will be ſtrengthened and confirmed by the affecting hiſtory of the lovely and moſt accompliſhed *Clariſſa*; both ſexes, while they admire and lament her unhappy fate, muſt feel the force of that virtue which could ſupport her mind amidſt the deepeſt diſtreſſes; her dreadful ſtruggles will ſhew the folly of a young lady's placing her hopes on the fair aſſurance of a man void of virtue; who, notwithſtanding every other advantage, muſt be conſidered as an abandoned villain. While the heroine is refined and exalted by her ſufferings, her cruel deſtroyer is wretched and diſappointed even in the boaſted ſucceſs of his vile machinations; and while ſhe enjoys the firm and ſublime ſupports of chriſtianity, and attains a happy immortality, he periſhes miſerably, and ſinks into the grave, oppreſſed with guilt, remorſe, and horror. How numerous are the leſſons of virtue and religion, that muſt ariſe in the mind on reading this moving ſtory!

IN the accompliſhed, the benevolent, and wiſe Sir *Charles Grandiſon*, is the example of a man, who, acting from the ſteady principles of religion and virtue, is juſtly admired and eſteemed,

eſteemed, is happy in himſelf, a bleſſing to others, and an honour to human nature.

HAPPY the youth, who, by reading this work, learns to ſhun the vices of a Mr. *B.* and *Lovelace*, and makes it his endeavour to imitate the noble virtues of the humane, the generous, and religious Sir *Charles Grandiſon*; and, like him, is the moſt dutiful of ſons, the moſt affectionate of brothers, the moſt faithful of friends, and the beſt of huſbands!

HAPPY the fair, who endeavours to tranſcribe into her mind, the artleſs ſimplicity and innocence of *Pamela*, with the ſteady virtue of a *Clariſſa!* who, like the lovely Miſs *Byron*, merits and obtains, from her relations and friends, the tendereſt affection, and by deſpiſing every admirer, who wants the principal and only charms that ought to captivate a virtuous mind, at length obtains the happineſs of being united to a man of ſenſe, virtue, and religion.

THE

THE HISTORY OF *PAMELA.*

PAMELA, the daughter of *Goodman Andrews*, a poor labourer, was taken when ſhe was about twelve years old, into the family of Lady *B.* As ſhe was extremely pretty, and was of an amiable diſpoſition, her Lady grew very fond of her, and took a pleaſure in cultivating her mind, and in teaching her every genteel accompliſhment, ſuch as muſic, dancing, and fine needle-work; and, while the improvement ſhe made under the care of her indulgent miſtreſs was a ſubject of admiration to all who were witneſſes of it, the increaſing beauty of her perſon, the humble and virtuous turn of her mind, and the engaging ſweetneſs of her temper, rendered her the object of their love, and more particularly endeared her to all the family.

PAMELA had been about four years in this family, when her Lady was taken ſick; ſhe attended her with the moſt affectionate care, but, to her unſpeakable grief, all the methods taken to preſerve her

life proved ineffectual. Before ſhe expired ſhe particularly recommended this weeping beauty to the care of Mr. *B.* her ſon, a young gentleman of a fine eſtate, a handſome perſon, and poſſeſſed of many accompliſhments: her young maſter was indeed extremely kind to her, and gave her many of her miſtreſs's cloaths, and four guineas which were found in the good Lady's pocket. This money the dutiful girl ſent to her father and mother by the footman, who was going that way, in a little box, cloſe wrapt in paper, with a letter which acquainted them with the death of her miſtreſs, and the means which had enabled her to make this preſent. In the poſtſcript ſhe informs them of an affright which ſhe had undergone, by her maſter's entering the room when ſhe was folding the letter, and of her endeavour to conceal it to no purpoſe; that the young gentleman had read and returned it without anger, even commending her duty and proficiency in writing and ſpelling, and granting her the uſe of her late Lady's library. Her poor parents were remarkable for nothing ſo much as their honeſty and their poverty; but this was far from giving them the relief ſhe expected, ſince it only ſerved to alarm their fears for the virtue of their daughter. They diſtruſted the motive of this kindneſs, and reſolved to make no uſe of what might be given with a view to undermine her innocence: hence they took occaſion to put her on her guard, by ſhewing her her danger, to remind her of the principles they had conſtantly inſtilled into her infant mind, and to caution her againſt being ſeduced by her own gratitude; charging her, that if ſhe found the leaſt attempt made upon her virtue, to be ſure to leave every thing behind her, and to come away to them; telling her, that they had rather ſee her all covered with rags, and even follow her to her grave, than have it ſaid, that ſhe preferred any worldly conſideration to her virtue.

PAMELA's heart, which was overflowing with gratitude for her maſter's goodneſs, was, by this letter, rendered fearful and ſuſpicious; but ſhe endeavoured to remove the apprehenſions of her parents, by

by letting them know, that ſhe would be contented with rags and poverty, bread and water, rather than forfeit her good name, let who would be the tempter. About this time the Lady *Davers*, her maſter's ſiſter, came and ſtaid a month in the family: this Lady took particular notice of *Pamela*, and propoſed to her brother, her coming to live with her, to which he readily conſented; *Pamela* rejoiced at his being ſo willing to part with her, and thought this a ſufficient proof of the innocence of his intentions; and, while ſhe flattered herſelf with this hope, he ſtill continued to give her many of her late miſtreſs's rich cloaths, and bid her wear them for her ſake. Lady *Davers*, during her ſtay, had given her the moſt prudent inſtructions for her behaviour, and had obſerved to her brother, that ſhe was too pretty to live in a batchelor's houſe, that ſhe had a good ſhare of diſcretion, and ſenſe above her years; and that no lady he ſhould marry would care to continue her, and that 'twas pity her merit ſhould prove her misfortune.

THE poor *Pamela*, who thought herſelf happy in her own integrity, and the care of good Mrs. *Jervas*, the houſe-keeper, went on happily for ſome time, though her maſter had altered his mind about her going to wait on Lady *Davers*, and had told her Ladyſhip, that as ſhe had a nephew who was a wild ſpark, he thought the beauty of *Pamela* might be her ruin. But one day, as ſhe was at work in the ſummer-houſe at the end of the garden, this kind benefactor, this good maſter, who pretended to be kind to her, from a regard to the requeſt of a dying mother, who was too fearful of her to truſt her with the nephew of his ſiſter, ſhewed himſelf in his true colours; he followed her thither, kiſſed her rudely, and would have proceeded to greater freedoms had ſhe not got looſe; ſhe endeavoured to eſcape, but he held her back, and ſhut the door; ſhe now loſt all her reſpect and deference, and told him ſhe would not ſtay. You won't, huſſy! ſaid he? Do you know whom you ſpeak to? Yes, I do, Sir, too well! ſhe cried; well may I forget that I am your ſervant, when you forget what belongs to a maſter.

Yet, Sir, I will be bold to ſay, added ſhe, burſting into tears, I am honeſt though poor, and if you were a prince I would not be otherwiſe. Mr. *B.* exaſperated at her behaviour, bid her ceaſe her blubbering, deſired her to keep this matter ſecret, and putting ſome gold in her hands, to make amends for her fright, bid her walk in the garden till her blubbering was over. She, however, prudently refuſed to take the money, and, laying it down on the window-bench, opened the door, and left the ſummer-houſe, while he called after her, Be ſecret, I charge you, *Pamela*, and don't go in yet. O how poor and mean muſt thoſe actions be, and how little muſt they make the beſt of gentlemen look, when they offer ſuch things as are unworthy of themſelves, and put it into the power of their inferiors to be greater than they!

THE lovely *Pamela* was now in the greateſt diſtreſs; ſhe however obeyed her maſter in taking a turn or two in the garden, and in drying up her tears before ſhe appeared among the other ſervants, and then entering the houſe locked herſelf up in her chamber. She ſometimes thought of going to the next town, and ſtaying there till ſhe had an opportunity of getting to her parents; but the cloaths ſhe wore would expoſe her to danger, and ſhe apprehended that it would be thought ſhe had robbed her maſter, and was forced to run away. O how did ſhe then wiſh for the grey ruſſet gown, and the poor dreſs with which ſhe was firſt fitted out by her parents! the agitations of her mind confined her in her chamber till the evening, when, deſiring to be excuſed going to ſupper, Mrs. *Jervas*, the houſe-keeper, who had always behaved to her with the affection of a parent, came up to her, and perceiving the diſorder of her mind, begged ſhe would open her heart to her. This ſhe promiſed, on condition ſhe would leave her for the preſent, and ſuffer her to be her bedfellow; and to this Mrs. *Jervas* readily conſented, only deſiring that ſhe would come down to ſupper. She begged however to be excuſed; for, ſaid ſhe, I have been crying ſo that it will be taken notice of by my fellow-ſervants; and I will hide nothing from you,

you, Mrs. *Jervas*, when we are alone. Mrs. *Jervas* was ſo good to indulge her, but made haſte to go up to bed, telling the ſervants that ſhe would lie with *Pamela*, becauſe ſhe could not reſt well, and would get her to read her to ſleep; for I know, ſaid ſhe, that ſhe loves reading.

WHEN they were alone at night, ſhe told her all that had paſſed, when the good woman could not help ſympathizing in her diſtreſs, and mingling tears with her tears. *Pamela* begged her to adviſe her what to do, and ſhewed her her father's letters; but Mrs. *Jervas* perſuaded her not to leave her place, telling her that ſhe hoped her having behaved ſo virtuouſly would make her maſter aſhamed of what he had done, and prevent his making any more attempts that would alarm her. Though, my dear *Pamela*, ſaid ſhe, I muſt confeſs that I fear more for your prettineſs than for any thing elſe; for, indeed, the beſt gentleman in the land might love you.

THE next day the poor *Pamela* was extremely dejected, and wrote a long letter to her parents, in order to inform them of what had paſſed, and to beg their advice; but leaving the room before ſhe had ſealed it, ſhe on her return found it gone. She did not at firſt ſuſpect her maſter's being guilty of ſuch meanneſs as to take it; but his croſs and ſevere behaviour ſoon made her believe that he had it, and was diſpleaſed at its contents; for he ordered Mrs. *Jervas* not to ſuffer her to ſpend ſo much time in writing. Soon after this he went to pay a viſit to his ſiſter, where he ſtaid ſome time. During his abſence ſhe was happy; but as ſoon as he returned home, he began to call her to account for having told what had paſſed between them in the ſummer-houſe. She evaded giving a direct anſwer to his queſtions as long as ſhe could without telling a direct falſhood; but at length was forced to confeſs, that ſhe had acquainted Mrs. *Jervas* with her fright and apprehenſions. He then mentioned her writing out of his houſe about the affairs of his family. She was now quite ſure that he had the letter deſigned for her father, which emboldened her to ſay, Of whom, Sir, ſhould ſuch

a poor girl as I aſk advice, if not of a father? Indeed, Sir, it is not I that expoſe you, if I ſay nothing but the truth.

He ſtamped and appeared in a violent paſſion, while the poor trembling *Pamela* dropped on her knees before him, and intreated his pity. I have, ſaid ſhe, nothing to truſt to but my good name. It is impoſſible that I ſhould be either ungrateful or inſolent, as you are pleaſed to call me, except when your commands are contrary to virtue, which ſhall always be the ruling principle of my life.

Mr. *B.* ſeemed affected with what ſhe ſaid, and left her for a few minutes, but returned to her again, if we may judge by his actions, with the worſt deſigns; he kiſſed her neck and lips by force, put his hand in her boſom, and told her ſhe might as well complain of real injuries as imaginary ones; ſhe ſtruggled and called on heaven for protection, while he banteringly told her, he would furniſh out a letter of complaint to her father and mother, and a tale for Mrs. *Jervas* into the bargain. The terrified *Pamela* was in the utmoſt diſtreſs; but on his ſtill perſiſting in indecent freedoms, her indignation gave her ſtrength; ſhe broke from him, and ruſhed into another room; but was ſo cloſely followed by her maſter, that he got hold of her gown as ſhe entered it. However, as the door had a ſpring lock it clapped to, leaving a part of her gown on the outſide, which was torn off on her falling in a fit on the floor.

Mr. *B.* could purſue her no further; for the key happened to be on the inſide; but when he beheld her to all appearance dead, which he did through the key-hole, he called Mrs. *Jervas*, and they together burſt open the door. *Pamela* preſently coming to herſelf, her maſter recommended her to the care of his houſe-keeper, whom he ordered to take no notice of what had happened, and then left her.

Mrs. *Jervas* at firſt thought ſhe had been actually ruined, and wept over her as if ſhe had been her own child. But when ſhe afterwards expoſtulated with her maſter on the foulneſs of his proceedings, he charged her to be ſilent, and telling her that he would

not

not have the perverſe prating girl ſtay in his houſe, went out in an ill humour; but firſt bid Mrs. *Jervas* tell *Pamela*, that he expected to ſee her in his mother's cloſet the next day after dinner, and do you be with her, ſaid he, and you ſhall hear what paſſes between us. How is the girl? I never ſaw ſuch a fool in my life. I did nothing at all to her. She has told you, it ſeems, that I was kind to her in the ſummer-houſe; though, I'll aſſure you, I was quite innocent then as well as now. I have done her no harm; and I won't have her ſtay in my houſe, prating, perverſe fool as ſhe is!

PAMELA was very loth to meet him; but at the time appointed he rung the bell, and on Mrs. *Jervas* going up, aſked for *Pamela*, and ordered his houſe-keeper to come with her. This encouraged the poor girl, who was ready to die with fear. Mr. *B.* made light of what had paſſed the day before, treated *Pamela* very harſhly, and inſiſted on his houſe-keeper's telling him what ſhe had ſaid was the cauſe of her being ſo extremely frightened. The poor woman was intimidated at her maſter's ſtern looks, and replied, that ſhe had only told her, that he had kiſſed her and ſet her on his knee. *Pamela* then took courage to ſpeak for herſelf, and ſaid, Sir, you know you did more; you went too far for a maſter to his ſervant, or even to his equal, and I cannot bear it. Her tears ſtopped her voice. Here Mrs. *Jervas* began to excuſe her, and to entreat his pity for a poor girl, that had ſuch a value for her reputation. I ſpeak it to her face, ſaid he, I think her pretty, very pretty; and I thought her humble, and one that would not grow upon my favours, and the notice I took of her; but I abhor a thought of forcing her to any thing. I know myſelf better, and what belongs to me. Without all doubt I have enough demeaned myſelf by taking notice of her; but I was bewitched by her, I think, to be freer than became me; though I had no intentions to carry the jeſt farther.

THUS Mr. *B.* pretended that he only meant a little innocent jeſting; ſeemed highly to reſent her miſtaking his intention, and threatened that ſhe ſhould

return again to the poverty his mother took her from. But the innocent and virtuous *Pamela* was ſo far from conſidering this as a misfortune, that ſhe bleſſed her maſter on her knees for the promiſe of letting her go honeſt to her parents. She now, unknown to Mrs. *Jervas*, put a project in practice. She thought that to go home to her father and mother, and have nothing upon her back that was really fit for her condition, would be ſtrange. For how would ſhe look with a ſilk night-gown, ſilken petticoats, cambrick head-cloaths, fine *Holland* linen, laced ſhoes, and fine ſtockings, that had been her Lady's? How in a little time muſt theſe have looked, like caſt-offs indeed, and herſelf ſuch too for wearing them! She therefore bought of Farmer *Nichols*'s wife and daughters a good ſad-coloured ſtuff, of their own ſpinning, enough to make her a gown and two petticoats. Facings and robings ſhe made of a pretty bit of printed callico which ſhe had by her. She had a pretty good camblet quilted coat, which ſhe judged might do tolerably well. She bought two flannel under-coats, and having got ſome pretty good *Scots* cloth, ſhe made her two ſhifts, by working early and late, when nobody ſaw her. Of a pedlar ſhe bought two round-ear'd caps, a little ſtraw-hat, a pair of knit mittins turned up with white callico, and two pair of ordinary blue worſted hoſe, that made a ſmartiſh appearance, with white clocks, and two yards of black ribband for her ſhift-ſleeves, and to ſerve as a necklace. This was done out of the money that ſhe had ſaved; as her good Lady had been always giving her ſomething. She judged herſelf the more obliged to do this, as ſhe was to be turned away for what her maſter thought want of duty; and as he expected other returns for his preſents than ſhe intended to make him; ſo it was but juſt, as ſhe imagined, to leave his preſents behind her, when ſhe went away; for if ſhe would not earn his wages, why ſhould ſhe have them? She therefore tricked herſelf up one day after dinner in this new garb, and put on her round-ear'd cap, with a green knot, her plain *Spaniſh* leather ſhoes, her black ſilk necklace,

inſtead

inſtead of the *French* necklace which her Lady had given her, and took the ear-rings out of her ears. Thus equipped, ſhe took her ſtraw-hat in her hand, and went down to look for Mrs. *Jervas*, to ſee how ſhe liked her. Upon the ſtairs ſhe met *Rachel* the houſe-maid, who made her a low curteſy as ſhe paſſed, and did not know her; ſhe ſmiled, and went on to the houſe-keeper's parlour, where Mrs. *Jervas* was at work. The good woman, on her appearance, roſe up, and pulling off her ſpectacles, ſaid, Do you want me, forſooth? The other could not help laughing, but cried, What! Mrs. *Jervas!* don't you know me? Mrs. *Jervas* all the while ſtood in amaze, and examined her from top to toe. Why, you ſurprize me, ſaid ſhe; what *Pamela* thus metamorphoſed! how came this about!

At this inſtant her maſter ſtept in, but, her back being towards him, he took her to be a ſtranger on buſineſs, and withdrew again, and did not hear the houſe-keeper aſk, if his honour had any commands for her? Mrs. *Jervas* now turned her about and about, and viewed all her dreſs to her under-petticoat; and then, ſitting down, ſaid, Why, I am all in amaze: what can all this mean? *Pamela* anſwered, that having no cloaths ſuitable to her condition, when ſhe ſhould return to her father, it was better for her to begin here, that all her fellow-ſervants might ſee, that ſhe knew how to ſuit herſelf to the ſtate ſhe was returning to.

The bell now rung in the back parlour, and ſhe withdrew, while Mrs. *Jervas* went to attend her maſter. He told her that he intended to go into *Lincolnſhire*, and poſſibly to his ſiſter Lady *Davers*'s, and ſhould be abſent ſome weeks. But pray, ſaid he, what pretty neat damſel was that with you? She ſmiled, and aſked if his honour did not know who it was? No, ſaid he, I never ſaw her before. Farmer *Nichols*, or Farmer *Brady*, have neither of them ſuch a tight prim laſs for a daughter, have they? Though I did not ſee her face neither. If your honour won't be angry, ſaid the houſe-keeper, I will introduce her into your preſence; for I think, con-

tinued ſhe, ſhe outdoes our *Pamela*. She then ſtept to her, and told her, that ſhe muſt go to her maſter; but, for goodneſs ſake, let him find you out himſelf, for he does not know you: I ſay again, you ſhall come in; but I charge you not to diſcover yourſelf till he finds you out. She alſo made her take her ſtraw-hat in her hand.

PAMELA at her entrance dropt a low curtſey, but ſaid never a word. Her maſter came up to her, and, taking her by the hand, ſaid, whoſe pretty maiden are you!—I dare ſay you are *Pamela*'s ſiſter, you are ſo like her—ſo neat—ſo clean—ſo pretty! Why, child, you far ſurpaſs your ſiſter *Pamela!* She was all confuſion, and would have ſpoken; but he took her about the neck; Why, ſaid he, you are very pretty, child: I would not be ſo free with your *ſiſter*, you may believe me, but I muſt kiſs *you*. O Sir, ſhe exclaimed, I am *Pamela*, indeed I am; indeed I am *Pamela*, *her own ſelf!* He kiſſed her for all ſhe could do, and ſaid, impoſſible! You are a lovelier girl by half than *Pamela*, and ſure I may be innocently free with you, though I would not do *her* ſo much favour.

THIS proved a ſad trick upon her indeed, and what ſhe could not expect; and Mrs. *Jervas* looked as much like a fool for her officiouſneſs. At laſt ſhe got away, and ran out of the parlour as faſt as her legs could carry her. He then talked a good deal to Mrs. *Jervas*, and afterwards ordered her to come in to him again. Come in, ſaid he, you little villain! Who is it you put your tricks upon? I was reſolved never to honour your unworthineſs with ſo much notice again; and ſo you muſt diſguiſe yourſelf to attract me, and yet pretend, like an hypocrite as you are———

SHE was then out of patience, and, Hold, good Sir, ſaid ſhe, do not impute diſguiſe and hypocriſy to me above all things; for I hate them both, mean as I am. I have put on no diſguiſe—What a plague then do you mean by this dreſs! Why, and pleaſe your honour, ſaid ſhe, I mean one of the honeſteſt things in the world. I have been in diſguiſe, indeed, ever

ever ſince my good Lady, your mother, took me from my poor parents. I came to her Ladyſhip ſo poor and mean, that theſe cloaths that I have on are a princely ſuit to thoſe I had then. Her goodneſs heaped upon me rich cloaths, and other bounties; and as I am now returning to my poor parents again ſo ſoon, I cannot wear thoſe good things without being hooted at; and ſo have bought what will be more ſuitable to my degree, and be a good holiday ſuit too when I get home.

He then took her in his arms, and then preſently puſhed her away from him again. Mrs. *Jervas*, ſaid he, take the little witch from me; I can neither bear nor forbear her!—But ſtay; you ſhan't go!—Yet begone!—No, come back again!

She was going however, but he ſtept after her, and, taking hold of her hand with ſome violence, brought her back again. Sir, ſaid ſhe, pray have mercy; I will, I will come in!

He ſat down, and looked at her, ſimply enough. At laſt he reſumed, Well, Mrs. *Jervas*, as I was telling you, you may permit her to ſtay a little longer, till I ſee if my ſiſter *Davers* will have her; if, in the mean time, ſhe will humble herſelf, and aſk this as a favour, and is ſorry for her pertneſs, and the liberty ſhe has taken with my character, out of the houſe, and in the houſe. Your honour indeed told me ſo, ſaid Mrs. *Jervas*; but I never found her inclinable to think herſelf in a fault. Pride and perverſeneſs, ſaid he, with a vengeance! Yet this is your doating-piece!——Well, for once I'll ſubmit myſelf to tell you, huſſy, that you may ſtay a fortnight longer, till I ſee my ſiſter *Davers:* Do you hear what I ſay to you, ſtatue! Can you neither ſpeak nor be thankful?——Your honour frights me ſo, ſaid ſhe, that I can hardly ſpeak: but I will venture to ſay, that I have only to beg, as a favour, that I may go to my father and mother.——Why fool, ſaid he, won't you like to go to wait on my ſiſter *Davers?* Sir, ſhe replied, I was once fond of the honour; but you was pleaſed to ſay, I might be in danger from her Ladyſhip's nephew, or he from me. D——d impertinence!

pertinence! ſaid he; do you hear, Mrs. *Jervas*; do you hear how ſhe retorts upon me? Was ever ſuch matchleſs aſſurance!

Mrs. *Jervas* then cried, fie, *Pamela*, fie!—and ſhe burſt into tears, ſaying, my lot is very hard indeed! I am ſure I would hurt nobody; and I have been, it ſeems, guilty of indiſcretions, which have coſt me my place and my maſter's favour, and ſo have been turned away: and when the time is come that I ſhould return to my poor parents, am not ſuffered to go quietly. Good your honour, what have I done; that I muſt be uſed worſe than if I had robbed you? —Robbed me! ſaid he; why you have, huſſy; you *have* robbed me. Who, I, Sir, ſaid ſhe; have I robbed you? why then you are a Juſtice of Peace, and may ſend me to gaol, if you pleaſe, and bring me to trial for my life! If you can prove that I have robbed you, I am ſure I ought to die. But, Sir, continued ſhe, let me aſk you but one queſtion, and pray don't let me called names for it; for I don't mean diſreſpectfully: why, if I have done amiſs, am I not left to be diſcharged by your houſe-keeper, as the other maids have been? If *Jane*, or *Rachel*, or *Hannah* were to offend, would your honour ſtoop to take notice of them? and why ſhould you ſo demean yourſelf to take notice of me? If I have not been worſe than others, why ſhould I ſuffer more than others? and why ſhould I not be turned away, and there's an end of it? for indeed I am not of conſequence enough for my maſter to concern himſelf, and be angry about ſuch a creature as me?

Do you hear, Mrs. *Jervas*, cried he again; how pertly I am interrogated by this ſaucy ſlut? why ſauce-box, did not my good mother deſire me to take care of you? and have you not been always diſtinguiſhed by me, above a common ſervant? and does your ingratitude upbraid me for this? She ſaid ſomething mutteringly, and he vowed he would hear it. She begged to be excuſed, but he inſiſted upon it. Why then, ſaid ſhe, if your honour *muſt* know, I ſaid that my good Lady did not deſire your care to extend to the ſummer-houſe and dreſſing-room.

THIS was a little ſaucy, and he flew into ſuch a paſſion, that ſhe was forced to run for it. Mrs. *Jervas* pleaded for her; but all that ſhe could get from him at his departure was, ſay no more, Mrs. *Jervas*, for by G—d I will have her. This was overheard by *Jonathan* the butler, who inſtantly appriſed *Pamela* of it by a note. This threw her into a terrible flutter; but that very night ſhe had far more cauſe for terror; for her wicked maſter hid himſelf in a cloſet in the chamber where ſhe and Mrs. *Jervas* lay. She was almoſt undreſſed, when ſhe heard a kind of ruſtling noiſe in the cloſet, and going to ſee what was the matter, he burſt out upon her. Both ſhe and the houſe-keeper, who was already in bed, ſcreamed; but Mr. *B.* was ſo far from retiring at their cries, that he, even before Mrs. *Jervas*, took ſuch liberties as were extremely offenſive to the innocent and modeſt virgin; her terror again made her give a violent cry, on her finding his hand in her boſom. He ſtill claſped her in his arms, and ſeemed not in the leaſt inclined to liſten to Mrs. *Jervas*, who was remonſtrating loudly againſt the vileneſs of his proceedings, when the poor *Pamela* through terror and ſhame fell into fits.

MR. *B.* on ſeeing her pale and diſtorted features, left the bed, and called the maid ſervants to her aſſiſtance: but ſhe was ſeveral hours before ſhe recovered her ſenſes, and continued very ill all the next day. She did not riſe till ten o'clock, and had all the concerns and wiſhes of the family, and multitudes of enquiries about her. Her maſter went out early to hunt, but left word he would be in to breakfaſt. He came up to the chamber about eleven, and put on ſharp anger at firſt. She had great emotions at his entering the room, threw her apron over her head, and fell a crying, as if her heart would break. Mrs. *Jervas*, ſaid he, ſince I know *you*, and you *me* ſo well, I don't know how we ſhall live together for the future. Sir, ſaid ſhe, I will take the liberty to ſay, what I think is beſt for both. I have ſo much grief that you ſhould attempt to do an injury to this poor girl, and eſpecially in my chamber, that I ſhould think myſelf acceſſary to the miſchief, if I was not

to

to take notice of it. Though my ruin therefore may depend upon it, I deſire not to ſtay; but pray let poor *Pamela* and me go together. With all my heart, ſaid he; and the ſooner the better: ſhe wept heartily. I find, ſays he, this girl has made a party of the whole houſe in her favour againſt me. Her innocence deſerves it of us all, ſaid ſhe: and I never could have thought that the ſon of my dear good Lady departed, could have ſo forfeited his honour, as to endeavour to deſtroy a virtue he ought to protect. No more of this, Mrs. *Jervas*, ſaid he, I will not bear it: as for *Pamela*, ſhe has a lucky knack of falling into fits, when ſhe pleaſes: but the curſed yellings of you both made me not myſelf. I intended no harm to her, as I told you both, if you'd have left your ſquallings; and I did no harm neither, but to myſelf; for I raiſed a hornet's neſt about my ears, that, as far as I know, may have ſtung to death my reputation. Sir, ſaid Mrs. *Jervas*, then I beg Mr. *Longman* may take my accounts, and I will go away as ſoon as I can. As for *Pamela*, ſhe is at her liberty, I hope, to go away next *Thurſday*, as ſhe intends.

PAMELA ſat ſtill, for ſhe could not ſpeak nor look up, and his preſence diſcompoſed her extremely. But ſhe was ſorry to hear herſelf the unhappy occaſion of Mrs. *Jervas*'s loſing her place.

WELL, ſaid he, let Mr. *Longman* make up your accounts, as ſoon as you will: and Mrs. *Jewkes* (who was the houſe-keeper in *Lincolnſhire*) ſhall come hither in your place, and won't be leſs obliging, I dare ſay, than you have been. I have never, ſaid ſhe, diſobliged you till now; and let me tell you, Sir, if you knew what belonged to your own reputation or honour—No more, no more, ſaid he, of theſe antiquated topics. I have been no bad friend to you; and I ſhall always eſteem you, though you have not been ſo faithful to my ſecrets, as I could have wiſhed, and have laid me open to this girl, which has made her more afraid of me than ſhe had occaſion. Well, Sir, ſaid ſhe, after what paſſed yeſterday, and laſt night, I went rather too far in favour of your injunctions than otherwiſe; and I ſhould have deſerved every

every body's cenſure, as the baſeſt of creatures, had I been capable of contributing to your lawleſs attempts. Still, Mrs. *Jervas*, ſtill reflecting upon me, and all for imaginary faults, (for what harm have I done this girl?)—I won't bear it, I'll aſſure you. But yet, in reſpect to my mother, I am willing to part friendly with you: though you ought both of you to reflect on the freedom of your converſation, in relation to me; which I ſhould have reſented more than I do, but that I am conſcious I had no buſineſs to demean myſelf ſo as to be in your cloſet, where I might have expected to hear a multitude of impertinence between you.

THUS her maſter having now loſt all hopes of bringing her to his wiſhes, while ſhe continued under the care of the virtuous and prudent Mrs. *Jervas*, changed his conduct, appeared very angry at them both, and poſitively aſſerted, that they ſhould ſtay no longer in his family. In regard to his houſe-keeper, indeed, he ſuffered himſelf to be prevailed on; but *Pamela* was ordered to go, on which ſhe took an affecting leave of all the ſervants, but none of them were permitted to follow her out of the houſe, except the coachman belonging to Mr *B*'s *Lincolnſhire* eſtate, who had orders, as ſhe thought, to drive her to her father's.

PAMELA now pleaſed herſelf with the hopes of ſoon embracing her dear parents, and living with them in a ſtate of virtuous poverty: but ſhe was ſurprized to find it ſo long before ſhe reached the cottage in which they lived. In ſhort, the coachman drove hard all day, pretending that he had loſt his way, and at laſt ſtopped at a farm-houſe, in a place that was quite ſtrange to her.

IN vain did the affrighted *Pamela* attempt to make the people of this houſe her friends: they were Mr. *B*'s tenants, and to prevent their crediting her complaints, he had wrote them a letter, in which he ſaid, that he had ſent the young woman out of the way of a lover, to prevent her ruin. Here the coachman gave her a letter from her maſter, in which were many profeſſions of love, and of his honourable intentions,

tentions, with a ſolemn proteſtation that he would not come near her to the place whither ſhe was going, without her leave. This a little quieted her fears, as ſhe thought that the ruin ſhe dreaded was more remote than ſhe had at firſt imagined; beſides ſhe had ſome hopes that providence would diſappoint his wicked intentions.

WHILE the diſtreſſed *Pamela* was purſuing her melancholy journey, the intriguing Mr. *B.* was ſtill ſtrengthening his plots in order to procure her ruin. He wrote her father a letter, in which he told him that ſhe had carried on a love affair with a young clergyman, and ſaid that he had ſent her out of his way to break off their acquaintance.

To this ſtory the good old people did not give the leaſt credit, as they were well acquainted with the duty and prudence of their child; but it filled them with terrible apprehenſions for their daughter's ſafety: the poor old man, diſtreſſed with his fears, travelled all night to Mr. *B*'s ſeat, and arriving there early in the morning, earneſtly begged to ſee his *Pamela*. The ſervants, who thought ſhe had been carried home to her parents, at firſt believed that the old man was out of his ſenſes; however, Mrs. *Jervas* invited him into her parlour, when ſhe was filled with amazement at hearing him affirm with many tears, that he had neither heard from nor ſeen his child, and could not hide her concern, though ſhe endeavoured to do it on account of her maſter's reputation. While they were weeping together for the hard fate of their beloved *Pamela*, Mr. *B.* came down, when the father's tears flowed afreſh, and addreſſing himſelf to him, he could only ſay, O my child! my child! Mr. *B.* ſeemed moved with his diſtreſs; but when the old man aſked him what was become of his daughter, he told him, he thought he had ſatisfied him in the letter he had wrote him. The ſorrowful father replied, that if he might have his child, he would take care no clergyman ſhould come near her. Mr. *B.* then pretended that he had ſent her to *London* to the houſe of a Biſhop. The old man was ſtill diſſatisfied, and inſiſted on being told where ſhe might be found, when at laſt, to appeaſe

peaſe him, Mr. *B.* promiſed, that he would not leave *Bedfordſhire* till he heard of her, to his ſatisfaction; when the good old man, ſeeing there was no remedy, ſmothered his grief as well as he was able, in hopes of hearing from his daughter. Mr. *B.* gave him two guineas to bear his charges home, and after he had been regaled by the friendly Mrs. *Jervas*, he returned to his afflicted wife, reſolving to be as patient as poſſible, mean while his virtuous daughter was encountering a variety of hardſhips.

ALL this while Mrs. *Jervas* and the reſt of the family were in the utmoſt grief for the trick put upon the poor *Pamela*; and ſhe and the ſteward repreſented it to their maſter in as moving terms as they durſt: but were forced to reſt ſatisfied with his general aſſurances of intending her no harm; which, however, Mrs. *Jervas* little believed, from the pretence he had made of a correſpondence between *Pamela* and the young *Parſon*; which ſhe knew to be all meer invention, though ſhe durſt not ſay ſo.

PAMELA was obliged to ſet out from the farm-houſe very early the morning after her arrival: As ſhe was ſtepping into the chariot ſhe formed the reſolution of begging the protection of the people of the firſt inn they ſtopped at: but when ſhe alighted for dinner, ſhe found waiting for her, a woman whoſe perſon and behaviour were adapted to inſpire her with terror. She was a broad, ſquat, purſey creature, about forty years old, her noſe was flat and crooked, and her large eyebrows hung over a pair of dead, ſpiteful, grey goggling eyes; her face was flat and broad, and looked as if it had been pickled for a month in ſaltpetre; ſhe had a hoarſe manlike voice, and was as thick as ſhe was long. This woman *Pamela* found was her maſter's *Lincolnſhire* houſe-keeper, and ſhe quickly ſaw, by her bold and confident behaviour, that ſhe had neither the virtue nor prudence of her dear Mrs. *Jervas*. She treated *Pamela* with an offenſive freedom, praiſed her beauty, ſaid ſhe was a charming creature, and might tempt the beſt Lord in the land to run away with her. With this woman the unhappy virgin was obliged to go, ſince ſhe could obtain

obtain no relief from the miſtreſs of the houſe, who was her ſiſter. Mrs. *Jewkes*, for that was her name, went with her into the chariot, and during the reſt of the journey, added to her diſtreſs by her impertinence.

In the evening they alighted at Mr. *B*'s manſion-houſe, a large old building, which by its ſolemn antique appearance added to the horrors of her ſituation. Mrs. *Jewkes* appeared extremely officious, and treated her as if ſhe thought her ſuperior to herſelf: but this ſuperiority *Pamela* diſclaimed; and deſired to converſe with her on equal terms, ſince ſhe knew that ſhe had no reaſons to expect any marks of diſtinction, except ſhe was to pay a price for them which ſhe thought much too dear: but Mrs. *Jewkes* told her, that ſhe was ordered to behave towards her with all poſſible reſpect, and ſhe was reſolved to fulfil her inſtructions to a tittle. *Pamela* replied, that ſhe hoped ſhe would not obey her maſter in an ill thing. Let him look to that, ſaid the wicked woman, I have nothing to do but to obey him. Why ſuppoſe, ſaid *Pamela*, he ſhould order you to cut my throat, would you do it? 'There's no need to think of that, ſhe replied; but to be ſure I would not, for then I ſhould be hanged, ſince that would be murder. Is it not as great a crime, ſaid *Pamela*, to enſnare a helpleſs young creature, and bring her to eternal ruin? and yet I fear you would aſſiſt him in that. On this, Mrs. *Jewkes* talked very impertinently of its being natural for a young gentleman to love a pretty woman; of the ſexes being made for each other, and ſhewed a looſeneſs of principles, which informed *Pamela*, that ſhe had very little to hope for, either for virtue or conſcience. Tired and diſguſted with her diſagreeable companion, *Pamela* now deſired to be ſhewed to her chamber; but Mrs. *Jewkes* told her, ſhe was ordered not to truſt her out of her ſight; inſiſted on being her bedfellow, and was ſo very fearful of her eſcape, that ſhe tied the keys of her room door about her wriſt. Thus was her afflictions redoubled by finding that all hopes of eſcape were vain.

THE next morning Mrs. *Jewkes* preſented to *Pamela* the two maid ſervants, aukward unmeaning ſouls, of whom ſhe could have no hopes; theſe and two or three men ſervants, who ſeldom appeared, and were devoted to this woman, compoſed the family. There was, indeed, a young clergyman, named *Williams*, who had an apartment in the houſe; but as he had a ſchool in the village, he ſeldom came thither except on a *Saturday* in the afternoon, or *Sunday*. This was a ſober, modeſt, young gentleman, and *Pamela*, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, conceived great hopes that he would be her deliverer.

SHE now aſked Mrs. *Jewkes*, for a feint, (becauſe ſhe ſhould not think her ſo well provided) to indulge her with pen and ink; which the other promiſed, on condition that ſhe would not ſend any writing out of the houſe without her ſeeing it. So look you here, ſaid ſhe, I will let you have a pen and ink, and two ſheets of paper; for this employment will keep you out of worſe thoughts: but I muſt ſee them always when I aſk, written or not written. That's very hard, ſaid *Pamela*; but may I not have to myſelf the cloſet in the room where we lie, with the key to lock up my things? I believe I may conſent to that, ſaid ſhe; and I will ſet it in order for you, and leave the key in the door. And there is a ſpinnet too; if it be in tune, you may play to divert you now and then; for I know my old Lady learned you: and below is my maſter's library; you may take what books you will.

SHE went directly, and picked out ſome books from the library, with which ſhe filled a ſhelf in the cloſet. From theſe ſhe hoped to receive improvement, as well as amuſement: then ſet about hiding a pen of her own here, and another there, for fear ſhe ſhould come to be denied; and a little of her ink in a broken *China* cup; and a ſheet of paper here and there among her linen, with a little wax, and a few wafers in ſeveral places, leſt ſhe ſhould be ſearched. Something, ſhe imagined, might open a way for her deliverance by theſe or ſome other means.

THE

THE next day being *Sunday*, *Pamela* wanted to go to church, but this was denied her, and on Mr. *Williams*'s pleading for her going, Mrs. *Jewkes* talked of forbidding him the houſe; and this, as his whole dependance was on Mr. *B.* made *Pamela* fearful of engaging him to aſſiſt her, leſt it ſhould prove his ruin.

PAMELA now reſolved to try if ſhe could prevail on the maids to lend her their aſſiſtance, and for this purpoſe aſked one of them to take a walk with her in the garden; but Mrs. *Jewkes* ſurprized them together, and, to ſhew her authority, ordered the girl to take off *Pamela*'s ſhoes, and bring them to her: this ſhe did, and left her barefoot. While *Pamela* was fretting at this uſage, a ſervant brought her a letter from her maſter, in which he again repeated his proteſtations of intending honourably, and preſcribed the form of a letter, which he deſired her to write to ſatisfy her parents that ſhe was ſafe and well, though not at liberty to inform them where ſhe was. With this requeſt ſhe complied, and at the ſame time ſent a very pathetic letter to her maſter. In this ſhe aſks, what ſhe had done that ſhe ſhould be the *only* mark of his cruelty? that ſhe could have no hope, no deſire of living left her, becauſe ſhe could not have the leaſt dependance, after what had paſſed, upon his ſolemn aſſurances;— that it was impoſſible they ſhould be conſiſtent with the diſhonourable methods which he took. She beſought him earneſtly not to drive her upon a rock, that might be the deſtruction both of her ſoul and body! but to pity her lowly condition and preſent great miſery; that ſhe might join with the reſt of his ſervants to bleſs that goodneſs which he had extended to all but herſelf.

IN a day or two Mr. *Williams* came again, when *Pamela* ſeized the opportunity of Mrs. *Jewkes*'s back being turned, to tell him, that ſhe would leave a letter for him, between two tiles under a ſun-flower in the garden. He approved her contrivance, and ſhe wrote a very moving one, in which ſhe told him, that ſhe was betrayed thither ſhe feared for the worſt purpoſes, and begged him to contrive her deliverance, which,

which, ſhe thought, he might effect, as he had a key to the back door.

WHEN ſhe had depoſited her letter, and the time came that ſhe expected an anſwer, ſhe watched the firſt opportunity of going to the place where ſhe hoped to find one; but was overtaken by Mrs. *Jewkes* before ſhe had got it: they quarrelled, and this turbulent woman ſtruck her. She was now almoſt broken-hearted; but, however, ſhe concealed her reſentment, and again got leave to walk with one of the maids in the garden. She then quickly got poſſeſſion of the welcome paper. Mr. *Williams* expreſſed much pity for her diſtreſs; told her there were ſeveral people of faſhion in the neighbourhood, and offered to convey a letter to Lady *Davers*, Mr. B.'s ſiſter; but ſaid, that it muſt not be from the poſt-office in the village; for he had reaſon to believe, by ſomething the man dropped when in liquor, that he had his inſtructions. *Pamela* depoſited an anſwer in the ſame place, in which ſhe deſired him to recommend her caſe to ſome of the ladies in the neighbourhood.

WHILE this correſpondence was carrying on, Mrs. *Jewkes* pretended to want money to pay a tradeſman, and by this pretence ſtripped her of all ſhe brought with her, except a few ſhillings, on the promiſe of returning it the next day: but when ſhe had got it, ſhe laughed at the poor *Pamela*, and told her ſhe had borrowed it only that ſhe might not have it in her power to corrupt the maids.

SHE now received another letter from her maſter, incloſed in one to Mrs. *Jewkes*, in which he earneſtly intreated her to invite him down, renewing his promiſe of honourable treatment, if ſhe would but put confidence in him. In her anſwer to this letter, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe apprehended his notions of honour were very different from hers: for what propoſals, ſhe aſked, could one in his high ſtation have to make to one in a ſtation ſo mean? And then added, I know too well what belongs to your degree, to imagine that any thing can be expected, if you come down, but ſad temptation, and utter diſtreſs; and you know

not,

not, Sir, when made deſperate, what the wretched *Pamela* dare do.

THE day ſhe received her maſter's letter, ſhe found Mr. *Williams* had left her one under the ſun-flower, in which he let her know that he had ſpoke to ſeveral ladies, and to Mr. *Peters*, the miniſter of the pariſh; but had met with a repulſe from them all. He adviſed her not to think of making uſe of his key (which he had given her) till her maſter was coming, and promiſed, though it might be attended with ruin to himſelf, that he would then aſſiſt her in her flight.

THE poor *Pamela* was ſadly diſcouraged at the firſt part of this worthy gentleman's letter; but the concluſion gave her ſome hope, and ſhe told him in her anſwer, that ſince he had ſo kindly aſſured her of his aſſiſtance, ſhe would wait till ſhe heard that Mr. *B.* was coming down.

PAMELA after this was watched more cloſely than ever, on which account ſhe determined for ſome time to diſcontinue her ſun-flower correſpondence. Mr. *B.* had given the young clergyman room to hope that he would preſent him to a very good living in his gift, on the death of the preſent incumbent, who was very old, and Mr. *Williams* coming to tell Mrs. *Jewkes* that the old gentleman was dead, took this opportunity to ſlip a letter into *Pamela*'s hand, in which he offered to marry her, as the only method he could think of to get her out of Mr. *B*'s hands, and generouſly told her, that he would forego all his hopes to preſerve her virtue and innocence, and that he would even do this, though ſhe ſhould not conſent to make him happy. *Pamela* in another letter returned him thanks for the honour he did her, and praiſed that diſintereſted concern for her virtue, which ſo well became his character; but declined his propoſal of marriage, as ſhe could not think of becoming a wife without the conſent of her parents.

A FEW days after this Mrs. *Jewkes*, on the receipt of a letter from her maſter, began to behave with much greater civility both to Mr. *Williams* and *Pamela*, yet watched them both as cloſe as ever: but one

one day both ſhe and the young clergyman came to *Pamela*; he was in a tranſport of joy: he had received a letter from Mr. *B.* in which he promiſed to give him that lovely maid for his wife, and alſo the living he had deſigned for him; Mrs. *Jewkes* had alſo a letter from the ſame perſon, which ſhe ſhewed her, and in which his deſigns as to Mr. *Williams* were confirmed.

PAMELA, who was no ſtranger to Mr. *B*'s arts, adviſed Mr. *Williams* to be on his guard; but notwithſtanding her advice, he congratulated himſelf on his approaching happineſs: ſhe again told him, ſhe would do nothing without the approbation of her parents, and would ſee herſelf entirely at liberty before ſhe would think of making her choice. Mrs. *Jewkes* left them together, but ſoon returning, the incautious man told *Pamela*, in her preſence, that he would ſend a meſſenger to her parents with a letter to beg their conſent, and Mrs. *Jewkes* giving *Pamela* leave to ſend a letter to her father by the ſame conveyance; this indulgence in ſome meaſure quieted her ſuſpicions of foul play, and ſhe ventured to give him a large bundle of papers, containing an account of her ſufferings, for him to convey to her parents.

Mr. *Williams* went to carry theſe with his own letters to the next town, from whence he propoſed to ſend the meſſenger: but in his return he was attacked by ruffians, who got hold of him, and ſwore bitterly that they would kill him if he did not give them what he had. They rummaged his pockets, and took from him his ſnuff-box, his ſeal-ring, and half a guinea, with ſome ſilver and halfpence, his pocket-handkerchief, and two or three letters. By good fortune the letter which *Pamela* had given him eſcaped by being in his boſom. The villains bruiſed his head and face, and curſing him for having no more money, tipped him into the dam which was by the town, crying, Lie there, Parſon, till to-morrow! His ſhins and knees were much bruiſed in the fall againſt a ſtump, and he had like to have been ſuffocated in water and mud. His hat and wig he was forced to leave behind him, and to go home a mile and a half without;

without; but they were found next morning and brought to him, with his ſnuff-box, which the rogues had dropped. His caſſock was torn; he was much frighted and a fearful ſpectacle. *Pamela* was greatly alarmed at this diſaſter, which Mrs. *Jewkes* repreſented in a very ridiculous light; and, as he from his fright and ſome ſlight hurts he had received kept his room, Mrs. *Jewkes* preſſed her to go with her to viſit him; but this, notwithſtanding ſhe ſincerely pitied him, ſhe abſolutely refuſed. On Mrs. *Jewkes*'s return from viſiting Mr. *Williams*, ſhe told *Pamela*, that he had made her his confident, and let her know all their contrivances: this greatly alarmed her; but though ſhe could not help ſeeming uneaſy, from her having reaſon to fear that the good man had been more unguarded than he ought to have been, yet ſhe was too prudent to betray her own ſecrets.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, on her leaving her, was ſhut up for two hours writing to her maſter, and when Mr. *Williams* had recovered from his fright and bruiſes, and came to ſee them, ſhe behaved with great reſerve and coolneſs: but what frighted *Pamela* moſt, was Mr. *Williams*'s receiving a letter from a ſervant at the other houſe, by which he was informed, that Mr. *B.* was preparing for a journey. At this news, the apprehenſive *Pamela* begged Mr. *Williams* to get her a horſe; and told him, that if ſhe had one, ſhe would lay the reins on his neck, and truſt to providence for her ſafeguard, rather than by involving him in her calamities, prove his ruin. He, in return, intreated her to be eaſy; for he was ſure Mr. *B.* could not be the villain ſhe feared. With this anſwer he gave her a letter from her father, in which the good man informed her, that he rejoiced at the proſpect of her happineſs in marrying Mr. *Williams*, and bleſſed God for putting it in her power to obtain ſo great a reward for the hard ſtruggles ſhe had met with in defence of her virtue. But ſome letters brought from *Bedfordſhire*, ſoon made every thing appear in a very different light. Mrs. *Jewkes*'s letter was by miſtake directed to *Pamela*, and a dreadful one it was: in that letter her maſter told his houſe-keeper, that he

now

now heartily hated the girl for her artful contrivances in conjunction with Mr. *Williams*, whom he was reſolved to ruin for meditating her eſcape: that he had given orders to an attorney to throw him into jail, for money that he had lent him; and that, for fear the other ſervants ſhould not be able to keep the painted bauble, as he now called the wretched *Pamela*, till he came down, he had ſent his truſty *Swiſs* for her guard: he even threatened to execute what ſhe moſt dreaded, and threatened to decide her fate within three weeks time. She had but juſt read this dreadful letter through, when Mrs. *Jewkes* came up in a great fright, gueſſing at the miſtake, and that ſhe had *her* letter. She found her with it open in her hand, juſt ſinking away. What buſineſs, ſaid ſhe, had you to read my letter, ſnatching it from her? You ſee, looking upon it, it ſays, Mrs. *Jewkes*, at top. You ought in manners to have read no further. O add not to my afflictions, ſaid *Pamela*; I ſhall ſoon be out of all your ways! This is too much! too much indeed! I can never ſupport this!——So ſaying, ſhe threw herſelf upon the couch, in her cloſet, and wept moſt bitterly. Mrs. *Jewkes* read the letter in the next room, and coming in again, Why this, ſaid ſhe, is a ſad letter indeed; I am ſorry for it, but I feared you would carry your niceties too far! But here, take your own letter; I wiſh you well; but this is a ſad miſtake! So ſhe put down by her that which was intended for *Pamela*, but which ſhe had no ſpirit to read at preſent, and when ſhe did, it afforded her no comfort, as it was filled with menaces and reproaches. She was now ſo exceſſively afflicted, that even the unrelenting *Jewkes* ſhewed ſome ſigns of compaſſion: however, ſhe in a manner commanded her down to ſupper, when ſhe preſented to her the horrid *Swiſs* mentioned in her maſter's letter, whoſe monſtrous ſize and terrible aſpect made her tremble. He was a giant of a man for ſtature, being very tall, large boned, and ſcraggy. His hand was like a ſhoulder of mutton. He had great ſtaring eyes, and thick buſhy eye-brows hanging over them; two great ſcars upon his forehead, and one upon his

left cheek; his vaſt cheek-bones projected horribly: he had two huge whiſkers, and a monſtrous wide mouth; blubber lips, long yellow teeth, and a hideous grin. He wore his own frightful long hair, tied up in a great black bag; a black crape neckcloth about a long ugly neck; his throat ſticking out like a wen. As to the reſt, he was dreſſed well enough, and had a ſword on, with a naſty red knot to it; leather garters buckled below his knees; and a foot near as long as one's arm.

He ſaid, He fright de lady; and offered to withdraw; but ſhe bid him not; and told Mrs. *Jewkes*, that, as ſhe knew ſhe had been crying, ſhe ſhould not have called her to the gentleman, without letting her know that he was there. She ſoon went up to her cloſet again; for her heart ached all the time ſhe was at table, not being able to look upon him without horror; and this brute of a woman, though ſhe ſaw her diſtreſs before this addition to it, no doubt did it on purpoſe to ſtrike more terror into her; and, indeed, it had its effect. For when ſhe went to bed, ſhe could think of nothing but his hideous perſon, and her maſter's more hideous actions, and thought them but too well paired. When ſhe dropt aſleep, ſhe dreamed they were both coming to her bed-ſide, with the worſt deſigns; and jumped out of bed in her ſleep, and frighted Mrs. *Jewkes*; till waking with terror, ſhe told her dream. At which the wicked and impudent creature only laughed, and told her, All ſhe feared was but a dream, as well as that; and when it was over, and ſhe was well awake, ſhe would laugh at it as ſuch.

The next day ſhe heard that Mr. *Williams* was arreſted, and ſent to *Stamford* jail. She now loſt all hopes of deliverance, from any perſon beſides herſelf, and was in daily expectation of ſeeing her incenſed maſter; but ſhe had ſtill in her poſſeſſion the key of the back gate, and being rendered deſperate by her fears, determined, if poſſible, to eſcape from this horrid houſe, and a favourable opportunity ſeemed to be offered her: Mrs. *Jewkes* being in liquor, went to bed without her, after ſhe had taken care of all the doors,

doors, and tied the keys, as uſual, to her wriſt. *Pamela* was then in a cloſet in her chamber, which had a window, that looked into the garden. In this window there were two iron bars, between which ſhe could eaſily put her head, and from thence ſhe formed the deſign of eſcaping, as it was no great height from the jutting out of a parlour window which was near the ground: however, ſhe found more difficulty in this attempt than ſhe imagined, for ſhe ſtuck for ſome time at her ſhoulders and hips, and afterwards hurt her ancle in leaping down.

On her getting into the garden, ſhe threw ſome of her cloaths into the pond, in order to make Mrs. *Jewkes* imagine that ſhe was drowned, and by this means prevent her purſuing her, till ſhe was got out of her reach. She then poſted as faſt as her hurt would let her, to the gate: but how dreadful was her diſappointment when ſhe found that a new lock had been put on, and that it was beſides faſtened with a padlock. Her heart now ſunk within her, and through fear and aſtoniſhment ſhe fell on the earth: but at laſt her apprehenſions awaking her reſolution, ſhe clambered up the door, and reached the top of the wall with her hands; but as ſhe gave a ſpring to get up, the wall being old, the bricks gave way, and down ſhe fell, when one of the bricks gave her a violent blow on the head, and ſhe was beſides much hurt by her fall: however, ſtill intent on making her eſcape, ſhe with great pain aroſe on her feet, and went in ſearch of a ladder, which ſhe then recollected ſhe had ſeen againſt a wall two days before; but this was gone. Thus deprived of every reſource, a dreadful thought entered her head, and ſhe reſolved to throw herſelf into the pond, as the only means that could ſave her from what ſhe dreaded more than death; and this fatal reſolution ſhe would very probably have effected, had not the hurts ſhe received made her ſo long in getting to it, as gave her time to reflect on the harſh ſtep ſhe was about to take. She for a long time, as ſhe ſat by the pond, revolved in her mind the reaſons that had prompted her to take this fatal reſolution, and at laſt putting her confi-

dence in that providence which had hitherto been her ſupport, bleſſed God for delivering her from her worſt enemy, herſelf.

THE poor diſtreſſed *Pamela* had ſat irreſolute ſo long by the water-ſide, that when ſhe got up, ſhe found herſelf ſo ſtiff from the hurts ſhe had received and the cold ſhe had got by ſitting on the damp earth, that ſhe could hardly crawl; however, ſhe with ſome difficulty reached the wood-houſe, where ſhe entered, and reſolved to ſhelter herſelf there, till ſhe ſhould be found by her cruel keepers, who, ſhe did not doubt, would treat her worſe than they had done on account of this fruitleſs enterprize.

MRS. *Jewkes* awaked not till day-break; and not finding her in bed, ſhe called her; and no anſwer being returned, ſhe got out of bed and ran to the cloſet; and miſſing her, ſhe ſearched under the bed, and in another cloſet, finding the chamber-door, as ſhe had left it, quite faſt, and the key as uſual, about her wriſt. But if ſhe could have got out at the chamber-door, there were two or three paſſages, and doors to them all, double-locked and barred, to go through, into the great garden; ſo that to eſcape there was no way, but out of the window, becauſe of the ſummer-parlour under it; for the other windows were a great way from the ground. She was exceſſively frighted, and there was inſtantly a moſt terrible outcry, one ſervant running here, another there, and the whole houſe was in confuſion. When they ſaw the broken wall, and one of her ſhoe-heels, which had been broken off by the fall, they all concluded that ſhe had made her eſcape. Mrs. *Jewkes* behaved like one out of her ſenſes, and the men-ſervants were inſtantly ordered to purſue her; but before they were gone, one of the maids going to the pond, and ſeeing the cloaths *Pamela* had thrown in, floating on the water, concluded that ſhe had drowned herſelf; ſhe ran to tell Mrs. *Jewkes*, when ſhe, vile as ſhe was, now ſhewed that ſhe was not utterly void of compaſſion: ſhe wrung her hands, and lamented the poor girl's untimely end. While the men were employed in dragging the pond, the ſame ſervant who

who had given the firſt alarm, entered the wood-houſe, and on *Pamela*'s calling to her in a faint low voice, was very near putting an end to her life by throwing a billet ſhe had in her hand at her head; but on her calling again, ſhe knew her voice, and without helping her up, ran to tell Mrs. *Jewkes* and the other ſervants who were ſearching the pond for her body, that ſhe was found; on which they all ran to the wood-houſe, and the inhuman *Jewkes* threatened, as ſhe entered it, that ſhe would make her ſeverely pay for the fright ſhe had put her in; and coming to her, took hold of her arm ſo roughly, and gave her ſuch a pull, as made her cry out (her ſhoulder being bruiſed on that ſide) and drew her on her face. O cruel creature, ſaid ſhe; if you knew what I have ſuffered, it would move you to pity me!

EVEN *Colbrand* the *Swiſs* ſeemed to be concerned, and ſaid, Fie, madam, fie! you ſee ſhe is almoſt dead! you muſt not be ſo rough with her. The coachman *Robin* ſeemed to be ſorry for her too, and ſaid, What a ſight is here! don't you ſee ſhe is all bloody in her head, and not able to ſtir?——Curſe on her contrivances! ſaid the horrid creature; ſhe has frighted *me* out of my wits, I am ſure. How the d——l came you here? O, ſaid ſhe, aſk me no queſtions, but let the maids carry me up to my priſon, and there let me die decently and in peace! for indeed ſhe imagined that her end was near.

THE ſtill more inhuman tygreſs ſaid, I ſuppoſe you want Mr. *Williams* to pray by you, don't you? Well, I'll ſend for my maſter this minute: let him come and watch you himſelf, for me; for there's no ſuch thing as holding you, I'm ſure.

So the maids took her up between them, and carried her to her chamber; and when the wretch ſaw how bad ſhe was, ſhe began a little to relent—while every one wondered (at what ſhe had neither ſtrength nor inclination to tell them) how all this came to paſs, which they imputed to ſorcery and witchcraft.

SHE was ſo weak, when they had got her up ſtairs, that ſhe fainted away with dejection, pain, and fatigue; and they undreſſed her, and put her to bed;

and Mrs. *Jewkes* ordered the maid to bathe her ſhoulder, and arm, and ancle, with ſome old rum warmed; and they cut the hair a little from the back part of her head, and waſhed that; for it was clotted with blood, from a pretty long though not deep gaſh, and put a family-plaiſter upon it. For if this woman had any good qualities, it was, it ſeems, in a readineſs and ſkill to manage in caſes where ſudden misfortunes happened in a family.

AFTER this ſhe fell into a pretty ſound and refreſhing ſleep, and lay till twelve o'clock, tolerably eaſy, conſidering that ſhe was hot and aguiſhly inclined; and Mrs. *Jewkes* took a deal of care to fit her to undergo more trials.

PAMELA was very ill and feveriſh for two or three days. She now gave over all hopes of eſcape. Her cloſet window was double-barred, and Mrs. *Jewkes* behaved with moſt ſhocking inſolence, and frequently talked in a manner that ſhocked the chaſte mind of the virtuous *Pamela*, who grew quite weary of life. One day ſeeing the gate open, ſhe took the liberty to walk a little before the houſe, without any thoughts of going farther, and, when ſhe was tired, ſat on a ſtile to look about her. For this crime, *Jewkes*, her wicked jailer, ſhut her up a whole day without ſhoes. In the midſt of all this diſtreſs, ſhe had a near proſpect of ſtill greater evils; ſhe ſaw by the preparations that were making that her maſter was expected, and what could ſhe hope for from him, but increaſed and complicated woe?

MRS. *Jewkes*, when ſhe brought her her ſhoes, inſiſted, in a very haughty manner, on her putting on a ſuit of cloaths, ſaying, that ſhe expected ſome ladies who were to come from the town to ſee her. *Pamela* abſolutely refuſed to comply with her orders; but was ſoon after very much ſtartled at ſeeing, from her chamber-window, alight from a fine gilt chariot, no ladies, but her dreaded maſter. The wicked *Jewkes* held him in diſcourſe two or three hours; but at length he came up, and, with a ſtern and haughty air, reproached her for her contrivances in conjunc-

tion

tion with Mr. *Williams*, and treated her with extreme cruelty.

PAMELA felt the bitterest distress, and was so struck with this harsh usage, that she could not speak for her tears; and he left her for that time without the least appearance of compassion; but ordered her to attend him at supper.

I THOUGHT, said he, when she came down, you should have sat at table with me, when I had not company; but when I find you cannot forget your original, but must prefer my menials to me, I call you down to wait on me while I sup, that I may have some talk with you, and throw away as little time as possible upon you. Sir, said she, you do me honour to wait upon you.—But she was forced to stand behind his chair, that she might hold by it. Fill me, said he, a glass of that *Burgundy*. She went to do it, but her hand shook so, that she could not hold the waiter with the glass on it, and spilt some of the wine. So Mrs. *Jewkes* poured it out for her, and she carried it as well as she could, and made a low curtsey. He took it, and said, Stand behind me, out of my sight!

WHY, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, you tell me she remains very sullen still, and eats nothing. No, said she, not so much as will keep life and soul together. —And is always crying, you say too? Yes, Sir, answered she. I think she is for one thing or another. Ay, said he, your young wenches will feed upon their tears; and their obstinacy will serve them for meat and drink. I think I never saw her look better though in my life!—But, I suppose she lives upon love. This sweet Mr. *Williams*, and her little villainous plots together, have kept her alive and well, to be sure: for mischief, love, and contradiction are the natural aliments of a woman.—And so, you say, she had another project but yesterday, to get away? She denies it herself, said she, but it had all the appearance of one. I am sure she made me in a fearful pucker about it; and I am glad your honour is come with all my heart, and I hope, whatever be your honour's intention concerning her, you will not be long about it; for you'll find her as slippery as

an eel, I'll aſſure you.—Sir, ſaid *Pamela*, and claſped his knees with her arms, not knowing well what ſhe did, and falling on her knees, have mercy upon me, and hear me concerning this wicked woman's uſage of me.—He cruelly interrupted her, and ſaid, I am ſatisfied ſhe has done her duty. What you ſay againſt Mrs. *Jewkes* ſignifies nothing. That you are here, little hypocrite as you are, pleading your cauſe before me, is owing to her care of you; elſe you had been with the Parſon.——Wicked girl! ſaid he, to tempt a man to undo himſelf, as you have done him, at a time when I was on the point of making him happy for his life!

She roſe, but ſaid with a deep ſigh, I have done, Sir! I have done!——I have a ſtrange tribunal to plead before. The poor ſheep in the fable had ſuch an one; when it was tried before the vulture, on the accuſation of the wolf!

So, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid he, you are the wolf, I the vulture; and this the poor innocent lamb on her trial before us.—Oh, you don't know how well this innocent is read in reflection. She has wit at will, when ſhe has a mind to diſplay her own romantic innocence, at the price of other people's characters. Well, ſaid the other, this is nothing to what ſhe has called me; I have been a *Jezebel*; a *London* proſtitute; and what not!——But I am contented with her ill names, now I ſee it is her faſhion, and ſhe can call your honour a vulture.

PAMELA here profeſſed that ſhe had no thought of comparing her maſter—and was going to ſay on: but he ſaid, don't prate, girl! No, ſaid Mrs. *Jewkes*, it don't become you, I'm ſure.

Well, ſaid ſhe, ſince I muſt not ſpeak, I will hold my peace: but there is a righteous judge, who knows the ſecrets of all hearts, and to him I appeal.

See there, ſaid he, now this meek good creature is praying for fire from heaven upon us. O ſhe can curſe moſt heartily in the ſpirit of chriſtian meekneſs, I'll aſſure you!——Come, ſaucy-face, give me another glaſs of wine. So ſhe did, as well as ſhe could; but

but wept ſo, that he ſaid, I ſuppoſe I ſhall have ſome of your tears in my wine.

WHEN he had ſupped, he ſtood up and ſaid, O how happy for you it is, that you can at will make your ſpeaking eyes to overflow in this manner, without loſing any of their brilliancy! You have been told, I ſuppoſe, that you are *moſt* beautiful in your tears!—Did you ever ſee, ſaid he to her, (who all this while was ſtanding in one corner of the parlour) a more charming creature than this? Is it to be wondered at that I thus demean myſelf to take notice of her?—See, ſaid he, and took the glaſs with one hand, and turned her about with the other, What a ſhape! what a neck! what a hand! and what a bloom in that lovely face!——But who can deſcribe the tricks and artifices that lie lurking in her little, plotting, guileful heart!——'Tis no wonder the poor Parſon was infatuated with her—I blame him leſs than I do her; for who could expect ſuch artifice in ſo young a ſorcereſs!

SHE went to the farther part of the room, and held her face againſt the wainſcot; and, in ſpite of all ſhe could do to refrain crying, ſobbed as if her heart would break. He ſaid, I am ſurprized, Mrs. *Jewkes*, at the miſtake of the letters you tell me of! But you ſee, I am not afraid any body ſhould read what I write. I don't carry on private correſpondences, and reveal every ſecret that comes to my knowledge, and then corrupt people to carry my letters, againſt their duty and all good conſcience.

COME hither, huſſy, ſaid he: You and I have a dreadful reckoning to make—Why don't you come, when I bid you?——Fie upon it, Mrs. *Pamela*, ſaid the other, what, not ſtir, when his honour commands you to come to him!—Who knows but his goodneſs will forgive you?

HE went to her, (for ſhe had not power to ſtir) put his arms about her neck, and would kiſs her; and ſaid, Well, Mrs. *Jewkes*, if it were not for the thoughts of this curſed Parſon, I believe in my heart, ſo great is my weakneſs, that I could yet forgive this intriguing little ſlut, and take her to my boſom.——

O, ſaid Mrs. *Jewkes*, you are very good, Sir; very forgiving indeed! But come, added the profligate wretch, I hope you *will* be ſo good as to take her to your boſom; and that, by to-morrow morning, you will bring her to a better ſenſe of her duty!

PAMELA had no patience at this; yet grief and indignation choaked up the paſſage of her words; and ſhe could only ſtammer out a paſſionate exclamation to heaven, to protect her innocence.

He ſaid, as if he had been conſidering whether he could forgive her or not: No, I cannot yet forgive her neither.——She has given me great diſturbance; has brought great diſcredit upon me, both abroad and at home; has corrupted all my ſervants at the other houſe; has deſpiſed my honourable views and intentions to her, and ſought to run away with this ungrateful Parſon—And, ſurely, I ought not to forgive all this!—Yet, with all this wretched grimace, he kiſſed her again, and would have put his hand in her boſom; but ſhe ſtruggled, and proteſted, ſhe would die, before ſhe would be uſed thus.———Conſider, *Pamela*, ſaid he, in a threatening tone, conſider where you are! and don't play the fool: if you do, a more dreadful fate awaits you than you expect.—But take her up ſtairs, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and I will ſend a few lines for her to conſider of; and let me have your anſwer, *Pamela*, in the morning: till then you have to reſolve: and after that your doom is fixed. So up ſtairs ſhe went, and gave herſelf up to grief and the expectation of what he would ſend. Yet glad ſhe was of this night's reprieve.

It was not however till the next day that he ſent her propoſals in writing, in which he promiſed to place her in a very elevated ſituation, and to give a comfortable ſubſiſtence to her aged parents, if ſhe would voluntarily yield to his wiſhes; and, on the contrary, he threatened her with immediate violation if ſhe refuſed.

These propoſals ſhe anſwered, article by article, in ſuch a manner as at once ſhewed the purity of her heart, the ſteadineſs of her virtue, and the excellency of her underſtanding. On his ſending for her to come

come down, ſhe carried her anſwer with her; he took it; but gueſſing from her looks the contents, told her, that if ſhe did not think the terms high enough, he would augment them to two thirds of his eſtate; for he could not live without her, and added, with a dreadful oath, that ſince matters were gone ſo far, he would not.

She got from him, and went up ſtairs: but about an hour after, Mrs. *Jewkes* ordered her to follow her into her maſter's chamber. At this ſhe was prodigiouſly frighted, and ſaid, that though it coſt her her life ſhe would not go there. She again went to her cloſet, but every minute expected to be fetched down by force. However, Mrs. *Jewkes* came to bed ſoon after, but ſhe was dreadfully afraid that this wicked woman would let in her maſter, when ſhe was aſleep, and that thought kept her waking almoſt all night.

The next day being *Sunday*, Mr. *B.* went to church, and ſent word home at noon that he ſhould dine abroad, and in the evening Mrs. *Jewkes* received a letter from him, the contents of which ſhe effected to conceal from *Pamela*, yet left it behind her on the table, as if by accident, and *Pamela* had hardly peruſed it, before ſhe came back to look for it with great appearance of uneaſineſs. This letter was to inform her, that he had been ſolicited ſo warmly in behalf of Mr. *Williams*, that he was going to *Stamford*, and ſhould not return till the next day. He injoined her to be careful of her charge, who, he ſaid, had now outſtood her time, and that all her enſnaring lovelineſs ſhould not ſave her from the fate that awaited her. Theſe threatenings gave her much concern, yet ſhe was ſincerely thankful at her being allowed that night, at leaſt, to ſleep in ſafety.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, ever ſince *Pamela* had frighted her by her getting out of the houſe, had made her lie between her and one of the maids. This girl was given to drinking, and the night *Pamela* believed her maſter was gone to *Stamford*, ſhe got at Mrs. *Jewkes*'s cherry-brandy bottle, ſo that when ſhe

came

came to lay the cloth, ſhe was very much in liquor; on which Mrs. *Jewkes* ordered her to go to bed, and ſhe went muttering up ſtairs. When *Pamela* went up in order to go to bed, ſhe ſaw her, as ſhe thought, ſit in a corner of the room with her apron thrown over her head, faſt aſleep: ſhe was concerned leſt the maid ſhould catch cold, and would have waked her; but Mrs. *Jewkes* inſiſted on her letting her alone, ſaying, ſhe might come to bed well enough, as the candle ſhould be left burning in the chimney. On this *Pamela* went to bed; but had not been there many minutes, before ſhe heard a ruſtling, which made her believe ſhe was waking; ſhe therefore ſpoke to her, but received no anſwer. The pretended ſervant haſted to bed; the wicked houſekeeper had ſecured *Pamela*'s right hand, and this other bedfellow ſeized her left; ſhe inſtantly ſhewed ſome aſtoniſhment at the maid's confidence, when her maſter's voice broke on her, terrible as a clap of thunder; Now, *Pamela*, ſaid he, is the time of reckoning come. O my God! my God! cried the affrighted virgin, this time; this one time deliver me; or ſtrike me dead this moment. She then gave ſeveral dreadful ſhrieks. Mr. *B.* deſired her to hear him: for he had yet, he ſaid, done nothing to fright her. Nothing! ſhe replied, is it nothing to be in bed here, and to hold my hands betwixt you? I will hear you if you will leave the bed, and take this vile woman with you.

THE abandoned *Jewkes* perſuaded her maſter not to mind her cries, but to complete what he had begun; ſince ſhe could not make more noiſe than ſhe had done, and would be quieter when ſhe knew the worſt.

MR. *B.* bid her be ſilent, and then told the trembling *Pamela*, that if ſhe would now accept his propoſals, he would leave the bed; but if not, he would not loſe the preſent opportunity, and was proceeding to indecent liberties, when the unhappy maid had her ſpirits ſo exhauſted with her indignation, terror, and the violence with which ſhe had been ſtruggling, that ſhe fell into ſo violent a fit, her face was covered with a cold

a cold ſweat, her features diſtorted, and ſhe ſeemed in the agonies of death. Mr. *B.* thought her dying, his mind was filled with terror, and he inſtantly deſiſted from his wicked deſigns.

When ſhe recovered her ſenſes, ſhe found him ſitting on one ſide of the bed in his gown and ſlippers, and Mrs. *Jewkes* on the other. She was at firſt under dreadful apprehenſions, as to what liberties might have been taken while ſhe was inſenſible; but Mr. *B.* with a bitter imprecation vowed, that beyond her boſom he was unacquainted with her ſex, and endeavoured to ſoothe her anxious mind with an appearance of great tenderneſs. Meanwhile the wicked houſe-keeper told him, that ſhe thought he had known the ſex better than to loſe ſuch an opportunity for a fit or two. At this all the poor *Pamela*'s terrors were revived; but he promiſed her that he never more would attempt to gratify his deſires by force, and ordering Mrs. *Jewkes* to leave the room, and bidding the maid he had perſonated go to bed to her, left her with great profeſſions of tenderneſs. This was a moſt dreadful trial for the poor *Pamela*; and ſhe had reaſon to bleſs God, who, by diſabling her in her faculties, impowered her to preſerve her innocence; and, when all her ſtrength would have ſignified nothing, magnified himſelf in her weakneſs.

She was ſo weak all the next day that ſhe could not get out of bed. Her maſter ſhewed great tenderneſs for her. He came to her in the morning, as ſoon as he heard the door open; and ſhe began to be fearful. He ſtopt ſhort of the bed, and ſaid, Rather than give you apprehenſions, I will come no further. She ſaid, your honour, Sir, and your mercy is all I have to beg. He ſat himſelf on the ſide of the bed, and aſked kindly, how ſhe did? begged her to be compoſed, and obſerved that ſhe ſtill looked a little wildly. She ſaid, Pray, good Sir, let me not ſee this infamous Mrs. *Jewkes*; I doubt I cannot bear her ſight. He promiſed that ſhe ſhould not come near her all the day, if ſhe would but compoſe herſelf. She ſaid, She would try; and he preſſed her hand very tenderly, and went out.

PAMELA continued extremely ill for ſeveral days, during which time her maſter behaved with the appearance of the moſt reſpectful lover; kept from her ſight the odious *Jewkes*, and did all in his power to calm her fears. She would now indeed have had a proſpect of happineſs, if ſhe had not remembered that ſhe had once over-heard him ſay to Mrs. *Jewkes*, that he thought he had begun at the wrong end; he ought to have melted her by love, and not to have froze her by fear. This ſpeech, and the weakneſs of her own heart, for ſhe now found that ſhe loved him, kept her on her guard.

WHEN *Pamela* was quite recovered, Mr. *B.* inſiſted, as a mark of her regard, upon her promiſing two things to him; firſt, that for a fortnight to come ſhe would not offer to go away without his expreſs conſent; and this he expected, as he ſaid, for her own ſake, and that he might give her a little more liberty; and, in the next place, that ſhe would ſee and forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*. The woman took on much, he ſaid, and thought that, as all her fault was her obedience to him, it would be very hard for him to ſacrifice her to *her* reſentment.

As to the firſt, Sir, ſaid ſhe, it is a hard injunction; and as to the ſecond, conſidering her vile unwomanly wickedneſs, and her endeavours to inſtigate him to her ruin, it is ſtill harder. But, to ſhew my obedience to your commands, I will conſent to both; and to every thing elſe that you ſhall be pleaſed to enjoin, which I can do with innocence. That's my good girl, ſaid he, and kiſſed her: this is quite prudent, and ſhews me, that you don't take inſolent advantage of my favour for you; and will, perhaps, ſtand you in more ſtead than you are aware of.

So he rung the bell, and ſaid, Call down Mrs. *Jewkes*. She came down, and he took her hand and put it into hers, and ſaid, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I am obliged to you for all your diligence and fidelity to me; but *Pamela*, I muſt own, is not; becauſe the ſervice I employed you in was not ſo very obliging to her as I could have wiſhed her to have thought it; and you was not to favour her, but to obey me. But yet I'll aſſure

aſſure you, at the very firſt word, ſhe has *once* obliged me by conſenting to be friends with you; and if ſhe gives me no great cauſe, I ſhall not, perhaps, put you on ſuch diſagreeable ſervice again.——Now, therefore, be you once more bedfellows for ſome time longer; and ſee that *Pamela* ſends no meſſages out of the houſe. As for the reſt, ſhew the dear girl all the reſpect due to one whom I muſt love, and let her ſuffer no harſh reſtraint. Your watchful care, however, is not to ceaſe; and remember that you are not to diſoblige me, to oblige her; and that I will not, cannot yet part with her.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, in imitation of her maſter, treated her with greater reſpect; but ſhe was ſtill watched very cloſe, and was frequently alarmed at Mr. *B*'s indulging himſelf in liberties that offended her delicacy: however, at length he let her know that he had ſome thoughts of making her his wife, and frankly told her the conflicts he had with himſelf, between his pride and his tenderneſs; at the ſame time intreating her to judge for him, and adviſe him what ſtep he ought to take. *Pamela* very generouſly adviſed him to ſuffer her to return to her parents, and to chooſe a ſpouſe of equal rank with his own; and added, that ſhe ſhould moſt ſincerely rejoice at every circumſtance that could increaſe the happineſs of her dear Lady's beloved ſon.

The morning after this converſation, *Pamela* was frighted almoſt out of her wits by her maſter's rapping early at her chamber-door, and clinging about Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſhe intreated her not to open it; but ſhe, unmindful of her intreaties, let him in. *Pamela* hid herſelf under the bed-cloaths, which Mr. *B*. ſeeing, ſaid, What ſtill ſo fearful, *Pamela*? You have now no room for your fooliſh fears; I only came to tell you that I am going to *Stamford*, and deſire you will not think it hard, if your confinement is rather more cloſe than it has been for ſome days paſt; and I ſhould be obliged to you, if, while I am gone, you would keep pretty much in your chamber. He then gave Mrs. *Jewkes* a ſtrict charge not to truſt her a moment out of her ſight. *Pamela* hoped it was as he

ſaid;

ſaid; but ſince his being diſguiſed in *Nan*'s cloaths, ſhe miſtruſted every thing.

PAMELA had wrote a journal of all the hardſhips ſhe had ſuffered in her unjuſt confinement, with an intent to ſend it to her parents, as ſoon as ever ſhe could procure a conveyance. Theſe papers ſhe had concealed under a roſe-buſh in the garden; but obſerving the gardener digging near the place, ſhe privately removed them while her maſter was at *Stamford*. The ſame day, as ſhe and Mrs. *Jewkes* were looking through the iron gates, a gypſey-like woman offered to tell their fortunes for ſome broken victuals. Mrs. *Jewkes* was too cunning to leave *Pamela* in order to fetch her any; but gave her ſome money, on which ſhe told her, that ſhe would ſhortly have a young huſband: at this promiſe Mrs. *Jewkes* laughed till ſhe ſhook her fat ſides, and ſuſpecting nothing, inſiſted on *Pamela*'s having her fortune told. On looking on her hand ſhe ſaid it was too white and ſmooth for her to ſee the lines; but ſtooping and pulling up ſome graſs by the roots, ſaid this will reveal your fortune; ſhe then rubbed it on her hand, and added, My pretty miſs, you will never be married; but will die of your firſt child. Mrs. *Jewkes* began to ſuſpect her, and whiſpered *Pamela* to go in, which ſhe did. They ſome time after ſaw a man loitering about the gate; on which Mrs. *Jewkes* and *Colbrand* the *Swiſs* went to examine the fellow, while *Pamela*, with *Nan* for her guard, walked about the court-yard. At this inſtant *Pamela* recollecting the gypſey's words, in which ſhe thought there was ſome myſtery, looked at the place where ſhe had pulled up the graſs, and obſerving that more of it had been pulled up, ſent *Nan* to fetch her a flower that grew at ſome diſtance; ſhe then ſtooped and took up a handful of the graſs, and in it a bit of paper which informed her that her maſter had a deſign to impoſe upon her by a ſham wedding. At this diſcovery all her hopes were quaſhed at once. She now thought her maſter truly diabolical, and reſolved to hate him heartily.

SOON

SOON after her maſter's return, Mrs. *Jewkes* ſurprized her looking over the parcel ſhe had ſo carefully concealed in the garden; and in ſpight of all her prayers and entreaties carried them to Mr. *B.* *Pamela*'s mind was in great agitation and terror, on account of many ſevere reflections ſhe had made on the cruelty of her maſter, which ſhe imagined would greatly exaſperate him, and add to the ſeverity of her treatment: but theſe papers had a contrary effect; Mr. *B.* was greatly moved at the deſcription ſhe gave of her diſtreſs, and grew more reſpectful and tender: when he had read part of them, he deſired her to take a turn with him in the garden, and there told her that he had now brought himſelf to deſpiſe the world and the world's cenſures, and would make her amends as far as was in his power, for all the hardſhips he had made her ſuffer: but juſt at this inſtant the ſham marriage coming into *Pamela*'s mind, ſhe replied, that ſhe was unworthy of that honour; and therefore begged that he would permit her to return to her poor parents; and that this was all the favour ſhe had to aſk.

MR. *B.* believing that this coldneſs could proceed from nothing but her being prepoſſeſſed in favour of another lover, flew into a violent paſſion, charged her with making an ungrateful return for the reſolution he had taken in her favour; told her that ſhe ſhould have her wiſh, and gave orders for her being immediately carried in his chariot to her father's.

PAMELA left the houſe in a diſpoſition of mind that too well informed her, that her heart was more her maſter's than ſhe had imagined. In this journey *Colbrand* was ſent with her for her guard, and when they ſtopped at night, the coachman gave her a letter, in which her maſter warmly aſſerted that his intentions were honourable, and that he had reſolved to make her his wife, if her indifference had not cured him of his fond paſſion; however, he deſired her to live ſingle for one twelvemonth, at leaſt, for his ſake. This letter, when ſhe was in dread of ſome new plot, filled her heart with gratitude and tenderneſs, and her eyes with tears. She found, that ſhe tenderly

tenderly loved him; the affectionate manner in which he had for ſome days behaved, had made her ſenſible that he was far from being indifferent to her; and ſhe could not now avoid being afflicted at the thought of being baniſhed from his preſence, perhaps for ever.

THE next day, when they ſtopped for dinner, and *Pamela* was juſt ſat down, Mr. *Colbrand* came to her in great hurry, crying, O madam! madam! here be de groom from de 'ſquire, all over in a lather, man and horſe; and here be a letter for you. *Pamela* was amazed: ſhe read it with great agitation, and found it filled with the warmeſt and moſt affectionate expreſſions, intreating her to return, and yet leaving her intirely at liberty. He alſo deſired, if ſhe returned, to ſend his ſervant to her parents for thoſe papers of hers which he had not ſeen. She found that he had alſo wrote to *Colbrand*, to let him know his requeſt, and to inform him and the coachman, that they muſt obey her orders. This generous treatment ſunk deep into her heart, and without the leaſt heſitation, ſhe ordered them to prepare with all poſſible haſte for her return; and at the ſame time diſpatched the groom with a letter to her parents, for the papers, and to inform them of her happy proſpects.

MR. *B.* thought himſelf much obliged by this ready and chearful obedience, and ſoon recovered of an indiſpoſition cauſed by the tumult of his mind, on parting with one he ſo dearly loved. As ſoon as he ſaw her, he ſaid, O my beloved *Pamela*, you have made me quite well. I am concerned to return my acknowledgments to you in ſo unfit a place and manner: for he was in bed, and had ſent for her: but will you give me your hand. She did ſo, and he kiſſed it with great eagerneſs. Sir, ſaid ſhe, you do me too much honour!—I am ſorry you are ſo ill.—I can't be ill, ſaid he, while you are with me. I am very well already.

WELL, ſaid he, and kiſſed her hand again, you ſhall not repent this goodneſs. My heart is too full of it to expreſs myſelf as I ought. But I am ſorry you have had ſuch a fatiguing time of it.—Life is no

life

life without you. If you had refuſed me, and yet I had hardly hopes you would oblige me, I ſhould have had a ſevere fit of it, I believe, for I was taken very oddly, and knew not what to make of myſelf: but now I ſhall be well inſtantly: you need not, Mrs. *Jewkes*, added he, ſend for the doctor from *Stamford*, as we talked yeſterday: for this lovely creature is my doctor, as her abſence was my diſeaſe. He begged her to ſit down by his bed-ſide, and aſked her, if ſhe had obliged him with ſending for her former packet? She ſaid, ſhe had, and hoped it would be brought. He ſaid, it was doubly kind.

SHE did not ſtay long with him, becauſe ſhe was afraid of diſturbing him. And he got up in the afternoon, and deſired her company, and ſeemed quite pleaſed, eaſy and much better. He ſaid, Mrs. *Jewkes*, after this inſtance of my good *Pamela*'s obligingneſs in her return, I am ſure we ought to leave her entirely at her own liberty: and pray, if ſhe pleaſes to take a turn in the chariot, or in the garden, or to the town, or wherever her own deſires ſhall carry her, let her be left at liberty and aſked no queſtions; and do you all in your power to oblige her. She had now the pleaſure of being informed that the worthy Mr. *Williams* had been ſome time at liberty, and Mr. *B.* talked with much ſeeming pleaſure on the happy day, which he ſaid would unite him to ſo much ſweetneſs, and deſired her to appoint one out of the next fourteen.

ONE day while they were engaged in this converſation, news was brought that the meſſenger ſent to her father's was come back, and being ordered in, he told *Pamela* that her parents believed that ſhe had been forced to write that letter; and refuſed to ſend her papers: for they ſaid they were ſure that their dear daughter would not willingly have gone back to the 'ſquire's, when ſhe was ſo far on her way to them, and weeping at her hard fate, added, that ſhe either was, or would be ruined. Mr. *B.* ſeemed vexed at the honeſt people's incredulity. *Pamela* begged him with tears to excuſe her parents, on which Mr. *B.* ſaluting her very tenderly, even before the ſervant, ſaid,

that

that her father was a worthy man, and ſhould ſoon be ſatisfied that he had the moſt honourable intentions and added, This dear creature, *Thomas*, will be your Lady, but at preſent I would not have it talked of.

WHEN the ſervant was gone, Mr. *B.* told *Pamela* that ſome of the neigbouring gentry would come to dine with him the next day, on purpoſe, as he believed, to ſee her. They had rallied him, he ſaid, very ſmartly on her account; but as he choſe rather to brave, than ſeem afraid of their wit, it took off the edge of their ſatire. *Pamela* ſaid, that ſhe would gladly be excuſed ſeeing the ladies; but he encouraging told her, that ſhe need not be afraid, ſince ſhe would ſee nobody equal to herſelf.

MR. *B.* that afternoon took an airing, and by accident met Mr. *Williams*, who at firſt appeared under a good deal of confuſion, but ſoon recovered himſelf; and on Mr. *B*'s ſaying that he could not help taking it ill of him, an old friend, to endeavour to ſupplant him in an affair that lay next his heart, he replied, My motive, Sir, at firſt was ſuch as became my function, and if I was to blame in the progreſs of that affair, you will forgive me, Sir, when you recollect that you would not chooſe to have it ſaid you had caſt your thoughts on a perſon whom nobody could like but yourſelf. I am ſorry, Sir, that I have incurred your diſpleaſure; but ſincerely rejoice in your honourable intentions to Miſs *Andrews:* and give me leave to ſay, that when ſhe becomes your Lady, ſhe will do credit to your choice with every body that ſees her. This converſation Mr. *B.* himſelf related to *Pamela*, which gave her great ſatisfaction, as ſhe now hoped he would take that gentleman again into favour.

ABOUT twelve o'clock came Sir *Simon Darnford* and his Lady and two daughters, and Lady *Jones* and a ſiſter-in-law, and Mr. *Peters* and his ſpouſe and niece. Mrs. *Jewkes*, now more and more obliging, was much concerned that *Pamela* was not dreſſed in ſome of her beſt cloaths, and made her many compliments.

THEY

THEY all went into the garden for a walk, before dinner; and were ſo impatient to ſee *Pamela*, that her maſter took them into the largeſt alcove, after they had walked two or three turns, and ſtept himſelf to her. Come, my *Pamela*, ſaid he, the ladies can't be ſatisfied without ſeeing you, and I deſire you'll come. She was aſhamed, but would obey him. Said he, The two young ladies are dreſſed out in their beſt attire; but they make not ſuch an appearance as my charming girl in this ordinary garb.—Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſhan't I follow you thither? For I can't bear you ſhould do me ſo much honour. Well, ſaid he, I'll go before you. And he bid Mrs. *Jewkes* bring a bottle of ſack and ſome cake, and went to them.

THIS alcove fronted the longeſt gravel-walk in the garden; ſo that they ſaw her all the way ſhe came, as they ſtood at the windows and in the door-way, looking full at her.

LADY *Jones* ſaid, She is a charming creature, I ſee that at this diſtance. Sir *Simon*, who, it ſeems, had been a ſad rake in his younger days, ſwore he never ſaw ſo eaſy an air, ſo fine a ſhape, and ſo graceful a preſence. Lady *Darnford* ſaid, She was a ſweet girl. And Mrs. *Peters* ſaid very handſome things. Even the Parſon ſaid, She would be the pride of the country.

WHEN ſhe came near, her maſter ſaw her in confuſion, and went to meet her. Give me your hand, ſaid he, my good girl, you walk too faſt. She did ſo with a curtſey, and he led her up the ſteps of the alcove, and preſented her to the ladies. They all ſaluted her, and ſaid, They hoped to be better acquainted with her: and Lady *Darnford* was pleaſed to ſay, She would be the flower of their neighbourhood.

THEY all ſo gazed at her that ſhe could not look up. For it ſeems to be one of the diſtinctions of perſons of condition, and well-bred people, to put baſhful bodies out of countenance. Well, Sir *Simon*, ſaid her maſter, what ſay you now to my pretty ruſtic? He ſwore a great oath, that he ſhould better know

know what to ſay to her, if he was as young as himſelf. Lady *Darnford* ſaid, You will never leave off, Sir *Simon*.

HER maſter ſaid, You are a little confuſed, my good girl, and out of breath; but I have told all your kind neighbours here a good deal of your ſtory, and your excellence. Yes, ſaid Lady *Darnford*, my dear neighbour, as I *will* call you, we have all heard your uncommon ſtory. Madam, ſaid ſhe, you have then heard what muſt make your kind allowance for me very neceſſary. No, ſaid Mrs. *Peters*, we have heard what will always make you valued as an honour to your ſex, and a pattern to all young ladies. You are very good, Madam, ſaid ſhe, to make me able to look and be thankful for the honour you are pleaſed to do me.

THE young Lady *Darnford*, who had wiſhed to ſee her in this dreſs, ſaid, I beg your pardon, dear Miſs; but I heard how ſweetly this garb became you, and was told the hiſtory of it: but I ſee your perſon muſt *give*, and not *take* ornament from any dreſs.

THE whole company were extremely pleaſant and affable, and the humility of *Pamela*, yet elegant eaſe of her whole deportment, quickly made them all her friends; and they were ſo charmed with her good ſenſe, and engaging behaviour, that they even inſiſted on her ſitting as miſtreſs at the table; but this ſhe declined, and withdrew.

WHILE ſhe was in her chamber, the poor, but worthy man, her father, arrived at the 'ſquire's, when Mr. *B.* on his ſeeing him much oppreſſed, told him all his kind intentions with reſpect to his dear daughter; but the good old man was ſtill unbelieving, and replied, Ah! Sir, you once told me ſhe was with a good biſhop, when all the while ſhe was a priſoner here. That's over now, returned Mr. *B.* ſhe has now taken me priſoner, and in a few days I ſhall put on the pleaſanteſt fetters that ever man wore. O Sir, cried the good man, you are too pleaſant for my griefs. My heart is almoſt broke! I'll aſk but one queſtion, Is ſhe honeſt? Is ſhe virtuous? As the new-born babe, replied Mr. *B.*

and

and you ſhall ſee her immediately. He then obliged the good old man to go into the parlour, and went himſelf to call his beloved daughter. He told her that the ladies wanted her at the card-table; bid her not be ſurprized if ſhe ſaw a ſtranger, and mentioned Mr. *Williams*. *Pamela* was dreadfully afraid that he had ſtill a tincture of jealouſy, and did her utmoſt to guard her looks on her coming down.

SHE took her ſeat at the card-table, without ſeeing her father, who ſat in a corner of the room in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe, and with a heart too full to ſuffer him to ſpeak. Mr. *B.* aſked if ſhe had ſent a letter to the good couple; ſhe ſaid ſhe had, and Mr. *B.* returned, I wonder what they will ſay to it? Your goodneſs, Sir, ſhe ſaid, will be a cordial to their dear honeſt hearts. At this the poor man could no longer contain himſelf; but guſhing into a flood of tears, he cried out, O my dear child! *Pamela* knew his voice: ſhe ſaw him: ſhe gave a ſpring, overturned the card-table, and threw herſelf at his feet, ſaying, O my father! my father! my father!—Can it be?——Bleſs, O bleſs your happy, happy—The fluttering of her ſpirits rendered her unable to proceed. When ſhe had recovered from her ſurprize, ſhe was permitted to retire with her affectionate parent, and they both on their knees joined in bleſſing God for their preſent happy proſpects. The good old man ſtayed ſeveral days, and received many marks of favour from Mr. *B.*

A FEW days after his departure Mr. *B.* was happily married to his beloved *Pamela* in a ſmall chapel belonging to his ſeat. Mr. *Williams* performed the ceremony, and was intirely reinſtated in his patron's favour. There was preſent at this ſolemnity, Mr. *Peters*, the miniſter of the pariſh, who gave away the bride; and three or four days after, Mr. *B.* acknowledged his marriage before the neighbouring gentry, who came by invitation to hear divine ſervice in his little chapel. Thus did all the dangers and diſtreſſes of this virtuous maid end in peace, harmony and love: her humility and condeſcenſion rendered every one her admirers: the poor partook of the bleſſings

bleſſings ſhe enjoyed; thoſe who had been her fellow-ſervants obeyed her with an affection that gave a pleaſure to their obedience. Mrs. *Jervas*, though ſtill her houſe-keeper, ſhe conſidered as her friend, and the protectreſs of her innocence. Her piety and religious example had ſuch an effect, that all the ſervants became religious; and the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes*, conquered by her goodneſs and earneſt admonitions, became a ſincere penitent. To her parents ſhe was ſtill the dutiful child; Mr. *B.* placed them in a very agreeable ſituation, and *Pamela*'s affection and felicity completed their happineſs. Her unaffected, engaging, and modeſt behaviour procured her the eſteem both of Mr. *B*'s relations and of the neighbouring gentry, and her affection and prudent conduct ſecured that of her huſband: Mr. *B.* grew every day more fond of her; and their happineſs was rendered complete by the birth of ſeveral fine children.

THE

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MISS *Clariſſa Harlowe* was the youngeſt daughter of Mr. *James Harlowe*, a gentleman extremely tenacious of his prerogative as a huſband and a father. Mrs. *Harlowe* was a lady of true merit; but too little miſtreſs in her own family; for a lordly huſband, and an imperious ſon, left her little power of exerting the fine qualities ſhe poſſeſſed. This ſon was of an untractable, unforgiving diſpoſition, and, like his father, had but a mean opinion of the other ſex. His ſiſter, Miſs *Arabella*, greatly reſembled him in temper: ſhe had no perſonal charms, for ſhe was corpulent and clumſy; no wonder then that *Clariſſa*, whoſe perfections rendered her the delight of all, ſhould, though her ſiſter, be the object of her diſlike; but ſhe had ſtill a ſtronger reaſon for her averſion; her grandfather left to Miſs *Clariſſa* a handſome eſtate with a very neat and elegant building, which was called the *dairy-houſe*, and injoined his ſons not to diſpute it with her on any conſideration. This bequeſt raiſed ill blood in the family; but the prudent *Clariſſa* reſigned it to her father's management, and, for a time, prevented the heart-burnings of her brother and ſiſter from breaking out into an open quarrel.

WHILE Mr. *James Harlowe*, the younger, was gone to *Scotland*, Lord *M.* made a propoſal to Mr.

Anthony Harlowe, *Clariſſa*'s uncle, in behalf of his nephew Mr. *Lovelace*, who, he ſaid, wiſhed for an alliance with the family. In conſequence of this propoſal, Mr. *Robert Lovelace*, a gay young gentleman, paid his reſpects to Miſs *Arabella*, while Miſs *Clariſſa* was from home at the *dairy-houſe*. Miſs *Arabella* paid her a viſit the day after, and expreſſed herſelf highly pleaſed with the gentleman, lamented indeed that he was wild, and loved intrigues; but obſerved, that he was young, and a man of ſenſe. She liked him better at his next viſit. He afterwards made her ſeveral; but avoided all particular declarations. This conduct Miſs *Bella* attributed to baſhfulneſs, and grew prodigious fond of a modeſt man: however, as he ſtill continued his ſilence on a ſubject that lay neareſt her heart, ſhe began to be offended. Mr. *Lovelace*, who had views in all he did, took the moment he ſaw ſhe was angry, to urge his ſuit. When ſhe indeed denied him; but it was in ſuch Lady-like terms as, *ſhe had no inclination to change her condition, and ſhe was quite happy as ſhe was; not but that ſhe ſhould have been better pleaſed, if he had thought fit to court her rather than her mamma.* Theſe conſenting negatives, Mr. *Lovelace* thought proper to take for a final anſwer, and ſaying, that it was with great regret he ſaw her ſo determined, took his leave; but never more renewed his ſuit. He afterwards met Mr. *Anthony Harlowe*, and to him regretted his niece's reſolution not to change her ſtate, and made it plain that an end was put to the whole affair.

Miss *Bella* prudently made a virtue of neceſſity; *ſhe could not bear an ague-like lover, cool and warm by fits and ſtarts: a ſteady man, a man of virtue, was worth a thouſand ſuch. Her ſiſter* Clary *might think it worth while to engage him; but, for her part, ſhe would not have a man of whoſe heart ſhe could not be ſure for a moment; and glad was ſhe, that ſhe had rejected him.*

Some time after Mr. *Lovelace* returned into the country, and paid a viſit to the family, being, as he ſaid, deſirous of cultivating a friendſhip with it, though ſo unhappy as to be deprived of the hope of the wiſhed for alliance. Miſs *Clariſſa* was now preſent,

ſent, and every one obſerved that his attention was fixed on her. Mrs. *Harlowe* ſaid, ſhe had no objection to him, but his faulty morals. *Clariſſa*'s father ſaid, that ſince Mr. *Lovelace* had viſited his daughter *Arabella*, he had received a letter from his ſon. This letter, charged Mr. *Lovelace* with immoralities, and he was therefore reſolved to ſuſpend the declaration of his own mind, till his ſon's return. Miſs *Clary* was then aſked, how ſhe liked the gentleman? To which ſhe replied, Not at all: and added, The man has too good an opinion of himſelf to have any great regard for a wife. The next day Lord *M.* in his nephew's name, made a propoſal in form, and Mr. *Lovelace* was permitted to viſit: but *Clariſſa*, as her father would determine nothing without his ſon, would give him no opportunity to converſe with her in private.

MR. *Lovelace* now grew very intimate in the family; but Miſs *Clariſſa* never ſeemed to think his viſits paid to her more than to any other perſon in it. A young gentleman under the care of a brother-in-law of Mrs. *Harlowe* was ſoon to make the grand tour; and as Mr. *Lovelace* had been abroad, and could give a good account of what it was neceſſary for a young traveller to obſerve, he was deſired to write a deſcription of each court and country he had viſited; and he conſented, on condition Miſs *Clariſſa* would direct his ſubjects. This opened an epiſtolary correſpondence between them, and he frequently incloſed in what he ſent to be read to the whole family, letters to herſelf, full of the moſt ardent expreſſions of love and tenderneſs.

THIS was Mr. *Lovelace*'s ſituation in the family when Mr. *James Harlowe* arrived, and being told of his viſits, expreſſed his diſapprobation in very high terms. This inveterate diſlike was occaſioned by the frequent quarrels they had had at college, where Mr. *Lovelace* had often ridiculed the haughty airs he aſſumed; and as Mr. *James Harlowe* never forgave an injury, he took this opportunity to revenge his former ſuperiority over him.

MISS *Bella* joined her brother from motives very different. She boaſted her refuſing him, and her

brother praiſed her for it. Their behaviour, when they could not avoid ſeeing him, was cold and diſobliging, but by degrees it proceeded to rudeneſs. On his coming one day, he abruptly aſked him his buſineſs with his ſiſter, and the other very haughtily ſaid, that he would anſwer a gentleman any way; but wiſhed *he* would not put on ſuch high airs; but remember that he was not now at college. They had both their hands on their ſwords, but a gentleman interpoſing, the affair for that time paſſed off: but as Mr. *James Harlowe* took all opportunities to inſult Mr. *Lovelace*, they met, fought, and *Clariſſa*'s brother was wounded and diſarmed, and a ſlight fever enſuing, the whole family flamed out, and laid the whole blame on the innocent *Clariſſa*. Mr. *Lovelace*, who had generouſly given the young gentleman his life, ſent for three days ſucceſſively to enquire after his health, and on the fourth came himſelf to pay him a viſit. This was conſidered as an inſult upon the whole family. Mr. *James Harlowe*, the father, tho' lame with the gout, was with difficulty held from going to meet him ſword in hand; and *Clariſſa*, terrified at this confuſion, fainted away, and on her recovery was cruelly inſulted by her inhuman ſiſter. At laſt *Lovelace*, on being told of the young lady's illneſs, departed, vowing revenge.

Lord *M.* being more ready to take his nephew's part than to blame him, the whole family of the *Harlowes* were afraid of him; and though they all believed that Miſs *Clariſſa* correſponded with him, a regard to their own ſafety prevented their forbidding her. Mr. *James Harlowe* ſoon recovered, and both he and his ſiſter, the one from ſlighted love, and the other from a rooted hatred, deteſted the name of *Lovelace*; and to prevent the poſſibility of an alliance with the family, reſolved to have Miſs *Clariſſa* ſpeedily married. Her brother propoſed ſeveral gentlemen, but ſhe rejected them all; and ſhe had yet power enough with her father and uncles to be allowed ſome will of her own. But being now teazed and treated ill at home, ſhe deſired to be permitted to go to reſide for a ſhort time with Miſs *Howe*, her moſt dear and intimate

intimate friend, and this was granted, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of her brother.

When ſhe had been abſent near a month on this agreeable viſit, ſhe was ſent for home in a great hurry, having no other notice but the chariot's coming to fetch her. She was ſurprized at the ſtiff formality that ſat on all their countenances at her return; but more ſo at being accuſed of being in *Lovelace*'s company. She pleaded that ſhe never converſed with him alone, and it became not her to preſcribe who ſhould be Mrs. *Howe's* viſitors. To this her father replied, that ſhe had been indulged too much; ſhe had refuſed this gentleman and t'other gentleman; that it was now his turn, and he would be obeyed, and then informed her that ſhe was to have Mr. *Roger Solmes* for her huſband, a man poſſeſſed of no one good quality; but to make up for theſe deficiencies, was immenſely rich. The gentle heart of *Clariſſa* roſe againſt ſuch a choice; ſhe loathed the wretch, who was famed for nothing ſo much as his meanneſs and his avarice, and her oppoſition to this propoſal expoſed her to the moſt grating inſults from her brother and ſiſter, and the harſheſt uſage from her parents and uncles. She was ordered not to go to church; not to viſit; not to enter into the preſence of her father and mother: her maid, who had a tender affection for her, was turned out of doors; and a pert ſervant belonging to her ſiſter was ſet over her. She was ſtripped of all conſolation, except her correſpondence with Miſs *Howe*. For being allowed to feed ſome bantam poultry in an old wood-houſe, at the ſide of the garden, ſhe found the means of depoſiting her letters under a brick in a hole in the wall, which opened into a narrow lane; thither her friend's ſervant came for letters, and in the ſame place depoſited his young lady's anſwers.

The very motive which gave riſe to, and made them reſolve on the odious match with Mr. *Solmes*, heightened the averſion *Clariſſa* felt for him. The eſtate left her by her grandfather lay between two eſtates in *Solmes*'s poſſeſſion, and by its falling into his hands

would double their value; for which reaſon he, who had no regard for a ſiſter in diſtreſs, no ſenſe of humanity, no principles of juſtice, propoſed to the family to make over his whole fortune to them, in caſe he died without iſſue by *Clariſſa*. This bait charmed the brother, and made him hope that he ſhould one day have all in his own poſſeſſion: while *Clariſſa* deteſted *Solmes*'s injuſtice, who had no regard to the ties of blood, and reſolved to purchaſe her by injuſtice to his own kindred.

In this diſtreſs ſhe wrote ſeveral moving letters to her unworthy brother and ſiſter; but received in return the moſt provoking taunts and inſults, with the bittereſt reflections on her ſuppoſed prepoſſeſſion in favour of *Lovelace*. She wrote alſo to her father and uncles; but all remained inflexible, threatening her with the entire loſs of their affection, if ſhe did not yield to their wiſhes. In vain ſhe urged her invincible averſion to *Solmes*; that averſion, they ſaid, ought to yield to the family aggrandizement, and the commands of her father, who not doubting of her ready compliance, had gone too far to recede with honour; and that, in ſhort, ſhe muſt and ſhould be *Solmes*'s wife.

In the midſt of theſe perplexities poor *Clariſſa* was frighted almoſt out of her wits, by the ſudden appearance of Mr. *Lovelace*, who, in diſguiſe, had hid himſelf in the wood-houſe. His reſpectful behaviour in this lonely place, for it was near a bye lane and remote from the houſe, diſſipated her fears; but ſhe was in terror leſt he ſhould be ſeen, and an aſſignation imputed to her by her cruel brother. Having reproached him for the danger to which he expoſed her, ſhe was haſtening from him, when he threw himſelf at her feet, and intreated her ſtay for a few moments, declaring, that he ſuffered himſelf to be guilty of this raſhneſs to avoid greater: that he could no longer bear the inſults he received from her family, while he thought he had ſo little intereſt in her heart, and while he could not promiſe himſelf that his forbearance would be attended with any other effect than to loſe her for ever, by her being

obliged

obliged to marry the man whom ſhe deteſted. To this, ſhe replied, that ſeverity would be far from effecting the end deſired; for no conſideration ſhould induce her to marry *Solmes*, and ſhe could with great ſincerity declare for a ſingle life. He here interrupted her, and ſaid, he could not help expreſſing his great concern, that after ſo many inſtances of his tender and obſequious devotion—*Clariſſa* ſtopped him by ſaying, Why don't you aſſert in plain words my obligation to you for your unwiſhed-for perſeverance, that has ſet all my friends againſt me? She muſt forgive him, he ſaid, though he had preſumed to hope for a greater ſhare in her favour than he had hitherto found, when ſo vile a reptile as *Solmes* was ſet up as his competitor. He told her, that the Ladies of his family would be proud of giving her their protection, if the violent meaſures purſued ſhould drive her to extremities. In ſhort, he behaved in ſuch a manner as greatly increaſed her confidence in him, and, to her great ſurprize, ſeemed to know as much of the cruel treatment ſhe met with as herſelf.

A LITTLE time after this, her mamma ſent her a very affectionate letter, in which were incloſed patterns of rich ſilks from *London*, for her choice of ſeveral ſuits to be given her on her marriage with Mr. *Solmes*, with orders to come and ſhew her thoſe ſhe approved of: but at the ſame time commanding her not to come into her father's or her preſence, if ſhe was ſtill reſolved to continue undutiful. Her fixed averſion to *Solmes* made her look on the patterns with horror; and ſhe remained in her chamber, though reminded by *Betty*, Miſs *Bella*'s pert maid, that her pappa and mamma waited for her in her father's ſtudy. She intreated to ſpeak to her mamma alone——But was refuſed; and her father ſent her a very angry letter, that he would never ſee her more till ſhe was Mr. *Solmes*'s wife.

IN theſe circumſtances her dear Miſs *Howe* earneſtly adviſed the reſumption of her eſtate; but the dutiful *Clariſſa* reſolved againſt any litigation with her father, even though ſhe ſhould, by his barba-

rous treatment, be reduced to extreme indigence. Mr. *Lovelace* paid the young lady a viſit, in order to engage her intereſt with her fair friend: he complained of farther inſults from the *Harlowes*, and told her with an air of fierceneſs, that if Miſs *Clariſſa* was forced to give her hand to *Solmes*, he ſhould not value the world, nor the world's cenſures, ſince the menaces of the family now, and their triumph over him afterwards, would warrant all the vengeance he could take.

Juſt as *Clariſſa* received information from Miſs *Howe* of this viſit, her inexorable relations reſolved to force her to a compliance, by ſending her to her uncle *Anthony's* moated houſe, where ſhe was to be ſuffered to write to nobody, nor to have any viſitors, except the odious *Solmes*, and her barbarous brother and ſiſter. She wrote warm remonſtrances to her brother, on this reſolution, and added with ſpirit, that ſhe ſhould think it hard to be ſent againſt her will to any one's houſe, when ſhe had one of her own to go to.

This letter ſhe ſent by *Betty*, and preſently after Miſs *Bella* came up in a perfect flame, O ſpirit! cried ſhe, is it come to this at laſt? you want to be independant! my pappa has lived too long for you! *Clariſſa* was going to ſpeak, when rudely putting her handkerchief to her mouth; you have done enough with your pen, ſhe continued; but your independant ſcheme will not be granted you. Prepare this moment; reſolve what you will take with you. To-morrow you go, depend upon it. 'Tis determined, child—You go to-morrow. I ſay, to-morrow you go. Thus ſhe ran on till *Clariſſa*, quite out of patience, cried out, No more of your violence, *Bella*. Talk to your ſervant in this manner. And, let me tell you, I won't go to-morrow, except I am dragged away by violence. What, girl, *Bella* replied, not if your pappa and mamma command you? That command ſhall come from their own mouths, ſaid *Clariſſa*, and not from yours; and ſay another word to me in this manner, and be the conſequence what it may, I will force myſelf into their preſence, and demand

demand of them, what I have done to be uſed thus. Come along, child—Come along, meek one, cried *Bella*; you will find both your deſpiſed parents. I want not to be led, returned *Clariſſa*, and ſince I can plead your invitation, I will go.

She was haſtening to the ſtairs, but *Bella* ſhut the door. She then went into her cloſet, while her cruel ſiſter ſaid every thing that was barbarous and aggravating.

In the evening *Betty* brought her a letter from her ſiſter, in which ſhe told her, that her mamma had begged her off, till the next week; but that ſhe had effectually done her buſineſs with all the family. And that, thanks to her ſtubbornneſs, none would receive her but her uncle *Anthony*, and to his houſe ſhe muſt go in a few days.

The copy of this epiſtle *Clariſſa* ſent to her mother, with a ſhort one of her own, deſiring to know if it was by her s or her father's order that ſhe was thus uſed; if it was, ſhe would ſubmit. In return, ſhe received an anſwer, which told her, that ſhe had ordered her ſiſter to moderate her zeal for their authority, and concluded with bidding her try to deſerve another behaviour, which could not be more grievous to her, than the cauſe was to her unhappy mother.

In ſhort, it was reſolved, that ſhe muſt go to her uncle *Anthony*'s within three days; a piece of news that ſhe was informed of by a moſt inſolent note from her brother, in which he let her know that this indulgence was owing to her mother.

While *Clariſſa* was in this unhappy ſituation, ſhe received a letter from *Lovelace*, in which he told her, that he had ſomething of the utmoſt importance to communicate to her, and begged hard for a meeting in the garden; owned that he had procured a key, but was afraid of diſobliging her, by coming without her leave, and told her, he was very ill of a cold he had caught by waiting in the coppice behind the garden in the midſt of the rain. Miſs *Clariſſa* felt her pity, if not her love, moved in his favour, and, driven deſperate by the ſeverity of her relations, let him

know, that ſhe would meet him the next night. She had but juſt depoſited her billet, when her heart miſgiving her, ſhe went to take it away; but *Lovelace* had been too watchful, and had it already in his poſſeſſion. This was *Tueſday*, and on *Thurſday* ſhe was to be carried to her uncle's moated houſe, from which ſhe thought it impoſſible to eſcape. As ſoon as ſhe found from *Betty* that her relations were unanimouſly reſolved on this ſtep, ſhe ſent a note to her uncle *Harlowe*, ſupplicating more time. This requeſt could not be granted without the hard condition of her receiving a viſit from *Solmes*; when, in order to comply, as far as ſhe was able, ſhe accepted the delay on their own terms, appointing that day ſeven-night for the diſagreeable interview.

HAVING now ſo much time before her, ſhe revoked her appointment with *Lovelace*, and deſired him to write what he had to communicate. On the receipt of this, *Lovelace*, in another letter, complained, in high terms, of the breach of her promiſe, and, for the firſt time, appeared rather the haughty than the humble lover. *Clariſſa* reſented the impropriety of this behaviour, and depoſited an anſwer, in which ſhe told him, that ſhe was amazed at the freedom of his reproaches, that this treatment had too much alarmed her for her not to deſire that the laſt letter he had written might be the laſt trouble he would give himſelf on her account.

UNDER the utmoſt dread of being carried to her uncle, ſhe ſent Miſs *Howe* a ſmall parcel of linen, and all her papers, and her faithful friend promiſed to try to engage her mother to give her, privately, her protection.

TWO days paſſed without a letter from *Lovelace*, but now ſhe received another from him. In this he was, with the preſumption of being forgiven for his late warmth, full of contrivance for her eſcape from her cruel relations, and expreſſed himſelf as under mortal apprehenſions from *Solmes*'s viſit. He even propoſed to fix her in a place of ſecurity, either with the Ladies of his family, or wherever elſe ſhe ſhould chooſe; and then leave her intirely at her own liberty,

either

either to agree with her friends, or to approve or reject him, as his future conduct ſhould deſerve. But notwithſtanding the ſeeming generoſity of theſe propoſals, ſhe told him in her anſwer, that ſhe had thought never more to have wrote to a man who could reflect on her, for having thought fit to make uſe of her own judgment, and greatly blamed him for his clandeſtine manner of acting, in order to come at the ſecrets of her family: that however, her averſion for *Solmes* was too ſincere for her to doubt herſelf; though ſhe would not have him interpret this averſion in his own favour.

When the dreaded time of meeting came, *Clariſſa* was ordered down into the parlour: ſhe went down with trembling, reluctant ſteps, and as ſhe entered at one door, ſhe ſaw her relations hurry out at the other. *Solmes* approached her richly dreſſed, and cringing to the ground, a viſible confuſion appearing in every feature. After half a dozen choaked-up hems, he began, He was very ſorry,——it was his misfortune,—it was his misfortune; and there he ſtopped. *Clariſſa* ſat down with an averted face, and fanned herſelf two or three times. He brought out a ſentence, and that produced another. It was his awe, his extreme reverence for ſo ſuperlative a lady, and he hoped,——he hoped ſhe would not deſpiſe him for ſuch true tokens of love. You may have heard things, Madam, to my diſadvantage: I will either own my faults, or convince you that I am baſely beſpattered. I have heard many things to your diſadvantage, replied *Clariſſa*, but as you were not any thing to me, nor ever could be, it was not for me to concern myſelf about them. I am ſorry to hear this, *Solmes* returned; I am ſure, Madam, you ſhould not tell me of a fault that I would not be willing to correct. Then, Sir, correct this fault, ſhe rejoined; do not wiſh to have a poor young creature compelled in the moſt material article of her life, for the ſake of motives ſhe deſpiſes, and in behalf of a perſon ſhe cannot value. I don't ſee, Madam, how you would be happy if I was to withdraw my addreſſes, he replied.——That is nothing to you, cried ſhe, interrupting

rupting him, the blame will not lie at your door; you will be entitled to my thanks, and moſt heartily will I thank you.

Mr. *Solmes* pauſed, and ſeemed irreſolute, when in came her uncle *Anthony*, who inſtantly cried out, So, niece, ſitting in ſtate, giving audience, haughty audience. Mr. *Solmes*, why this diſtance, man? I hope to ſee you on a more intimate footing before we part. *Clariſſa* roſe on her uncle's entrance, and with the utmoſt humility beſpoke his compaſſion. You will have the favour of every body, niece, he replied, when you know how to deſerve it. If ever I deſerve it, ſhe cried, I deſerve it now: I will engage never to marry any man without my father's conſent, and yours, Sir, and every body's. Let me not be thus precipitated; I will take the ſolemneſt oath that can be offered me. That, returned her uncle in a threatening voice, is the matrimonial one and to this gentleman. It ſhall, couſin *Clary*, and the more you oppoſe it, the worſe it ſhall be for you. Then, Sir, ſhe replied, highly provoked, you ſhall ſooner follow me to the grave: and Mr. *Solmes*, ſhe added, take notice, there is no death I would not ſooner undergo, than be yours, and for ever unhappy. Her uncle now obſerved no decency in his rage, but ſwore that ſhe ſhould, in ſpite of all oppoſition, be *Solmes*'s wife within one week at fartheſt; on which ſhe replied, I am ſorry, Sir, to ſee you in ſuch a paſſion: all this, I am but too ſenſible, is owing to my brother's inſtigations, who would not himſelf give the inſtance of duty that is exacted from me. She was now going out of the door ſhe came in at, when her brother bolted upon her: return, pretty miſs, return, cried he, your intriguing brother ſhall redeem you. Remember, he added in a loud whiſper, you ſhall be redeemed from ruin, and that by this worthy gentleman; hereafter you will bleſs him for his condeſcenſion. He then ſeizing her hand, led her to Mr. *Solmes*, and would have joined their hands, when *Clariſſa* endeavoured to ſnatch her's from him. How now, Miſs *Clary*, he cried! and how now, Sir, ſhe returned! what right have *you* to diſpoſe of my hand?

Let

Let me go, Sir; (for he ſtill held her hand) you deſign, I doubt not, by your unmanly griping, to hurt me, as you do. But, I ſay again, wherefore am I treated thus by you? At this he toſſed her hand from him with a whirl that pained her ſhoulder. She wept; Mr. *Solmes* blamed him for this brutality, as did her uncle *Anthony*. She, as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, again addreſſed herſelf to *Solmes*, and told him, that if he had any regard for his own happineſs, he would proſecute his addreſſes no farther. Can you think me, Sir, ſhe added, ſo poor a ſlave as to change my mind by the violent uſage I have met with? And you, Sir, ſhe continued, turning to her brother, if you think *meekneſs* always indicates *tameneſs*, and that there is no magnanimity without bluſter, own yourſelf, for once, miſtaken; for you ſhall have reaſon to ſee that a generous mind is not to be forced; and——No more, I charge you, interrupted the imperious brother: and then turning to his uncle, cried, See, Sir, your faultleſs niece, your favourite!

THE young lady was by this time in great diſorder, but no body minded her, though ſhe was ready to faint: ſhe rang, and on *Betty*'s coming, ordered her to bring her a glaſs of water, when her brother ſaid to *Solmes*, loud enough to be heard by *Clariſſa*, Art, damn'd art! *Clariſſa* having drank the water, ſtaggering with extreme faintneſs, leaned on *Betty*'s arm, and was going again to withdraw, when her uncle told her he had not yet done with her. She promiſed to return as ſoon as the open air had recovered her ſpirits, and was permitted to go into the garden.

IN half an hour's time ſhe was again ordered into the parlour, where ſhe continued ſome time alone. Then came in her uncle *Anthony*, uſhering in his dear friend Mr. *Solmes*. For God's ſake, Madam, cried he, folding his hands.—For God's ſake what? returned *Clariſſa*; how came God's ſake and your ſake, I pray you, to be the ſame? He was ſilenced. No more ſupplications, Mr. *Solmes*, cried the boiſterous uncle: this perverſe girl deſpiſes all I once deſigned

deſigned to do for her, ſo I will change my meaſures. *Clariſſa* thanked him for all his kind intentions, but ſaid ſhe was willing to reſign all claim to any of his favours, except kind looks and kind words: ſhe was ſorry, ſhe added, to ſay ſo; but ſhe believed, that if he would be pleaſed to convince her brother and ſiſter that he had altered his generous purpoſes as to her, it might procure her better quarter from them both. Her uncle had no time to ſhew his diſpleaſure, for in burſt her meanly liſtening brother in great wrath, and called her ſeveral vile names. Was this, he aſked, her conſtruction of his concern and care of her? As to your care and concern for me, I deſire it not, ſhe replied; my pappa and mamma are both living, and were they not, you have given me reaſon to ſay, that you are the laſt perſon I would wiſh to have any concern for me: you have given me no cauſe to think better of your prudence than of my own. I am independant of you, though I wiſh not to be ſo of my father.

INSTANTLY came in *Betty* with an order for her young maſter to attend his father. He went, and the unhappy *Clariſſa* heard her once indulgent parent ſay, in a voice of thunder, Son *James*, carry this rebel this moment to my brother *Anthony's*, ſhe ſhall not ſtay another hour under my roof. She flew to the door, and on her knees begged for admittance, beſeeching her father not to reprobate his kneeling child. Her uncle was moved, and ſo was *Solmes*; but her hard-hearted brother held the door, that ſhe might not ſee her father; at laſt he let it go, and *Clariſſa* fell flat on her face into the room, but all her friends were departed. In a little time her brother came to demand her keys, and to tell her, that ſhe muſt go directly to her uncle's. She refuſed to ſend her keys till ſhe knew that he had her father's authority for what he did: but ſhe ſoon had them ſent for by another meſſenger, to whom ſhe thought proper to deliver them. Her mother, with difficulty, prevailed with her father to defer ſending her to her uncle's for a few days; but for this ſhe was to endure another viſit from *Solmes*,

who

who would now have read to her an anonymous letter, in which the character of Mr. *Lovelace* was very freely treated: but ſhe inſiſted on his not reading it, as the perſon accuſed was abſent, and the accuſer unknown. This was called prepoſſeſſion, by her uncle *Anthony:* however, both he and *Solmes* grew leſs warm of impreſſing it; but her implacable brother entered with eyes flaming with anger, and told *Solmes*, that to be even with her, he muſt, when ſhe was his, make her as ſenſible of his power, as ſhe now did him of her inſolence. *Clariſſa*, addreſſing herſelf to *Solmes*, ſaid, See, Sir, ſee how my brother courts for you. I diſclaim Mr. *Harlowe*'s violence, Madam, ſaid *Solmes*, I will never remind you.——I will take care, Sir, returned ſhe, that you ſhall never have the opportunity.

At this inſtant Miſs *Bella* entered, and told the gentlemen, that her pappa deſired to ſpeak to them. At this time, when ſhe was under continual apprehenſions of being united to a man for whom ſhe had the greateſt averſion, ſhe received a letter from her dear Miſs *Howe*, by which ſhe was informed, that that lady had tried in vain to perſuade her mamma to give her protection, if ſhe was forced to leave her father's houſe: at the ſame time a letter from *Lovelace* let her know, that he was acquainted with all the ſevere treatment ſhe met with, and earneſtly intreated her to accept of the protection of the Ladies of his family.

While ſhe was heſitating what ſteps to take, ſhe was told by her ſiſter's maid, *Betty*, that all ſhe feared from her uncle's chapel would be performed in her own chamber. Her aunt *Harvey* confirmed this news, and informed her, that Mr. *Lovelace*'s menaces was the reaſon of this haſty meaſure, and that to prevent conſequences the whole family were come to a reſolution to have her married the following week: that her father himſelf would bring her up the ſettlements to ſign; and as ſhe had complained of harſh uſage, he had determined to try all the gentle arts of perſuaſion, to make her yield without force. However, whether ſhe conſented with

a grace

a grace or not, ſhe muſt be *Solmes*'s wife; that was abſolutely reſolved upon. *Clariſſa* only replied, Indeed I never will. This was not originally my father's will; indeed, I never will. All I ſhall ſay, anſwered Mrs. *Harvey*, is, that it is your father's will *now*; and as Mr. *Lovelace* has certainly taken the reſolution to force you out of their hands, I cannot but ſay, that they are right in reſolving not to be bullied out of their child. Well, Madam, returned *Clariſſa*, nothing remains for me to ſay. I am made quite deſperate; I care not what becomes of me.

SOON after this, ſhe ſent down to deſire a week's reſpite, when the anſwer was, Did ſhe want to give the vileſt of men an opportunity to put his murderous ſchemes in execution? She now ſtamped with impatience, and called on Mrs. *Harvey*, who was preſent, to witneſs that ſhe was guiltleſs of the conſequence of this barbarous compulſion. She was left frantic; ſhe inſiſted on ſeeing her pappa; ſuch, ſhe ſaid, was her dreadful ſituation, that it ſet her above all fear, and ſhe ſhould rejoice to owe her death, as ſhe did her life, to him. She went half way down ſtairs, with an intent to ruſh into her father's preſence, and to throw herſelf at his feet; but hearing her brother's voice, ſhe ſtopped: he was talking to Miſs *Bella*, and ſhe heard him ſay, It works charmingly, my dear ſiſter, let us keep it up, and the villain will be caught in his own trap. She muſt now be what we would have her. Do you keep my father to it, anſwered *Bella*, and I will take care of my mamma. Never fear, returned he with a laugh of triumph.

THIS ſpightful dialogue gave a new turn to the paſſions of *Clariſſa*; her aunt led her back to her chamber, and endeavoured to ſooth her mind; but ſhe was ſullenly ſilent, and as ſoon as ſhe was gone, reſolved to diſappoint her brother of his unmanly triumph. She wrote to Mr. *Lovelace*, that ſince ſhe had no other means of eſcaping from her brother's tyranny, ſhe would the following *Monday* meet

meet him at the garden-gate, and put herſelf under his protection.

SHE had hardly taken this raſh ſtep before ſhe repented, and would have taken back her letter; but Mr. *Lovelace* had taken it away. She received an anſwer from him full of tender expreſſions. This ſhe anſwered, and let him know, that as there were yet three days to come before the arrival of the time, her parents might relent; in which caſe ſhe reſerved to herſelf the liberty of acting as ſhe thought proper. To this he reſpectfully acquieſced, only hoped, that nothing ſhort of her being left entirely at liberty would alter her reſolution.

CLARISSA wrote immediately to Miſs *Howe* to inform her of this, when that young lady, in the ardour of friendſhip, offered herſelf to be the companion of her flight, rather than that ſhe ſhould be forced into the protection of ſo violent a ſpirit. This offer *Clariſſa* rejected; but as her dear friend could not think ſuch an apparent raſhneſs to be choſen, ſhe determined to ſtay and brave the worſt; and accordingly wrote to inform *Lovelace* that this was her reſolution. This letter was depoſited in the uſual place; but he, dreading leſt ſhe ſhould contradict her promiſe, let it remain there, that ſhe might be ſtill under the neceſſity of meeting him.

AT the hour appointed *Lovelace* came; but inſtead of liſtening to her reaſons for not going off with him, artfully drew her from the garden door, beſeeching her to haſte to the chariot which waited for her. In vain did ſhe urge that ſhe had conſidered of it, and was reſolved not to venture; he kept pulling her after him towards the chariot, telling her that he had been watched; that this was the only minute ſhe had to eſcape; and that to leave her now would be to loſe her for ever. She ſtruggled to get her hand from him, and told him that ſhe would ſooner die than go; he ſtill drew her after him, retreating farther from the door. Whither do you draw me, Mr. *Lovelace*, cried ſhe in anger? Do you ſeek to keep me till my return is impracticable? This moment let me go, if you would have

me

me think tolerably of you. My happineſs, Madam, both here and hereafter, he replied, and the ſafety of your implacable brother depend on this moment. To providence, and to the law, Mr. *Lovelace*, ſhe cried, will I leave the ſafety of my friends. You ſhall not threaten me into a raſhneſs that my heart condemns. May I periſh, cried *Lovelace*, if your will ſhall not be a law to me in every thing. All my relations expect you, your own promiſe calls on you. Next *Wedneſday*, deareſt creature, think on next *Wedneſday*. What ſtep do I urge you to, but that ſtep that will ſooneſt reconcile you to all of your family whom you have the moſt reaſon to value? Let me judge for myſelf, ſhe replied; do not you, who blame my friends for endeavouring to compel me, compel me yourſelf. Let me go back, unhand me this moment, or I will cry out for help. I will obey you, deareſt creature, ſaid *Lovelace*, with a look of dejection. Stay one moment; but one moment. Stay, beſt beloved of my ſoul! Your retreat is ſecure. If you will go, the key lies at the door. But O, Madam, next *Wedneſday*, and you are Mr. *Solmes*'s! Fly me not ſo eagerly. Since I find you are ſo ready to cry out for help againſt me, which muſt bring down on me the vengeance of all your family, I am contented to run all riſques. I will not aſk you to retreat with me. I will attend you into the garden, and into the houſe, if I am not intercepted. Nay, be not ſurprized, Madam, he added; the help you would have called I will attend. I will face them all. You ſhall ſee what I will farther bear for your ſake; and let us both ſee if expoſtulation, and the behaviour of a gentleman to them, will not procure me the treatment of a gentleman from them.

LOVELACE's reſolution of accompanying her into the preſence of her friends, made the poor *Clariſſa* almoſt gaſp with terror. What mean you, Mr. *Lovelace?* ſaid ſhe; leave me, I beſeech you leave me. Indeed, Madam, you muſt excuſe me. I am made deſperate. Is not the day after to-morrow *Wedneſday?* You ſhall ſee, Madam, what I will bear; my ſword ſhall be put ſheathed into your hands: (here he offered

offered it to her in the ſcabbard) my heart, if you pleaſe, ſhall be a ſheath for theirs. What can you mean, Mr. *Lovelace?* ſaid the lady. Muſt every one take advantage of the weakneſs of my temper? Is this your generoſity? She wept; he threw himſelf at her feet, and ſaid, Command me with you; command me from you; I am all implicit obedience. She ſtooped to take up the key, which lay on the ground, in order to let herſelf into the garden. He ſtarted as if he had heard ſomebody at the inſide of the door, and clapped his hand to his ſword. *Clariſſa* was extremely frighted; but ſhe again offered the key to the lock, when he, as if out of breath with the fright, loudly whiſpered, They are at the door, my beloved creature, and taking the key from her, flew to it, and made a motion as if to double lock it: when inſtantly ſomebody within cried out, (burſting againſt the door, as if to break it open) Are you there?—Come up this moment—this moment.—Here they are, both together.—Your piſtol this moment—your gun. Then followed another puſh and another. *Lovelace* drew his ſword, and clapping it naked under his arm, took both *Clariſſa*'s trembling hands into his, ſaying, Fly, fly, my charmer. This moment is all that is left you. Fly, if you would not be more cruelly uſed than ever: if you would not ſee two or three murders committed at your feet. Help, help, cried the affrighted lady, yet running as faſt as he. What added to her terror and haſtened her flight, was her ſeeing, as ſhe turned back her head, a man who muſt have come from her father's garden, who beckoned and called, as if others were in ſight, which her fears made her believe were her father and brother, or their ſervants. Thus terrified ſhe was ſoon out of ſight of the door, he hurrying her on ſtill faſter till they came to the chariot, her fright ſo wholly engroſſing her, that her voice contradicted her actions; for while ſhe was running ſhe continually kept crying, No, no, no. He lifted her in, and the horſes ſeemed to fly rather than to gallop, and ſtopped not till they both alighted at St. *Alban*'s.

THUS was the beautiful *Clariſſa*, who had till lately been the delight and the boaſt of her relations, the admiration of all who knew her, and juſtly admired as a pattern of virtue and prudence, forced by thoſe very relations, and the ſpecious arts of the deſigning *Lovelace*, into the protection of a rake of abandoned principles; who though he had all the advantages of a handſome perſon, and an happy addreſs, and on ſome occaſions gave inſtances of great generoſity and courage, yet was proud, artful and deſigning, full of plots and ſtratagems, and would ſpare no pains nor expence to accompliſh his deſigns, or to obtain the gratification of a favourite paſſion. *Clariſſa* indeed knew no ill of him but by report, and that alſo proclaimed his virtues; ſhe had therefore hoped, that a brave and generous man could not be a villain. Much of what ſhe had ſuffered proceeded from the reports he had cauſed to be carried into the family, and the very noiſe ſhe heard at the garden door, was made by her father's gardener, who had been corrupted by *Lovelace*, and followed his directions.

CLARISSA took the firſt opportunity of writing to her dear Miſs *Howe* an account of her involuntary flight, and that lady told her in her anſwer, that now ſhe was out of her father's houſe, all punctilios muſt ceaſe, and that it was moſt for her honour and reputation to marry directly. But alas! it was not now in her power to take this advice. She had laid *Lovelace* under an injunction in the letter in which ſhe appointed to meet him, not to mention marriage till he had given her reaſon to believe that his reformation was real, and he but too well obeyed her orders, and to complete her diſtreſs ſhe had before her a near view of indigence, not having above ſeven guineas in her pocket.

MR. *Lovelace* propoſed her going to a ſeat belonging to Lord *M.* his uncle; but this ſhe declined, till ſhe heard from home: for ſhe had wrote to her ſiſter for her cloaths, ſome books, and fifty guineas ſhe had left in her eſcritoire. As ſhe refuſed going to the *Lawn*, Lord *M*'s ſeat, Mr. *Lovelace* put up at an inn in that neighbourhood, where ſhe was waited upon by

by his Lordſhip's houſe-keeper, who recommended her to her ſiſter, who kept a farm-houſe at about eight miles diſtance. Thither the good woman conducted her; and there ſhe would have thought herſelf tolerably happy, if ſhe could have been left to herſelf; but *Lovelace* ſeemed in no haſte to leave her, and her fooliſh brother gave him a pretence for continuing near her, by his openly profeſſing before his ſervants, that he intended to force *Clariſſa* from him.

WHILE they continued here, Mr. *Lovelace* once preſſed her earneſtly to honour him with her hand; but it was when ſhe was very ill, and extremely dejected on the receipt of a moſt barbarous letter from her ſiſter, in which ſhe informed her, that her father, on hearing of her flight, curſed her on his knees, wiſhing that her diſobedience might be attended with ruin here and hereafter, and that the author of her crime might be her puniſhment. This horrid and wicked imprecation, the poor *Clariſſa*, who tenderly loved her parents, looked upon as a dreadful calamity, yet mindful of the advice of her dear friend, ſhe rather waved than denied his ſuit; but the baſe deſigner, for ſo ſhe had ſoon reaſon to call him, interpreted her confuſion on this occaſion into reſentment, at his having dared to preſs her contrary to her injunction. In one of their converſations ſhe queſtioned him on the noiſe ſhe heard on the inſide of her father's garden-door, and had, by his anſwer, too much reaſon to believe that it was all his own contrivance, and that ſhe was in the hands of a very artful man; and this afforded no very promiſing proſpect, even in the happieſt turn her affairs could take. She was uneaſy at his being in the ſame houſe with her, and to quiet her ſcruples he pretended to go to *Windſor* to look for an apartment where ſhe might be concealed from her brother; but finding, as he told her, none there, ſhe propoſed going to *London*, as the moſt likely place to be private in; but inſiſted that he ſhould never lodge in the ſame houſe, and that he ſhould leave her as ſoon as ſhe was out of danger. This he promiſed, and to appearance rather in compliance with her deſire, than from any particular

particular liking of his own, wrote to a married gentleman, his friend, to look out for a proper lodging. In anſwer to this letter a deſcription of ſeveral lodgings was ſent, and an account of one of them ſo artfully drawn up, as it was hoped would make *Clariſſa* fix upon that, without ſuſpicion. This was ſaid to be in *Dover-ſtreet*; a back houſe, genteel, and handſomely furniſhed. The landlady was the widow of an officer in the guards, whoſe name was *Sinclair*, and who dying juſt after he had purchaſed his commiſſion, ſhe was obliged to lett lodgings. Mr. *Lovelace* ſhewed his friend's letter to *Clariſſa*, and ſeemed to leave to her choice which ſhe would have. As that in *Dover-ſtreet* was the moſt convenient, ſhe fixed on that, and they ſet out for *London*.

ON their arrival, the widow *Sinclair* offered *Clariſſa* a kinſwoman of her own for her ſervant. The widow gave her many good qualities, but pretended that ſhe could neither write nor read writing. This was no objection, and *Clariſſa* admitted of her ſervices, though ſhe diſliked her look. She had alſo ſome diſlike to the widow, whoſe air appeared maſculine and coarſe: her two nieces, Miſs *Polly Horton*, and Miſs *Sally Martin*, ſhe thought agreeable women.

THE very night of their coming to town ſhe inſiſted on Mr. *Lovelace*'s going to lodge elſewhere; but he pretended to have but a ſlight opinion of the widow, and frankly owned that he could not yet think of leaving her; told her that he had prepared the landlady to expect their only ſtaying there till they could fix themſelves in a houſe, and had, for fear of her brother's plots, given out that they were already married; but that he was under a moſt ſolemn vow to be contented with a ſeparate apartment till a certain reconciliation could be effected.

CLARISSA was greatly diſpleaſed at his deceit, and inſiſted on his unſaying all he had ſaid; but this he would not conſent to. For heaven's ſake, cried he, let the happy day be to-morrow; yet before ſhe could anſwer, he ſeemed to forget what he had requeſted, and begged her not to diſcredit what he had

had told the people of the houſe: though ſuch was now *Clariſſa*'s ſituation, that had he urged her again ſhe would have met him next morning at the altar. On deſiring to be left to herſelf, he went down to the people below, and ſtayed till ſupper-time, and then begged to ſtay all night, promiſing to leave *London* the next day, and to this ſhe gave an unwilling conſent, knowing that it was out of her power to hinder him.

The next morning ſoon after breakfaſt Mr. *Lovelace* took leave of his lady, as he called *Clariſſa*, before the people, in a very reſpectful manner, earneſtly preſſing her to accept of a bank note; but ſhe refuſed the obligation: though after he was gone ſhe found it left on the table.

LOVELACE's abſence was very ſhort; for he returned the next day, pleading the violence of his paſſion, and his fear of her brother's projects. He now amuſed her with looking for a houſe, and told her, that he had fixed on one at preſent inhabited by a widow lady: but would ſoon be empty. He ſtill lodged in the houſe with *Clariſſa*; but as ſhe was too much in his power to hinder him, ſhe thought it moſt prudent, as things now wore a promiſing appearance, not to take notice of it.

LOVELACE, vain of having in his power ſo accompliſhed a lady, reſolved to ſhew her to four gentlemen who were his intimate friends, and for this purpoſe provided an entertainment for them in the ſame houſe, and was earneſt with Miſs *Clariſſa* to give them her company; to this ſhe had the utmoſt reluctance, and urged, that he had laid her under the diſagreeable neceſſity of appearing as a married perſon, and ſhe would ſee as few people as poſſible who were to think her ſo. This anſwer did not ſatisfy him. He again preſſed her with importunity, and at laſt, on Mrs. *Sinclair*'s telling her, that ſhe would get a young lady, to whom her deceaſed huſband was guardian, to be with her, ſhe conſented. Theſe gentlemen became her great admirers; but their behaviour was far from being agreeable to *Clariſſa*; and ſhe

ſhe retired, as ſoon as ſhe was able, to her own apartment.

A FEW days after this, ſhe received her cloaths from her inexorable family; but there was ſent with them neither her jewels nor the money ſhe wrote for; nor any book but a *Francis Spira*, a *Drexelius* on *Eternity*, and a *Practice of Piety*. This, ſaid ſhe, is my brother's wit, he thinks he does well to point out death and deſpair to me. I wiſh for one, and am every now and then on the brink of the other.

As *Clariſſa* had now her cloaths, Mr. *Lovelace* was very importunate with her to go with him and ſome of the young people of the houſe to public places; but this ſhe refuſed. He now took not the leaſt notice of the day which he uſed to ſay would crown his hopes, and every thing about her contributed to her diſſatisfaction. One day, when *Lovelace* was abroad, ſhe was looking over ſome of her dear Miſs *Howe*'s letters in the dining-room, when ſhe accidentally dropped one of them at her feet. This was ſeen by her maid *Dorcas*, who meeting *Lovelace* as he was coming up ſtairs, told him what ſhe had ſeen, and added, that if ever he hoped to come at any of her letters, now muſt be the time, for ſhe was ſure that her lady did not know that ſhe dropped it. *Lovelace* entered the room with an air of tranſport, claſping his arms about her as ſhe ſat; ſhe all the time huddling up the papers in her handkerchief: O, my deareſt life, he cried, a lucky expedient have I hit upon in order to haſten Mrs. *Fretchville* to quit the houſe. My friends will ſoon be with you: they will not permit you to ſuſpend my happy day.—And that nothing may be wanting to gratify your utmoſt punctilio, I will then conſent to ſtay here at Mrs. *Sinclair*'s, while you reſide at your new houſe, and leave the reſt to your generoſity. O my beloved creature, will not this be agreeable to you? It will—It muſt—And then claſping her cloſer, gave her a more fervent kiſs than he had ever before dared to give her, at the ſame time ſetting his foot on the letter, he ſcraped it farther from her, as it were behind the chair. When *Clariſſa* being angry at

at the liberty he took, bowing low, he begged her pardon, and with the ſame motion taking up the letter, whipt it into his boſom: but the letter being unfolded, this could not be performed without alarming her ears. Up ſhe flew in a moment: traitor! *Judas!* what have you taken up? cried ſhe, ſeizing the letter. *Lovelace* begged pardon, and claſping her hand which had hold of the paper between his, O my beloved, cried he, can you think I have not ſome curioſity? Let go my hand, cried ſhe; how dare you, Sir.—At this rate I ſee—I too plainly ſee.—Here, loth to let go his prize, he got hold of the rumpled letter. Impudent man! ſhe added, ſtamping with her feet. For God's ſake—He then let go his prize; when having it in her poſſeſſion, ſhe flew to the door: he threw himſelf in her way, ſhut it, and beſought her to forgive him; but puſhing him from the door, ſhe flew to her own apartment, where ſhe double-locked and bolted herſelf in.

CLARISSA now reſolved to make application to her parents to obtain their pardon, on the condition of living a ſingle life, and reſigning her grandfather's eſtate, and for this purpoſe wrote to Miſs *Howe*. She avoided every occaſion of ſeeing or ſpeaking to *Lovelace*; but the following *Sunday*, having given orders for a coach to carry her to church, ſhe met him in the entry ready dreſſed, and, in ſpite of all oppoſition, he inſiſted on attending her; and being thus obliged to enter into converſation with him, ſhe plainly told him ſhe had made application to her relations, and was reſolved to keep herſelf to herſelf till ſhe knew the iſſue of it. He coloured and ſeemed ſurprized; but ſaid, that if it had not been for her keeping herſelf locked up from him, ſhe might before now have been in poſſeſſion of Mrs. *Fretchville*'s houſe, and have had ſome of the ladies of his family with her; adding, that though he would continue his paſſive obſervance, till he knew the iſſue of her application; yet ſhe muſt expect, that then he would never reſt one moment till ſhe had fixed his happy day.

CLARISSA was in this ſituation when her dear Miſs *Howe* let her know, that all ſubmiſſion to her hard-hearted family would be in vain. Her dear friend adviſed her to marry as ſoon as poſſible; but it was not in her power to follow this advice: though, to amuſe her, *Lovelace* pleaded his paſſion, and reproached her for her indifference, in the ſtrongeſt terms, and even ſent her a copy of propoſals relating to the marriage ſettlements, that had the appearance of great generoſity; but ſtill, whenever he preſſed her to name the day, he mentioned ſeveral, and before he would allow her to ſpeak, raiſed objections for her, and ran away from the ſubject. In one of theſe converſations, he mentioned the hopes he had that his uncle, Lord *M.* would be the lady's father; on which *Clariſſa* replied, that the word father had a ſweet and venerable ſound with it, and ſhe ſhould be glad to have a father that would own her, but, inſtead of improving this half conſent, which was uttered in a manner that greatly affected him, he repulſed the tenderneſs that aroſe to his eyes, and objected that his uncle's being lame of the gout would hardly permit him the honour, and then talked of ſettlements and writings that would take up time. Fretted at his indelicate delays, ſhe had ſome thoughts of eſcaping from him, though her relations would neither receive nor own her. Theſe thoughts ſhe communicated to her friend, who uſed all her diligence to find her a ſecure and convenient retreat, and at length ſent her word that ſhe had found one: but now *Lovelace*'s behaviour gave her hopes; but theſe hopes were of a very tranſient nature.

THIS artful man prevailed on her to ſuffer him to attend her to a play, in company with one of Mrs. *Sinclair*'s ſuppoſed nieces; and, while they were abſent, ſeveral women in the houſe were directed to ſearch for and copy Miſs *Howe*'s letters. Theſe were found, and all were employed in tranſcribing the ſevere reflections that virtuous lady caſt on Mr. *Lovelace*'s cruel, baſe, and ungenerous conduct, and the ſchemes ſhe had formed for *Clariſſa*'s eſcape: and, that they might have time to finiſh theſe extracts,

tracts, that lady was, though with great reluctance on her ſide, detained by *Lovelace* in the dining-room, till it was very late.

THE intriguing *Lovelace*, ſtung to the quick at the ſevere reflections caſt upon him in theſe letters, was more exaſperated, as he knew them to be juſt; his mind now turned on projects of revenge; he ſtrengthened his averſion to marriage, and reſolved to try every art to bring the lovely *Clariſſa* to live with him on his own terms. His tenderneſs was now mingled with a ſavage fierceneſs and the moſt violent burſts of paſſion, with which ſhe was frighted and alarmed. Provoked by this treatment, ſhe tore almoſt in two an anſwer ſhe had wrote to his propoſals in relation to the marriage articles; an anſwer that at once beſpoke her virtue and prudence; her duty to her parents, and the nobleneſs and delicacy of her ſoul. When he found that ſhe was deeply offended, he invented new ſtratagems to ſurprize her credulity, and made uſe of deep-laid falſhoods, in which he was ſupported and aſſiſted by abandoned perſons, taught to act the part he pointed out to them; the noble houſe he pretended to have taken, and which he was prevented from carrying her to, by the widow *Fretchville*'s delays, had anſwered his purpoſe, by making *Clariſſa* contented to ſtay with people whom ſhe diſliked: theſe expectations were now removed, by pretending that that imaginary lady was ſeized with the ſmall-pox; and to anſwer his own vile purpoſes, and gain upon the tender heart of *Clariſſa*, who pined after a reconciliation with her parents, a reconciliation was pretended to be ſet on foot, by means of a practiſed old villain who aſſumed the name and title of Captain *Tomlinſon*. This fellow was to form a plauſible ſtory of his having lately purchaſed an eſtate in her uncle's neighbourhood, in order to ſpend the few remaining years of his life in peace and retirement; where contracting an intimate friendſhip with her uncle, *John Harlowe*, he was let into the whole of the unhappy affair, and was informed that overtures had been made for a reconciliation: that her uncle, who had been applied to on this occaſion, had

better conſidered the matter, and if they were actually married, would do his endeavour to reconcile all parties.

LOVELACE made uſe of all his art to engage her to ſay to this man that they were married, but this ſhe poſitively refuſed: ſhe was ſenſible of her folly, ſhe ſaid, in ſuffering the people of the family to remain in an error; and at her indiſcretion in appearing in that character before his friends, and not even the ſucceſs of her deareſt hopes ſhould again engage her to countenance his falſhoods. *Lovelace* was therefore obliged to alter his plan. The ſuppoſed Captain appeared, and *Clariſſa*, by *Lovelace*'s deſire, overheard the converſation that paſſed between them. In ſhort, he was invited to breakfaſt with them, when, after a long converſation, in which he acted his part ſo well as to gain the eſteem of *Clariſſa*, he took his leave; and on Mr. *Lovelace*'s return from reſpectfully attending him to the outward door, ſhe met him, with complacency reigning in every lovely feature. You ſee me already, ſaid ſhe, another creature. You know not, Mr. *Lovelace*, how near my heart this hoped-for reconciliation is. I am now willing to baniſh every diſagreeable remembrance. You know not, Sir, how much you have obliged me: and, oh, Mr. *Lovelace*, how happy ſhall I be, when my heart is lightened from the weight of a father's curſe! When my dear mamma (you don't know, Sir, half the excellencies of my dear mamma! and what a kind heart ſhe has, when it is left to follow its own impulſes)—When this bleſſed mamma ſhall once more fold me to her indulgent boſom! When I ſhall again have uncles and aunts, and a brother and ſiſter, all ſtriving who ſhall ſhew moſt kindneſs and favour to the poor outcaſt; then *no more* an outcaſt.—And you, Mr. *Lovelace*, to behold all this, and to be received into a family ſo dear to me with welcome!—What though a little cold at firſt, when they come to know you better, and to ſee you oftener; and you, as I hope, having entered upon a new courſe, all will be warmer and warmer love on both ſides, till every one, perhaps, will wonder how they

they came to ſet themſelves againſt you. Then drying her eyes with her handkerchief, after a few moments pauſing, on a ſudden, as if recollecting that ſhe had been led by her joy to an expreſſion of it which ſhe had not intended he ſhould ſee, ſhe retired to her chamber with precipitation, leaving *Lovelace* with his heart too full for utterance. But the compunction he felt on this occaſion was of ſhort duration; the pride and arrogance of his heart, his averſion to marriage, and the hatred he bore to the family of this accompliſhed beauty, made him ſtifle the dictates of conſcience, and ſteadily purſue his infamous projects. The pretended reconciliation was carried on with the hopes of its being ſoon accompliſhed; but when all her doubts and fears were cleared up and baniſhed, and this delightful proſpect was open before her, he only ſtrove to gain upon her affections, and by taking hold of thoſe favourable moments, to make way, by little freedoms, for the accompliſhment of the greateſt: and when in theſe encroaching ſteps he took liberties with her perſon which the delicacy of her virtue would not allow, a viſit, or a letter from Captain *Tomlinſon*, to acquaint her with the meaſures taken by him and her uncle to accompliſh this reconciliation, was contrived to remove her reſentment and reſtore him to favour: mean while the marriage ſettlements were drawn up and engroſſed, a licence applied for, and every method taken to remove the leaſt doubt of his intentions being honourable.

HOWEVER, *Clariſſa*'s vigilance, and her reſolution not to ſuffer any initiatory freedoms, preſerved her virtue, and rendered all the attempts of his enſnaring fondneſs ineffectual: but theſe victories only ſerved to ſtimulate him to a more daring attempt, to endeavour to conquer her virtue by ſurprize.

THEY had paſſed ſeveral days together, and ſhe having ſpent the evening with *Lovelace*, he ſuffered her to leave him ſooner than uſual, on her promiſing not to ſit up to write or read, but to retire directly to reſt. A little after two in the morning the alarm for fire was given, and *Dorcas*, her maid, running to

her door, and rapping loudly at it, cried in a ſhrill voice, Fire! fire!—the houſe is on fire!——Riſe, Madam!—this inſtant riſe,—if you would not be burnt in your bed! Inſtantly the lady's door was unbolted, unlocked, and opened with haſte, when *Lovelace*, flying to her chamber-door, beheld her ſupporting herſelf on the arm of the gaſping *Dorcas*, ſighing, trembling, and ready to faint, dreſſed only in her under petticoat, and her feet juſt ſlipt into her ſhoes. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe panted, and ſtruggled to ſpeak; but could only ſay, Oh, Mr. *Lovelace!* and down was ready to ſink.

LOVELACE then claſping her in his arms, cried, My deareſt life! fear nothing; I have been up,—the danger is over,—the fire is got under.—And turning to *Dorcas*, added, How could you thus alarm and frighten my angel? Then lifting her to her bed, he ſat down by the ſide of it, endeavouring, with the utmoſt tenderneſs, as well of action as of expreſſion, to diſſipate her terrors. *Clariſſa* already forgot the occaſion, dreadful as it was, and burſt into the moſt paſſionate expreſſions: ſhe appealed to heaven againſt his treachery, while he, by the moſt ſolemn vows, pleaded his own equal fright, and the reality of the danger that had alarmed them both. She conjured him, in the moſt ſolemn and affecting manner, by turns threatening and ſoothing, to quit her apartment, and permit her to hide herſelf from the light, and from every human eye. He beſought her pardon, and repeatedly vowed that the next morning's ſun ſhould witneſs their eſpouſals: but taking all his proteſtations of this kind, as an indication that he intended to proceed to the laſt extremity, ſhe would hear nothing that he ſaid; but redoubling her ſtruggles to get from him, in broken accents, and exclamations the moſt vehement, ſhe proteſted that ſhe would not ſurvive a treatment ſo diſgraceful and villainous; and looking wildly all round her, as if for ſome inſtrument of miſchief, ſhe eſpied a pair of ſharp-pointed ſciſſars on a chair by the bed-ſide, and endeavoured to catch them up, with deſign to make her words good on the ſpot.

SEEING

SEEING her deſperation, he begged her to be pacified, ——and that ſhe would hear him ſpeak but one word, declaring that he intended no diſhonour to her: and having ſeized the ſciſſars, threw them into the chimney; and ſhe ſtill inſiſting vehemently upon his diſtance, he permitted her to take the chair. But while her eyes ran over, yet ſeemed to threaten future vengeance, the obdurate villain claſped her once more to his boſom. Her force, conſidering the delicacy of her frame, was now amazing, and ſhewed how much in earneſt ſhe was in her reſentment; for it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he was able to hold her: nor could he prevent her ſliding through his arms to fall upon her knees, which ſhe did at his feet; and there, in the anguiſh of her ſoul, her ſtreaming eyes lifted up to his face with ſupplicating ſoftneſs, with hands folded, and diſhevelled hair; for her night head-dreſs having fallen off in her ſtruggling, her charming treſſes fell down in natural ſhining ringlets, as if officious to conceal the dazzling beauties of her neck and ſhoulders; her lovely boſom too heaving with ſighs and broken ſobs, as if to aid her quivering lips in pleading for her; did ſhe implore his compaſſion and honour. Conſider me, dear *Lovelace*, cried ſhe, on my knees I beg you to conſider me, as a poor creature who has no protector but you; who has no defence but your honour: by that honour! by your humanity! by all you have vowed! I conjure you not to make me abhor myſelf! not to make me vile in my own eyes! He mentioned the morrow as the happieſt day of his life. Tell me not of to-morrow; if indeed you mean me honourably, *now*, this very inſtant NOW! you muſt ſhew it and be gone! The ſavage-hearted *Lovelace* then rudely kiſſing her neck, as ſhe ſtill kneeled at his feet, while he ſat before her: Wicked wretch!—Inſolent villain, cried ſhe—Am I then a villain, ſay you? O no!—and yet you are, ſhe cried. Kill me! kill me!—if I am odious enough in your eyes to deſerve this treatment, and I will thank you!—Too long, much too long has my life been a burthen to me!—Or, (wildly

looking all around her) give me but the means, and I will inſtantly convince you that my honour is dearer to me than my life.

FOR your own ſake, if not for my ſake, and as you would that God Almighty in your laſt hour ſhould have mercy upon you, ſpare me! He would have raiſed the fair ſupplicant from her knees, but ſhe would not till his ſoftened mind, ſhe ſaid, had yielded to her prayer, and bid her riſe to be innocent. Riſe then, my angel, returned *Lovelace*, riſe and be what you are, and all you wiſh to be; only pronounce me pardoned for what has paſſed, and I will retire to my apartment. God Almighty, ſaid ſhe, hear your prayers in your moſt arduous moments, as you have heard mine! and now leave me, this moment leave me to my own recollection: in that you will leave me to miſery enough, and more than you ought to wiſh to your bittereſt enemy.

LOVELACE, notwithſtanding this ſeeming victory over him, would not leave her till he had made her ſay that ſhe had forgiven him, and extorted a promiſe that ſhe would look upon him in the morrow as if nothing had paſſed. But no ſooner had this baſe man entered his apartment, than recollecting the opportunity he had loſt, he repented, and haſtened back, in hope, that through the diſtreſs of mind in which he had left her, ſhe had not ſo ſoon faſtened her door, and was fully reſolved to execute all his purpoſes, let the conſequences be what they would. But he found her door faſt, and not all his perſuaſions could prevail on her to open it, though he pretended that he wanted to ſay but three words, that would be the moſt acceptable ſhe had ever heard from him.

THE next day he rapped ſeveral times at her door, and repeatedly claimed her promiſe, without obtaining an anſwer; and looking through the key-hole, he ſaw her on her knees, her face, though not towards him, lifted up as well as her folded hands, deprecating, as he ſuppoſed, her cruel father's curſe; he was moved, and in tender language begged her to admit him to her preſence. I cannot ſee you! cried ſhe; would to heaven I never had! If I write, that's all

all I can do. He then desired she would favour him with a line, and retiring, *Dorcas* presently after brought him the following letter.

"I cannot see you; nor will I, if I can help it. "Words cannot express the anguish of my soul.

"If I can have no way for reconciliation with "those who would have been my natural protectors "from such outrages, but through you (the only in- "ducement I can have to stay a moment here) pen "and ink must be, at present, the only means of "communication between us.

"Vilest of men! how have I deserved from you "the shocking indignities!—But no more,—only for "your own sake, wish not for a week to come, to "see

"The undeservedly injured and insulted

"CLARISSA HARLOWE."

SEVERAL other letters passed between them on this occasion, in which *Clarissa* maintained her resolution of not seeing him, and *Lovelace*, depending on his own arts, by which he thought he should be able to avoid a marriage, even at the last extremity, pressed her in the warmest terms to accept of his hand, and made application to obtain a licence. *Lovelace* had no sooner left the house, than *Dorcas* acquainted *Clarissa*, that he was gone to *Doctors-commons*, and should be heard of, for some hours, at the *Horns* there, if enquired after by the counsellor about the settlements; and that he should not return till late. She then urged her to take some refreshment.

CLARISSA was in tears, and her eyes were swelled with weeping: she refused either to eat or drink, and sighed as if her heart would break; yet seemed resolved not to see him for a week at least. She ordered her to bring her up three or four *French* rolls, with a little butter, and a decanter of water, telling her she would dispense with her attendance. *Dorcas* consulted Mrs. *Sinclair* about obeying her; who readily consented, crying, that Mr. *Lovelace* knew how to come at her at any time, and directed a bottle of sherry to be added. This chearful compliance so obliged *Clarissa*, that she was prevailed upon

to go up and look at the damage done by the fire; and ſhe appeared not only ſhocked at it, but ſeemed ſatisfied it was no trick, as ſhe owned ſhe had at firſt apprehended it to be.

CLARISSA then ſent *Will*, Mr. *Lovelace*'s ſervant, with a letter for Miſs *Howe*, directing him to enquire if there were none left for her: but putting her letter into his pocket to give it to his maſter, he pretended to go, and brought word there was none. She then ordered him to carry another, which ſhe gave him, to Mr. *Lovelace*; and while he was gone, ſlipped down ſtairs, and unperceived eſcaped into the ſtreet, and running haſtily along with a ſmall bundle in her hand, did not ſtop till ſhe came to a ſtand of coaches, the tears all the way flowing from her eyes, and every one wondering at the diſtreſs, hurry, and confuſion ſhewn by this weeping beauty; a coachman plied her, was accepted, and obſerving her haſte, alighted and opened the coach door in a hurry; when ſtumbling in, ſhe cried, Drive faſt! very faſt! Where, Madam, ſaid the coachman? To *Holborn Bars*, anſwered ſhe, drive very faſt! and pulling up the window, was inſtantly out of ſight of the ſpectators. Being ſet down at *Holborn Bars*, ſhe went to the *Hampſtead* ſtage, and there being but two paſſengers ready, took all the vacant places, and made the coachman drive off immediately. The two paſſengers giving directions to be ſet down at the *Upper Flaſk*, ſhe deſired to be ſet down there too; and on her arrival there, aſked if ſhe could not have a diſh of tea, and a room to herſelf for half an hour? She ſeemed ſpiritleſs and fatigued. The woman of the houſe choſe to attend ſo genteel and lovely a gueſt; but *Clariſſa* made her ſit down with her, and aſked her abundance of queſtions about the villages and roads in that neighbourhood. At her leaving this houſe ſhe directed her courſe towards *Hampſtead*, where ſhe preſently after took a lodging at one Mrs. *Moore*'s, after ſhe had firſt enquired her character at a ſhop in the neighbourhood.

LOVELACE was in the greateſt rage when informed of her eſcape; he curſed the whole family, and

and his ſervant was ſent in ſearch for her, with orders never to ſee his face till he had diſcovered where ſhe was. This rage was heightened by a long letter from Miſs *Howe* to her dear friend, which he received and broke open. This was filled with execrations againſt him as a moſt abandoned monſter, founded on ſufficient evidence of the baſeneſs of all his views; at the ſame time accounting for the manner by which ſhe came by her intelligence. "Miſs *Lardner*, ſaid ſhe, "whom you have ſeen at your couſin *Biddulph*'s, ſaw "you at St. *James*'s church on *Sunday* was fortnight, "and kept you in her eye during the whole time, "but could not once obtain the notice of yours, "though ſhe curteſy'd to you twice. She thought "to pay her compliments to you when the ſervice "was over; for ſhe doubted not but you were mar-"ried,——and for an odd reaſon,——becauſe you "came by yourſelf.——Every eye, as uſual, was "upon you; and this ſeeming to give you hurry, "you ſlid out before ſhe could get to you; but ſhe "ordered her ſervant to follow you till you were "houſed. This ſervant ſaw you ſtep into a chair, "which waited for you; and you ordered the men "to carry you to the place where they took you up. "The next day Miſs *Lardner* ſent the ſame ſervant, "out of mere curioſity, to make private enquiry "whether Mr. *Lovelace* were or were not with you "there; and this enquiry brought out from different "people, that the houſe had a very infamous cha-"racter; that the woman who kept it was not nam-"ed *Sinclair*, nor was the ſtreet it was in, *Dover-"ſtreet*; and that there were two houſes, the back "houſe, in which all decent appearances were pre-"ſerved, and gueſts rarely admitted, and the other "the receptacle of thoſe who were abſolutely engag-"ed, and broken to the vile yoke of proſtitution."

In the ſame letter Miſs *Howe* obſerved, that ſhe had enquired into the truth of the reconciliation pretended to be carried on with her uncle by Captain *Tomlinſon*, and found that it was a baſe impoſition, and that *Tomlinſon* was a ſpecious villain, the tool of *Lovelace*, employed to carry on his baſe deſigns.

LOVELACE

LOVELACE, though highly incenſed at this letter, rejoiced that it had not fallen into *Clariſſa*'s hands; but while he was forming ſchemes of revenge againſt Miſs *Howe*, and reſolutions to puniſh the lovely *Clariſſa*, if ſhe ſhould again fall into his power, he received a letter from his ſervant, informing him, that he had traced every ſtep ſhe had taken, and that ſhe was now at *Hampſtead*, where he had taken ſuch meaſures that ſhe could not remove from thence without his notice. Tranſported with this news, *Lovelace* ſet out the next morning in a chariot and four for the *Upper Flaſk* at *Hampſtead*, richly dreſſed, and attended by a footman whom *Clariſſa* had never ſeen; accompanied alſo by the pretended Captain *Tomlinſon*, whom he left at the foot of the hill, intending to make uſe of him if he found it neceſſary to bring about a reconciliation.

His ſervant, before he came, told the people of the houſe, that his lady was lately married to one of the fineſt gentlemen in the world; but he being gay and lively, ſhe was mortally jealous of him, and in a fit of this ſort had eloped from him, and that ſhe had three or four times played his maſter ſuch tricks; but with all the virtue and innocence in the world, running away to an intimate friend of hers, who, though a young lady of honour, was but too indulgent to her in this only failing; and that he had now left his maſter half diſtracted. But notwithſtanding her thus leaving him, ſhe loved him dearly, and he doated upon her.

The fellow ingratiated himſelf ſo far with the people by theſe ſtories, in which he had before been inſtructed by his maſter, that they helped him to a change of cloaths for himſelf, and privately enquired if ſhe actually remained at Mrs. *Moore*'s, and for how long ſhe had taken the lodgings; which he found was only for a week certain; but ſhe had ſaid, that ſhe believed ſhe ſhould hardly ſtay ſo long.

LOVELACE, on his coming, found every body ready to oblige him, and acted the part of the tender huſband ſo well as to gain every one's pity. He told them, that if his ſpouſe ſhould ſee him at a diſtance, ſhe

ſhe would make it very difficult for him to get at her ſpeech, and deſired the landlord to lend him a great coat with a cape; which when he had adjuſted and buttoned the cape over his chin, he aſked for a little powder, and lightly ſhook the puff over his hat, flapping one ſide of it over his eyes, and then putting on a pair of coarſe ſtirrup ſtockings, gave his legs a gouty appearance.

LOVELACE thus equipped left the public houſe, and on his arrival at Mrs. *Moore*'s, alighted out of his chariot, ſtooping in the ſhoulders, leaning very hard on his cane with one hand, and on his ſervant with the other. He pretended that he wanted lodgings for his old wife, who laboured under a complication of diſorders, and acted the part of a gouty old man ſo perfectly as to deceive Mrs. *Moore*. He hobbled up ſtairs and ſaw all the apartments, except *Clariſſa*'s, and at laſt got admiſſion into that, while ſhe retired into a cloſet. He was reſolved to fetch her out, if poſſible; and pretending to be going,——You can't agree as to any time, Mrs. *Moore*, when we can have this third room, can you?——Not that, ſaid he (whiſpering loud enough to be heard in the next room) not that I would incommode the lady; but I would tell my wife whereabouts.——*Clariſſa* then broke ſilence: Mrs. *Moore*, ſaid ſhe, you may acquaint the gentleman, that I ſhall ſtay here only two or three days at moſt, till I receive an anſwer to a letter I have written into the country; and rather than be your hindrance, I will take up with any apartment a pair of ſtairs higher. Not for the world! not for the world, young lady, cried he.——My wife, as well as I love her, ſhould lie in a garret, rather than put ſuch a conſiderate lady as you ſeem to be, to the leaſt inconveniency. She opened not the door yet; and he added, But ſince you have ſo much goodneſs, Madam, if I could but juſt look into the cloſet, as I ſtand, I could tell my wife whether it is large enough to hold a cabinet ſhe much values, and will have with her wherever ſhe goes.

CLARISSA then opened the door; he was ſtruck with her preſence, and had much ado to forbear diſcovering

covering himſelf that inſtant: but heſitatingly, and in great diſorder, he ſaid, looking into the cloſet, and around it, There is room, I ſee, for my wife's cabinet, and it has many jewels in it of high price; but, upon my ſoul, nothing ſo valuable as the lady I ſee can be brought into it! The truth of the compliment had in a manner taken diſſimulation from his accent. *Clariſſa* ſtarted. He ſaw it was impoſſible to conceal himſelf longer, or the impulſes of his own paſſion, he therefore unbuttoned his cape, pulled off his ſlouched hat, and threw open his great coat. She no ſooner ſaw who it was, than giving three violent ſcreams, ſhe ſunk down at his feet in a fit, before he could catch her in his arms. Mrs. *Moore* ſeeing ſo great an alteration in his perſon, features, voice and dreſs, cried out, Murder! help! murder! help! by turns, for half a dozen times running. This alarmed the houſe, and up ran two ſervant maids, and *Lovelace*'s ſervant after them. *Lovelace* himſelf called out for water and hartſhorn, and every one flew a different way, one of the maids as faſt down as ſhe came up; while Mrs. *Moore* ran out of one room into another, and by turns up and down the apartment they were in, without meaning or end, wringing her hands, and not knowing what ſhe did. Up then came running a gentleman and his ſiſter, brought in by the maid who had run down; and who having, ſhe ſaid, let in a crabbed old wretch, hobbling with the gout, and mumbling with his hoarſe, broken-toothed voice, was metamorphoſed all at once into a lively, gay, young gentleman, with a clear accent and all his teeth, who, in her opinion, could be neither more or leſs than the devil.

LOVELACE was all this while ſo intent upon reſtoring *Clariſſa*, that he regarded nobody elſe. And at laſt, ſhe ſlowly recovering motion with bitter ſighs and ſobs, he called upon her in the tendereſt accent, as he kneeled by her, his arm ſupporting her head, My angel! my *Clariſſa!* look upon me, my deareſt life—I am not angry with you!—I will forgive you, my beſt beloved!

THE gentleman and his ſiſter knew not what to make

make of this; and the leſs, when *Clariſſa*, recovering her ſight, ſnatched another look at *Lovelace*, and then again groaned and fainted away. *Lovelace* then threw up the cloſet ſaſh for air, and left her to the care of the young gentlewoman who came in with her brother, whoſe name was *Rawlins*, and of Mrs. *Moore*, who by this time had recovered herſelf; then retiring, he made his ſervant pull off his gouty ſtockings, bruſh his hat, and loop it up in the uſual ſmart cock. He then ſtepped to Mr. *Rawlins*, whom he hand not minded before.—Sir, ſaid he, you have had an uncommon ſcene before you; the lady is my wife, and no gentleman's preſence is neceſſary here but my own. I beg pardon, Sir, ſaid he, if the lady is your wife, I have no buſineſs here: but, Sir, by her concern at ſeeing you——Pray, Sir, cried *Lovelace*, none of your ifs and buts, I beſeech you: you are a very unqualified judge in this cauſe, and I beg of you, Sir, to oblige me with your abſence.

On this Mr. *Rawlins* retired, and *Lovelace* finding her beginning to recover, left the cloſet, leſt the ſight of him too ſoon ſhould throw her back again. At laſt, looking round her with great emotion, O hide me! hide me! cried ſhe: is he gone? O hide me! is he gone? Sir, ſaid Miſs *Rawlins*, coming to him, this is ſome ſuprizing caſe. The lady cannot bear the ſight of you: what you have done is beſt known to yourſelf; but another ſuch fit will probably be her laſt. It would be but kind, therefore, for you to retire. The dear creature, ſaid he, may well be concerned to ſee me: if you, Madam, had a huſband who loved you as I love her, you would not, I am confident, fly from him, and expoſe yourſelf to hazards, as ſhe does, when ſhe has not all her way.—But, mother-ſpoilt! this is her fault, and all her fault; and the more inexcuſable it is, as I am the man of her choice, and have reaſon to think ſhe loves me above all the men in the world. I have three times already forgiven the dear creature.—But this jealouſy,—there is a ſpice of that in it, and of phrenzy too:—but our ſtory is too long. He then begged that they would not ſuffer her to talk, for that ſhe was accuſtomed to

fits,

fits, and when in this way would ſay any thing that came uppermoſt. They promiſed to keep her quiet, and *Lovelace* retired into the next room.

THE poor *Clariſſa*, on recovering her ſenſes, burſt into the bittereſt exclamations, that ſhe was ruined and undone, and begged they would aſſiſt her to eſcape the evils ſhe ſhould otherwiſe be made to ſuffer. They preached patience to her, and would have had her lie down, but ſhe refuſed; ſinking, however, into an eaſy chair, for ſhe trembled ſo ſhe could not ſtand.

BY this time *Lovelace* hoped that ſhe was well enough recovered to bear a preſence which he thought his own intereſt required ſhe ſhould bear: but on ſeeing him, ſhe redoubled her exclamations, and beſought him to leave her. He anſwered in the tendereſt language, telling her that he had a letter from Captain *Tomlinſon*, and uſing ſuch expreſſions as he knew would ſet her in ſuch a paſſion before the women, as might confirm the intimation he had given of a phrenſical diſorder. This artifice had its effect; ſhe exclaimed againſt his baſeneſs, and then, burſting into tears, begged pardon of the women for her paſſionate exceſs. Indeed, ladies, ſaid he, this violence is not natural to my beloved's temper.—Miſapprehenſion—Miſapprehenſion! wretch! cried ſhe, while ſcorn agitated each lovely feature. Then turning her face from him, ſhe added, I have not patience, O thou guileful betrayer, to look upon thee; be gone! be gone!

LOVELACE now imagining that the character of a huſband made it neceſſary that he ſhould be angry, raiſed his voice, You may one day, Madam, ſaid he, repent this treatment,—by my ſoul you may. —You know I have not deſerved it of you,—you know I have not. Never did man of my figure and conſideration meet with ſuch treatment. She lifted up her hands, and while indignation kept her ſilent, he proceeded, accuſing her of ſeverity and injuſtice in treating him in this manner before thoſe two gentlewomen; telling her, that ſince ſhe would have it ſo, he would leave her to her fate, and if ſhe would

let

let him know whither he ſhould ſend her apparel, and every thing that belonged to her, he would ſend it. Send it to this place, ſaid ſhe, and aſſure me that you will never moleſt me more, never more come near me, and that is all I aſk of you.

He pretended to be going from her in a pet; but when he had got to the door, turned back, and, as if recollecting himſelf, One word more, my deareſt creature! cried he, charming even in your anger! O my fond ſoul! turning half round and pulling out his handkerchief; one word only, Madam, repeated he, I have repreſented to Captain *Tomlinſon* in the moſt favourable light the cauſe of our preſent miſunderſtanding. The letter in my hand will acquaint you with what you have to apprehend from your brother's active malice. The Captain, you know, has reported our marriage to two different perſons: it is come to your brother's ears; my own relations have alſo heard of it. Letters were brought me from town this morning from Lady *Betty Lawrence* and Miſs *Montague*; here they are (pulling them out of his pocket, and offering them to her, with that of the Captain's, but ſhe held back her hand): Reflect, Madam, I beſeech you reflect, upon the fatal conſequences which this high reſentment may be attended with. Ever ſince I knew you, ſaid ſhe, I have been in a wilderneſs of doubt and error; I bleſs God that I am out of your hands, I will tranſact for myſelf what relates to myſelf. Am I not my own miſtreſs?—Am I not—He was afraid to let her proceed, and raiſed his voice to drown hers. You uſed, my deareſt creature, to have a tender and apprehenſive heart.—You never had ſo much reaſon for ſuch a one as now. Let me judge for myſelf.—Do you think I ſhall ever—He dreaded her going on, and raiſing his voice ſtill higher, cried, I muſt be heard, Madam. You muſt let me read one paragraph or two of this letter to you, if you will not read it yourſelf.—Be gone from me, man! ſaid ſhe,—Be gone from me with thy letters! What pretence haſt thou for tormenting me thus? Deareſt creature, what queſtions you aſk! Queſtions that you can as well anſwer yourſelf.—I can, I will,

ſhe

ſhe returned; and thus I anſwer them. He again raiſed his voice and overbore her with words, but when he found her ſilent he ſoftened his accent, and intreated her to ſee Captain *Tomlinſon* with temper, and begged that for the peace of her own mind, ſhe would not fruſtrate the Captain's negociations. She was going to ſpeak, when he proceeded, in a ſtrong and ſolemn voice, If we are to ſeparate for ever, this iſland ſhall not long be troubled with me.——Mean time, only be pleaſed to give theſe letters a peruſal, and conſider what is to be ſaid to your uncle's friend, and what he is to ſay to your uncle. He then put the letters into her lap, and with a low bow and a ſolemn air retired into the next apartment, whither he was ſoon followed by Mrs. *Moore* and Miſs *Rawlins*.

LOVELACE having got theſe women together, reſolved to ſpare no pains to engage them in his intereſt, and for this purpoſe gave them the hiſtory of his own and *Clariſſa*'s family; her averſion to Mr. *Solmes*, and putting herſelf into his protection; and aſſerted that they had been privately married, though his ſpouſe had made him ſwear to keep ſeparate beds, and that this ſhe held him to, in order to induce him the ſooner to be reconciled to her relations. As Miſs *Howe* had actually detected the bawd, to whoſe houſe he had carried *Clariſſa*; and might poſſibly find ſome way ſtill to acquaint her friend with her diſcoveries; he thought it proper to prepoſſeſs them in her favour, and in that of her two nieces, by repreſenting them as very good people; and to deſcribe Miſs *Howe* as a perfect virago, and that for a head to contrive miſchief, and a heart to execute it, ſhe had not her equal in her ſex. He then told them the occaſion of their preſent difference: avowed the reality of the fire; but owned, that having a huſband's right on his ſide, he would have made no ſcruple of breaking the unnatural oath ſhe had bound him in, when ſhe was ſo accidentally frighted into his arms; and blamed himſelf exceſſively that he did not; ſince ſhe thought fit to carry her reſentment ſo high, and had the injuſtice to ſuppoſe the fire a contrivance of his. He then read

read them part of a copy of Captain *Tomlinſon*'s letter, and afterwards put into their hands the copies of the two letters which he pretended to have received from his couſins, Lady *Betty Lawrence* and Miſs *Montague*, in which they blamed him for not acquainting them with his marriage, congratulated him on his happy proſpects, and expreſſed their deſire to pay the lady a viſit, to teſtify their eſteem for her: and they having read theſe letters, he added, But very little heart have I to encourage ſuch a viſit from Lady *Betty* and Miſs *Montague* to my ſpouſe. For I am tired out with her ſtrange ways. She is not what ſhe was, and (as I told you in her hearing, ladies) I will leave this plaguy iſland, though the place of my birth, and though the ſtake I have in it is very conſiderable; and go and reſide in *France* or *Italy*, and never think of myſelf as a married man, nor live like one.

In ſhort, *Lovelace* gained over the widow *Moore* and Miſs *Rawlins*, and even prevailed on the former to accept him for her boarder and lodger; but on *Clariſſa*'s abſolutely refuſing to lie in the ſame houſe with him, he was contented with lodgings in the neighbourhood, and with having obtained leave for his ſervant to lie there, who had private orders to watch *Clariſſa*, in order to prevent her eſcape, or her receiving a letter from Miſs *Howe*.

On their return to *Clariſſa*, Mrs. *Moore* and Miſs *Rawlins* pleaded with that lady in behalf of Mr. *Lovelace*, while ſhe in the moſt diſtreſsful terms beſought them to favour her eſcape. *Lovelace* overheard what was ſaid, and fearing that ſhe would remove the falſe impreſſions he had been making in the minds of theſe virtuous women, entered to interrupt their converſation; when *Clariſſa* complaining of his invading her retirement, aſked him if he would ſay before that lady and Mrs. *Moore*, that they were really married; and added, Lay your hand on your heart and anſwer me, Am I your wedded wife? *Lovelace*, who would have made no ſcruple of aſſerting this in the ſtrongeſt terms, could it have anſwered any purpoſe, was by this queſtion thrown into

into confuſion; for he well knew, that if he aſſerted ſuch a falſhood to her face, ſhe would never more believe any thing he ſaid; he therefore avoided a direct anſwer. She ſtill preſſed the queſtion; but could only obtain from him quibbles and prevarications. She then reſolved to leave the houſe immediately; but he forcibly detained her by ſetting his back againſt the door, and then dropping on his knee begged her pardon, and beſought her to ſtay and receive the promiſed viſit of Lady *Betty* and his couſin *Montague*, and from Captain *Tomlinſon* the news of her uncle's compliance with both their wiſhes. In vain was all her endeavour to get from him; ſhe grew perfectly diſtreſſed, was ready to ſink, and forced to lean againſt the wainſcot as he kneeled at her feet. A ſtream of tears at laſt burſt from her eyes; Good heaven, ſaid ſhe, what is at laſt to be my deſtiny!—Deliver me from this dangerous man; and direct me!—I know not what I do; what I can do; nor what I ought to do! She then turned from him, and threw herſelf into a chair. He aroſe and approached her with reverence.——My deareſt creature, ſaid he, and was proceeding, when, with a face glowing with conſcious dignity, ſhe interrupted him. —Ungenerous, ungrateful *Lovelace!*—You know not the value of the heart you have inſulted! Nor can you conceive how much my ſoul deſpiſes your meanneſs. But meanneſs muſt ever be the portion of the man who can act vilely!

THE women, believing that they were now likely to be upon better terms, retired, though ſhe oppoſed their going; he then on his knee implored her forgiveneſs, and promiſed the exacteſt circumſpection for the future; but ſhe was not eaſily to be brought to truſt to his promiſes, and no arguments could prevail on her to dine with him, or even for the preſent to taſte any refreſhment.

MR. *Lovelace* and Mrs. *Moore* had with them at dinner a young widow, whoſe name was *Bevis*, who was very forward, very lively, and preſently ſeemed a great admirer of Mr. *Lovelace*. As this lady was to ſtay a month with Mrs. *Moore*, who was her aunt,

Lovelace

Lovelace took great pains to engage her to ſide with him againſt *Clariſſa*, and repreſented Miſs *Howe* as the cauſe of all their miſunderſtandings; and the pretended Captain *Tomlinſon* coming in, a converſation paſſed between them directly calculated to make every one preſent believe that he was really married to *Clariſſa*, and that Miſs *Howe*, from rage and jealouſy at being ſlighted by him, took every opportunity to widen the difference between them. *Lovelace* now ſaid, that he thought it high time to acquaint his ſpouſe that Captain *Tomlinſon* was come, and Mrs. *Moore* went up and requeſted in his name that ſhe would give them audience; but ſhe deſired to be excuſed, as ſhe was very ill. The Captain, who pretended to have much buſineſs on his hands, ſeemed greatly vexed, and took his leave till the next day.

BUT he was hardly gone when *Lovelace* received from his ſervant Miſs *Howe*'s letter, in anſwer to one *Clariſſa* had ſent, to inform her of her eſcape to Mrs. *Moore*'s, in which ſhe had mentioned the low plot of firing the houſe to force her into *Lovelace*'s arms, and had told her friend that the whole was a baſe contrivance, and that ſhe was ſatisfied it was an infamous houſe, ſince, though ſhe could hear the women in the next room, they took no notice of her cries. *Lovelace*'s ſervant had been ordered to intercept Miſs *Howe*'s anſwer; he ſtopt the meſſenger, made him drunk, and, having picked the letter out of his pocket, carried it to his maſter, who having found means to read it, without breaking the ſeal, had it carried back and depoſited in the fellow's pocket, who was all this while ſitting in an ale-houſe, and who preſently after mounted his horſe and delivered it into *Clariſſa*'s own hand. In this letter Miſs *Howe* congratulated her dear friend on her eſcape, and informed her that ſhe was uneaſy about a very important letter ſhe had before ſent, and which ſhe would not have fall into *Lovelace*'s hands for the world. *Clariſſa* immediately applied to Mrs. *Moore*, and told her that ſhe mattered not the price, could a man and horſe be engaged to go for a letter left for her at one Mr. *Wilſon*'s in *Pall-Mall*. A poor neighbour

bour was hired, and a horſe procured for him, who the ſame evening returned with a letter; but not that ſent by Miſs *Howe*. The important letter which gave that lady ſuch concern, was that in which ſhe had laid open the plots of the deſigning villain, who had carried *Clariſſa* to a vile houſe in order to deſtroy that virtue which he ought to have protected; and as *Lovelace* had read that letter, and ſtill had it in his poſſeſſion, he had copied thoſe parts of it that were moſt in his favour, omitting every thing that might lead her to think that *Sinclair* was a bawd, and *Tomlinſon* an impoſtor; at the ſame time ſo artfully imitating Miſs *Howe*'s hand, that it was not eaſy to know the difference. The next day *Clariſſa* wrote to Miſs *Howe*, that ſhe had received her letter, and referring a further account of her affairs till ſhe had a quieter heart, and leſs trembling fingers. This ſhe gave to Mrs. *Moore*'s maid, who being courted by *Lovelace*'s ſervant, gave it to him to put into the *poſt-office*, and he to his maſter, who inſtantly forged another, more like what ſhe would have written had ſhe really received the intelligence ſent by her friend.

WHILE *Lovelace* was engaged in theſe vile arts of forgery, he behaved to *Clariſſa* with the utmoſt tenderneſs, and all the marks of ſorrow for his having offended her. The ſpecious villain *Tomlinſon* was introduced, and ſeveral intereſting converſations paſſed between him, *Lovelace*, and that lady, in which no arguments were ſpared to engage her confidence in him, and to baniſh all apprehenſions of his deſigns againſt her. Mean while his heart and his conſcience ſtrongly prompted him to merit her favour, by laying aſide his wicked plots; but his libertine principles prevailed, and revenge and pride made him ſtill reſolve to humble her virtue, and before he married her to bring her down more to his own level. His inſidious arts even prevailed upon her ſo far as to allow him her company, and to ſhew ſome compaſſion for his apparent diſtreſs; but ſhe would determine upon nothing till ſhe received another letter from her dear

and

and only friend; and this he was reſolved, if poſſible, to prevent.

THE very day in which he had an affecting converſation with her alone, a meſſenger arrived from Miſs *Howe* with a letter, which he would deliver into nobody's hand but *Clariſſa*'s; but that lady being gone with Mrs. *Moore* to church, *Lovelace* prevailed on Mrs. *Bevis* to perſonate her, and lying on a couch with her face muffled up, ſhe received the letter and gave it to *Lovelace*; who now found freſh cauſe to rejoice that he had prevented its coming to her hands; for Miſs *Howe* confirmed what ſhe had before wrote of the vile houſe, her reaſons for diſtruſting the ſpecious *Tomlinſon*, and for thinking that the whole ſtory of Mrs. *Fretchville* and her houſe was an abſolute fiction; and, in ſhort, propoſed a method for her eſcape.

LOVELACE now ſaw the neceſſity of haſtening his deſigns. He procured two women of the town to perſonate Lady *Betty* and his couſin *Montague*, and having taught them their parts, had them brought to Mrs. *Moore*'s in a hired coach and four, it being pretended that Lady *Betty*'s was new lining and repairing. They were both richly dreſſed, and adorned with many jewels that were hired for this occaſion, and being attended by ſervants nearly in the ſame livery as Lady *Betty*'s, it was impoſſible that *Clariſſa*, who had never ſeen either of thoſe Ladies, ſhould ſuſpect their being other than what they appeared. The more theſe pretended Ladies talked to her, the more fond they ſeemed to grow of her, loaded her with careſſes, cenſured *Lovelace*, and congratulated themſelves on the happineſs they ſhould receive from an alliance with her, could they prevail on her to forgive him. *Clariſſa* had not the vanity to believe all the high encomiums they made her; yet not ſuſpecting them, ſhe was not diſpleaſed at ſo favourable a beginning of an acquaintance with Ladies of whom ſhe had always heard honourable mention.

DURING this converſation Mr. *Lovelace* carried himſelf to his pretended aunt with high reſpect, and paid a great deference to all ſhe ſaid. He permitted her

her to have all the advantage over him in the repartees that paſſed between them; though *Clariſſa* ſaw, that he purpoſely forebore that quickneſs which he never ſpared ſhewing to the pretended Miſs *Montague*, and which a man of wit ſeldom knows how to ſpare ſhewing when an opportunity offers to diſplay it. The pretended Miſs *Montague* was ſtill more reverent in her behaviour to her aunt. While the aunt kept up the dignity of the character ſhe had aſſumed, rallying both of them with the air of a perſon who depends upon the ſuperiority which years and fortune give over younger perſons, who might have a view to be obliged to her, either in life, or at her death. They fell into family talk, and family happineſs on *Clariſſa*'s hoped for acceſſion into it: diſcourſed on Lord *M*'s and Lady *Sarah*'s great deſire to ſee her; how many friends and admirers ſhe would have, and what a happy man *Lovelace* would be. They launched out in deſerved praiſes of Miſs *Howe*, and talked of a reconciliation and intimacy with every one of *Clariſſa*'s friends; with her mother particularly, and gave that lady the praiſes that every body allowed to be her due. So many agreeable things made *Clariſſa* almoſt forget her reſentments againſt the pretended nephew.

THE Lady *Betty* and Miſs *Montague* had before enquired if they could have accommodations in that houſe, and being told that they might, had agreed to lie there every night. The Lady *Betty* now recollecting that ſhe muſt go to town, ordered her coach to the door, telling *Clariſſa* that they ſhould all go to town, and return together, and that ſhe would leave her woman to get her apartment in order. *Clariſſa* begged to ſtay behind, but her objections were not admitted; ſhe was led to the coach, and Lady *Betty* beſpoke of Mrs. *Moore* a ſupper to be ready againſt their return.

NOTHING but the height of affectionate complaiſance paſſed all the way: but what a dreadful turn was there in *Clariſſa*'s mind, when the coach came within ſight of the dreadful houſe from which ſhe had made her eſcape! *Clariſſa* cried out, the coach ſtopp d at the door, and *Lovelace* begging ſhe would be under

no

no apprehenſion, aſked if there were any letters for him. Dreadfully did *Clariſſa*'s heart miſgive her: ſhe was ready to faint.—Why this terror, my life! ſaid *Lovelace*. You ſhall not ſtir out of the coach.—Your lady will faint, ſaid the execrable Lady *Betty*, turning to him.—My deareſt niece! added ſhe, taking her hand, we muſt alight, if you are ſo ill——Let us alight—only for a glaſs of water and hartſhorn—Indeed we muſt alight. No, no, cried *Clariſſa*, no—I am well—Quite well—Won't the man drive on?——I am well—quite well. Then putting her head out of the coach, Man, drive on; man, drive on! *Dorcas* came to the door. My deareſt creature! ſaid *Lovelace*, you ſhall *not* alight. Any letters for me, *Dorcas!* There are two, Sir, ſhe replied, and here is a gentleman waiting for your honour. I'll juſt ſpeak to him, he returned, open the door.—You ſha'n't ſtep out, my dear. But we muſt ſtep out, nephew, ſaid his aunt. Your lady will faint.—Maid, a glaſs of hartſhorn and water! My dear, you muſt ſtep out.—You will faint, child.—We muſt cut your laces. Indeed you muſt ſtep out, my dear. I know, ſaid *Lovelace*, that ſhe will be well, the moment the coach drives from the door. She ſhall not alight; by my ſoul, ſhe ſhall not. Lord, lord, nephew, Lord, lord, couſin, cried both women in a breath, What ado you make about nothing!——You perſuade the lady to be afraid of alighting.——Don't you ſee ſhe is fainting? Indeed, Madam, ſaid he, my deareſt love muſt not be moved in this point againſt her will. Fiddle faddle, fooliſh man! What a pother is here! ſaid the pretended Lady *Betty*. I gueſs how it is: you are aſhamed to let us ſee what ſort of people you carried your lady among. But do you go out and ſpeak to your friend, and take your letters.

He then went out, and *Clariſſa* begged that the coach might go on: while the pretended lady of quality inſiſted on their alighting; aſking her whom ſhe could be afraid of in her and her niece's company; obſerving, that the people muſt have behaved ſhockingly to her, and that ſhe was reſolved to en-

quire into it. At this inſtant the old creature came to the door, and begged a thouſand pardons, if ſhe had any way offended her, and intreated the other ladies to alight. In ſhort, a glaſs of hartſhorn and water, which was mixed with ſome dreadful ingredients, was brought; the pretended Lady *Betty* made her drink it up, and the unhappy *Clariſſa*, notwithſtanding all her oppoſition, was prevailed upon to alight, and on the promiſe of being detained only a few minutes, reluctantly entered the houſe, trembling and faultering in her ſteps. Tea was called for, and immediately brought, of which ſhe drank only two diſhes, obſerving that the laſt particularly had a ſtrange taſte.

CLARISSA was ill before, but ſhe now found herſelf more and more diſordered in her head; a heavy torpid pain encreaſing faſt upon her, which ſhe then imputed only to her terror. Nevertheleſs, at the pretended Lady's motion, ſhe went up ſtairs, attended by *Dorcas*, and immediately ſet about taking out her cloaths, ordering what ſhould be put up, and what ſent after her. While ſhe was thus employed, up came the Lady *Betty*, in a hurry, ſaying,——My dear, you won't be long before you are ready. I'll juſt whip away, and change my dreſs, and call upon you in an inſtant. O madam! ſaid *Clariſſa*, I *am* ready! I am *now* ready! you muſt not leave me here. This inſtant, this inſtant, I will return, ſaid ſhe, before you can have packed up your things———We would not be late.——The robbers we have heard of may be out———Don't let us be late. And away ſhe hurried, before *Clariſſa* could ſay another word; her pretended niece going with her.

CLARISSA ſunk affrighted into a chair; but ſoon recovering, blamed herſelf for her fears and ſuſpicions, from the improbability there was that ſuch Ladies would abet treachery againſt a helpleſs creature whom they appeared ſo fond of; and thus recovering herſelf as well as ſhe was able, ſhe purſued her employment, rubbing her eyes, and taking pinch after pinch of *Dorcas*'s ſnuff: but when all was over, and ſhe had nothing to do but to think, and found them

them ſtay ſo long, ſhe thought ſhe ſhould have gone diſtracted. She then ſhut herſelf up in the chamber that had been hers, kneeled and prayed: then ran out again, and called for *Lovelace*, who curſed the Ladies for their delay, and ſent his ſervant with orders to bring the coach, if any thing hindered them from attending her that night. The poor *Clariſſa* was grown almoſt wild with diſtraction, and complained once or twice of thirſt, when inſtead of giving her water, which they knew to be her common drink, they brought her ſmall-beer; ſhe drank it, and inſtantly became much worſe. At laſt one of the pretended Lady *Betty*'s ſervants came with a letter to Mr. *Lovelace*, to put off her going to *Hampſtead* for that night, on account of violent fits which Miſs *Montague* was ſeized with. This letter he ſent up to *Clariſſa*, who now gave herſelf up for loſt, and in a fit of phrenſy, tore off her head-cloaths, enquired for *Lovelace*, and with her ſhining treſſes flowing about her neck, her ruffles torn, and hanging in tatters about her ſnowy hands, entered the room where he was, ſunk down at his feet, and claſping her arms about his knees, Dear *Lovelace*, ſaid ſhe, if ever——if ever—if ever—And unable to ſpeak another word, quitting her claſping hold, ſunk proſtrate and ſpeechleſs on the floor.

LOVELACE was quite aſtoniſhed, and all his purpoſes were for a few moments ſuſpended; but having proceeded thus far, was reſolved not to ſtop. He lifted her into a chair, and in words of diſordered paſſion, told her, that all her fears were needleſs, and begged her to rely on his faith and honour. At laſt, with an heart-breaking ſob, I ſee, I ſee, Mr. *Lovelace*, cried ſhe, in broken ſentences——I ſee, I ſee—that———I am ruined!———Ruined—if your pity—Let me implore your pity!—And down on her boſom ſunk her head, with a ſigh, that would have pierced any heart that had the leaſt ſenſe of humanity. As ſoon as ſhe was recovered, ſhe aſked why he did not ſend for the coach, and deſired to go directly to Lady *Betty*, if ſhe was really Lady *Betty*; and then aſſuming a more reſolute ſpirit, cried, I will

go!—I will enquire my way—! I will go by myſelf.—And then would have ruſhed by him; but he held her faſt, pleading the bad way Miſs *Montague* was in. She would believe nothing he ſaid unleſs he would inſtantly order a coach, and let her go in it to *Hampſtead*; ſhe feared not robbers, he was all her fear, and that houſe her terror: repeating, If you mean me honourably, let me go out of this hated houſe.

AT this inſtant came in Mrs. *Sinclair*, in a great ferment, crying, And what, pray, Madam, has this houſe done to you? And ſetting her huge arms a-kembo: Hoh! Madam, let me tell you, I am amazed at your freedoms with my character!

HAVING never ſeen any thing but obſequiouſneſs in this woman, ſhe was frighted at her maſculine air, and fierce look. God help me! cried ſhe. What will become of me now! Then turning her head hither and thither, in a wild kind of amaze, added, Whom have I for a protector? What will become of me now! I will be your protector, my deareſt love! cried he. But indeed you are uncharitably ſevere upon poor Mrs. *Sinclair!* She is a gentlewoman born, and would ſcorn to be guilty of a wilful baſeneſs. I hope ſo, ſaid ſhe, it may be ſo—I may be miſtaken—But there is no crime, I preſume, no treaſon, to ſay I don't like her houſe. The old dragon ſtalked up to her, with her arms kemboed again. Her eye-brows erect, like the briſtles upon a hog's back, and ſcouling, half hid her ferret eyes, and with two Ho-madams, accoſted the frighted fair one; who terrified, caught hold of *Lovelace*'s ſleeve. He fearing that ſhe would fall into fits, told Mrs. *Sinclair*, that thoſe apartments were his; and he could not imagine what ſhe meant, either by liſtening to what paſſed between him and his ſpouſe, or by her coming in uninvited; much leſs to give herſelf thoſe violent airs. At this the old beldam, throwing herſelf into a chair, fell a blubbering and exclaiming. And the pacifying of her, and endeavouring to reconcile the lady to her, took up till near one o'clock. What followed was the moſt baſe and inhuman acts of violence. The

poor

poor *Clariſſa*, rouſed from the dreadful lethargy into which ſhe was ſinking, pleaded for mercy, and cried, I will be yours——Indeed I will be yours to obtain your mercy. But no mercy could ſhe find. Her ſtrength, her intellects failed her. Fits upon fits followed, which procured her no compaſſion. And death was with-held from her, which ſhe would have received as the greateſt mercy.

THE ſecond day after this baſe and horrid act, the monſter *Lovelace* had a ſpecimen of what the lady's reſentment would be when ſhe recovered her ſenſes: for, entering her apartment after *Dorcas*, and endeavouring to pacify her diſordered mind, in the midſt of his blandiſhments, ſhe held up to heaven, in a ſpeechleſs agony, the licence he had procured, and given her, and ſeemed about to call down vengeance upon him, when ſleep locked up all her ſenſes, before ſhe could get half through with her intended imprecation. The next day the poor lady fell into a contrary extreme, and from being too ſtupid, became as much too lively, and had it not been for ſome lucid intervals, would have been deemed raving mad.

THE inhuman *Lovelace*, who was ſhocked on reflecting on the baſeneſs of his attempt, and the madneſs that followed it, felt a temporary remorſe whenever he gave himſelf leave to think; but ſhe no ſooner began to recover her ſenſes, then liſtening to the vile ſolicitations of the abandoned woman of the houſe, he reſumed his project of bringing her to live with him as his miſtreſs. And hearing that ſhe was coming to ſpeak to him, pleaſed himſelf with the thought that he ſhould look her into confuſion, and rejoiced at the advantage which the confidence of his ſex would give him over the modeſty of hers. But the dignity of her manner, at her firſt appearance, the firm ſedateneſs of her countenance, and the ſuperiority of her ſoul, expreſſed by the awful language of offended innocence, ſhook his whole frame, and made him appear with the faultering heſitation of a guilty miſcreant. His guilt, and her innocence, merit, rank, and ſuperiority of talents, all ſtared him in the face ſo formidably, that his preſent account, to which ſhe

unexpectedly called him, ſeemed, as he then thought, to reſemble that general one to which we ſhall all be ſummoned. In this converſation ſhe boldly aſked him what ſhe was farther to ſuffer from his barbarity, and whether ſhe was ſtill to be kept a priſoner there? He was ſo confounded by the majeſtic compoſure, and the dignity of her juſt reproaches, that he could only ſtammer out broken incoherent ſentences, and an offer of making her amends by marriage. But thinkeſt thou, replied ſhe, that marriage will ſatisfy for a guilt like thine? Deſtitute as thou haſt made me both of friends and fortune, I too much deſpiſe the wretch who could rob himſelf of his wife's virtue, to endure the thoughts of thee, in the light thou ſeemeſt to hope I will accept thee in!

In ſhort, ſhe had ſeveral affecting converſations with him, in which ſhe claimed a right to be left to her own liberty, and actually made ſeveral attempts to eſcape; but, though while in her preſence, he was awed by her virtues, yet he would by no means ſuffer her to leave the houſe; and ſhe found herſelf a priſoner, ſurrounded by thoſe whom ſhe deteſted, and who were ready to prompt and aſſiſt the abandoned *Lovelace* in all his plots. Often did the vile wretch plead for pardon, and offer marriage; but all his ſolicitations were ineffectual, and ſhe was reſolved, as ſhe told him, never to bind her ſoul in covenant to a man ſo nearly allied to perdition.

In this diſtreſsful ſtate, in which the unhappy *Clariſſa* was every hour in dread of ſuffering ſome freſh act of violence, ſhe thought ſhe obſerved ſome marks of compaſſion in *Dorcas*; and this wench, by *Lovelace*'s orders, artfully inſinuating herſelf into her favour, ſhe gave her a note, in which ſhe promiſed her a diamond ring, and to ſettle twenty pounds a year upon her, during her life, on condition ſhe procured her eſcape.

While things were in this ſituation, *Lovelace* received notice that Lord *M.* was at the point of death, and deſired to ſee him before he died, and being obliged to leave *Clariſſa*, he endeavoured to engage her promiſe not to attempt her eſcape during his abſence; but

but no arguments could engage her voluntarily to give a ſanction to the impriſonment of her perſon, and inſiſting on being carried back to *Hampſtead*, he at laſt conſented to carry her thither the next morning, though he was to ſet out at four o'clock for his uncle's ſeat.

BUT this night *Lovelace* reſolved to terrify the friendleſs *Clariſſa* into a compliance with his wiſhes. The lady had hardly got into her chamber, when he pretended to find the promiſſory-note ſhe had given to *Dorcas*, and inſtantly ringing the bell with the greateſt violence, the whole houſe became in an uproar, and his ſervant came running, on which he called to him in a rage, Bid that toad, *Dorcas*, come hither. Immediately ſhe came in ſight, when drawing his ſword, and crying, Curſed, confounded, villainous, bribery and corruption! She ran up to her lady's door, ſcreaming out for ſafety and protection; up ran two or three of the ſiſterhood, crying, What's the matter! What's the matter! Still *Clariſſa* opened not the door; but, on the contrary, drew another bolt. This abominable *Dorcas!* he exclaimed, call her aunt up! Let her ſee what a traitoreſs ſhe has placed about me!——And let her bring the toad to anſwer for herſelf: ſhe has taken a bribe, a proviſion for life to betray her truſt, by that means to perpetuate a quarrel between a man and his wife, and fruſtrate for ever all hopes of reconciliation between us! Up came the aunt, puffing and blowing, crying, As ſhe hoped for mercy ſhe was not privy to it. Well might ſervants be at the paſs they were, when ſuch ladies as Mrs. *Lovelace* made no conſcience of corrupting them; for her part, ſhe deſired no mercy for her. But what was the proof? It was but too evident. Curſes proceeded from every mouth; and the vileneſs of the corrupted, and the unworthineſs of the corruptreſs, were inveighed againſt. Up they all went, paſſing the lady's door into the dining-room, each ſtamping on her heels, and raving, Bring up the creature before us all this inſtant. Up *Dorcas* was brought, whimpering, between two; both bawling out—You muſt go!—You ſhall go!—'Tis fit

you ſhould anſwer for yourſelf!—You are a diſcredit to all worthy ſervants. She whining, I cannot look ſo good and generous a gentleman in the face!—— Come up, cried *Lovelace*, it is the detection, not the crime that confounds you. Tell me, ingrateful devil, tell me, who made the firſt advances. Ay, diſgrace to my family and blood! cried *Sinclair*, tell his honour! tell the truth; who made the firſt advance? I have betrayed one truſt already! ſaid *Dorcas*——O let me not betray another! My lady is a good lady! O let not *her* ſuffer! Suppoſe, Sir, ſaid *Sally*, you have my lady and the wench face to face? You ſee ſhe cares not to confeſs. O my careleſſneſs! cried *Dorcas*,—don't let my poor lady ſuffer! Indeed, if all of you knew what I know, you would ſay, her ladyſhip has been cruelly treated.———See! ſee! ſee! cried every one at once. Only ſorry for the detection, not the fault. Your lady won't, ſhe *dare* not come out to ſave you, cried *Sally*, though it is more his honour's mercy than your deſert, if he does not cut your vile throat this inſtant. Say, was it your lady that made the firſt advances, or was it you, creature?——If the lady has ſo much honour, bawled the old wretch, as we have ſuppoſed, ſhe will appear to vindicate a poor ſervant, miſled, as ſhe has been, by ſuch large promiſes! But I hope, Sir, you will do them both juſtice; I hope you will! Good lack! clapping her hands; to grant her every thing ſhe could aſk; to indulge her in her unworthy hatred to my poor innocent houſe.—O, Sir,—I hope,—if your lady will not come out—I hope you will find a way to hear this cauſe in her preſence. I value not my doors on ſuch an occaſion as this. Juſtice I ever loved. I deſire you will come at the bottom of it. I'll be ſworn I had no privity in this black corruption.

Just then they heard the lady's door unlock and unbolt. *Will* was placed below to prevent her eſcape, the doors were double ſecured, and every ſhutter to the windows round the houſe faſtened, that no noiſe or ſcreaming might be heard. Such was the brutal preparation. Confiding in her own innocence,

cence, ſhe entered the room, with a a majeſty in her perſon and manner that was natural to her, but which then ſhone out in all its glory. Every tongue was ſilent, every eye awed. Such was the glorious power of innocence exerted at that awful moment! She paſſed to the door, and back towards *Lovelace* two or three times, before her ſpeech could get the better of her indignation: at laſt, recovering her voice, O thou contemptible and abandoned *Lovelace*, ſhe cried, thinkeſt thou that I ſee not through this poor villainous plot of thine, and of theſe thy wicked accomplices? Thou woman, looking at the bawd, once my horror! always my diſlike! but now my deteſtation! ſhouldſt once more have provided for me intoxicating potions, to rob me of my ſenſes. Then turning again to *Lovelace*, Thou, wretch, mighteſt more ſecurely have depended upon ſuch a low contrivance as this! And yet, vile woman, who perhaps have been the ruin, body and ſoul, of hundreds of innocents, know, that I am not married—ruined, as I am, by your aſſiſtance, I bleſs God, I am *not* married to this miſcreant; and I have friends that will demand my honour at your hands! Look to it then, what farther inſults you offer me, or incite him to offer me. I am a perſon, though thus vilely betrayed, of rank and fortune. I never will be his; and to your utter ruin will purſue you; and now I have this full proof of your deteſtable wickedneſs, will have no mercy upon you.

At this ſpeech, ſtruck by their conſciences, every one of the women trembled. As for thee, thou vile *Dorcas*, ſhe added, thon double deceiver! whining out thy pretended love for me! Be gone, wretch! No body will hurt thee! Be gone, I ſay, thou haſt too well acted thy part to be blamed by any here but myſelf—Thou art ſafe. Thy guilt is thy ſecurity in ſuch a houſe as this! Steal away into darkneſs! No enquiry after this will be made, whoſe were the firſt advances, thine or mine. At this, the wench confounded and affrighted, ſlunk away, as did *Mabell*, another of the women who had been ſet over her as her centinel, though *Lovelace* called her back.

He was vexed and aſhamed, and with a fierce aſpect then advanced towards *Clariſſa*. But turning to him, Stop where thou art, O vileſt and moſt abandoned of men! cried ſhe; ſtop where thou art! nor, with that determined face, offer to touch me, if thou wouldſt not that I ſhould be a corpſe at thy feet! To his aſtoniſhment then ſhe held forth a penknife in her hand, with the point to her own boſom, reſolutely graſping the whole handle, ſo that there was no offering to take it from her. I offer no miſchief, ſaid ſhe, to any. You, Sir, and ye women, are ſafe from every violence of mine. The *law* ſhall be all my reſource; the *law* only ſhall be my refuge.

This ſtruck a pannic into them, and the infamous *Sinclair* whiſpered *Lovelace*, that it were better to come to terms with that ſtrange lady, and to let her go. *Sally*, notwithſtanding all her impudent bravery at other times, ſaid, If Mr. *Lovelace* had told them what was not true, of her being his wife——And *Polly Horton*, That ſhe muſt needs ſay, that the lady, if ſhe were not his wife, had been very much injured. That is not now a matter to be diſputed, cried *Lovelace*. You and I know, Madam.——We do ſo, ſaid ſhe; and, I thank God, I am not thine;—once more, I thank God for it! I have no doubt of the further baſeneſs that thou hadſt intended me, by this vile and low trick: but I have my *ſenſes*, *Lovelace*; and from my heart I deſpiſe thee, thou very poor *Lovelace!* How canſt thou ſtand in my preſence: thou, that———Madam, Madam, Madam, cries *Lovelace*; theſe are inſults not to be borne, and was approaching her. She withdrew to the door, and ſet her back againſt it, holding the pointed knife to her heaving boſom, while the women held him, beſeeching him, for their houſe ſake, not to provoke the lady. Approach me, *Lovelace*, if thou wilt, ſaid ſhe. I dare die. It is in defence of my honour. God will be merciful to my poor ſoul. I expect no mercy from thee! I have gained this diſtance, and two ſteps nearer me, and thou ſhalt ſee what I dare do! Leave me, women, to myſelf; and to my angel, ſaid *Lovelace*. They retired at a diſtance, and he proceeded,

ceeded, O my beloved creature, how you terrify me! (holding out his arms, and kneeling on one knee) I am a villain! the blackeſt of villains! Say you will ſheathe your knife in the injurer's, not the injured's heart; and then I will indeed approach you, but not elſe. He then moved a little forward; and doſt thou, doſt thou, (cried ſhe, with her hands extended) doſt thou ſtill inſidiouſly move towards me? I dare,—I dare—not raſhly neither.——My heart, from principle, abhors the act which thou makeſt neceſſary! God, in thy mercy! lifting up her eyes and hands———God, in thy mercy!———*Lovelace* threw himſelf to the further end of the room, a ſilent ejaculation that moment employing her thoughts. She caſt her eyes towards him, and ſaw him at the utmoſt diſtance the room would allow; when her charming cheeks, that were all in a glow before, turned pale, as if terrified at her own purpoſe, and lifting up her eyes—Thank God!—Thank God! ſaid ſhe; delivered for the preſent; for the preſent delivered from myſelf.——Keep, Sir, keep that diſtance; that diſtance has ſaved a life; to what reſerved the Almighty only knows!——To be happy, Madam, ſaid he, and to make happy!—And O let me but hope for your favour, for to-morrow—I will put off my journey till then.———And may God—Swear not, Sir, cried ſhe, with an awful and piercing look; you have too often ſworn! God's eye is upon us! his more immediate eye,—and looked wildly.—But the women looked up to the cieling, and trembled, as if afraid of God's eye; and well they might. If not to-morrow, Madam, cried he, ſay but next *Thurſday*, your uncle's birth-day; ſay but next *Thurſday!* This I ſay, ſhe replied, and of this you may aſſure yourſelf, I never, never will be yours. And let me hope, that I may be intitled to the performance of your promiſe, to permit me to leave this *innocent* houſe, as one called it, (but long have my ears been accuſtomed to ſuch inverſions of words) as ſoon as the day breaks. Did my perdition depend upon it, Madam, returned he, you cannot, but upon terms. And I hope you will not terrify me. Nothing

thing leſs ſaid ſhe, than an attempt upon my honour ſhall make me deſperate. I have no views, but to defend my honour; with ſuch a view only I entered into treaty with your infamous agent below. The reſolution you have ſeen, I truſt, God will give me again upon the ſame occaſion. But for a *leſs*, I wiſh not for it. Only take notice, women, that I am no wife of this man: I am not his wife: he has no authority over me. If you act by his authority to detain me, look to it. Then taking one of the lights, ſhe turned from them, and went away, not a ſoul being able to moleſt her. Trembling, and in a hurry, ſhe pulled a key out of her pocket, unlocked her chamber-door, and inſtantly locked herſelf in, while *Lovelace* and the women ſtood ſtupidly gazing at each other.

LOVELACE ſet out early for *M. Hall*, from whence he ſent ſeveral letters to *Clariſſa*, apologizing for the poor figure he made in the laſt interview, and beſeeching her to render him happy the next *Thurſday*. Four of theſe letters were ſent by ſpecial meſſengers, who conſtantly returned without an anſwer: he now wrote to Mr. *Belford*, one of his companions, and to the pretended Captain *Tomlinſon*, to pay her a viſit, to prevail upon her to give her conſent. While *Lovelace* was taking theſe meaſures, *Clariſſa*'s thoughts were employed on the means of her eſcape; and having given *Mabell*, a brown luteſtring gown, ſhe took the opportunity, while the mantua-maker was trying it on, in another room, to ſlip over her own that the girl had pulled off, and putting on the wench's hood, ſhort cloak, and ordinary apron, paſſed out of the houſe without being obſerved.

SHE was no ſooner gone, than the houſe was in confuſion, and all endeavours to find her proved ineffectual. She had taken lodgings at Mr. *Smith*'s, a glover, in *King's-ſtreet*, *Covent-garden*, where ſhe had two rooms on the firſt floor, and while ſhe was praiſing God for her happy eſcape, *Lovelace* was raving, curſing, and ſending orders for her being ſought for in all the villages about *London*.

CLARISSA

CLARISSA immediately wrote to her friend Miſs *Howe* to inform her of her eſcape, and the loſs of her honour; and alſo to the Lady *Betty Lawrence*, and Miſs *Montague*, deſiring to know whether they had wrote to *Lovelace* to blame him for his not informing them of his marriage, and whether they went to *Hampſtead*, and brought her in a coach and four to town. Theſe ladies informed her, in their anſwer, that they had wrote no ſuch letters, and had not been at *Hampſtead*, and expreſſed their earneſt deſire to ſee her happily married to *Lovelace*, ſince on this event they founded all their hopes of his reformation: but *Clariſſa* informed them in her reply, of the villainies, forgeries and perjuries of which he had been guilty; of his getting two women richly dreſſed to perſonate them, who carried her to a vile houſe from which ſhe had before eſcaped, where ſhe was firſt robbed of her ſenſes, and then of her honour, and concluded with obſerving that nothing ſhould ever induce her to marry ſo vile, ſo treacherous and profligate a man.

The letter *Clariſſa* had ſent to Miſs *Howe* fell into the hands of that young lady's mother, who returned a very ſevere anſwer, which *Clariſſa* received at a time when her mind was ſinking under the diſtreſſing thoughts of the cruelty of relations whom ſhe had never ceaſed to love, and the dreadful reflection of a father's curſe; and this giving a turn to her thoughts, helped to remove her deſpondency.

At laſt, however, ſhe received a letter from Miſs *Howe*, but ſuch a letter as aggravated her diſtreſs, and made her imagine ſhe had loſt her only friend. That lady reflected upon her, for having voluntarily returned to the wicked *Sinclair*'s, after ſhe had informed her, in two letters, of the infamous character of her houſe, and that Capt. *Tomlinſon* was an impoſtor; mentioned her receiving the laſt in a diſordered manner, lying on a couch, with a face red and bloated; and told her, that ſhe had ſent a perſon, who went with a ſufficient guard to Mrs. *Moore*'s to take her into her protection.

CLARISSA was both grieved and ſurprized at the contents of this letter, and in her reply vindicated

cated her own conduct from the charge of imprudence, ſending back the long letter that had been forged by *Lovelace*, and which was only an abſtract of that ſent by her friend; and then writing to *Hampſtead*, ſhe was informed of Mrs. *Bevis*'s perſonating her, by *Lovelace*'s deſire, in order to obtain Miſs *Howe*'s ſecond letter.

MISS *Howe* was greatly ſurprized at ſeeing ſo exact an imitation of her hand, and inſtantly acquitting her valued friend, wrote to inform her of this baſe forgery, incloſing the rough draught of the long letter ſhe ought to have received, as well as the ſubſtance of that given Mrs. *Bevis*. Her reſentment was now levelled againſt *Lovelace* alone, and both ſhe and her mother joined in perſuading her to proſecute the abandoned villain; but all their arguments on this head proved ineffectual.

WHILE *Clariſſa* was thus daily diſcovering freſh inſtances of *Lovelace*'s baſeneſs, the Lady *Betty Lawrence* and Miſs *Montague* went to Lord *M*'s, and in that nobleman's preſence read to *Lovelace* the letters they had received from the injured *Clariſſa*; reproaching him for his villainy. He heard their accuſations with temper, reproached himſelf for his baſeneſs, and talked in ſuch high terms of the perfections of the lady, and his earneſt deſire to make her all the ſatisfaction in his power, that they at laſt reſolved to uſe all their influence to engage her to forgive him; and Miſs *Montague* and her ſiſter Lady *Sadlair* actually went in Lord *M*'s coach and ſix to pay Miſs *Howe* a viſit, to deſire her to engage the unhappy *Clariſſa* to put herſelf into the protection of Lady *Betty Lawrence*, who promiſed not to part with her, till ſhe ſaw all the juſtice done her that ſhe could now receive.

MISS *Howe* was prevailed upon by their reaſons, ſhe preſſed her dear friend to marry him, and ſhewed that this was the only means by which ſhe could be now happy.

THE letter which contained theſe particulars ſhe ſent by the poſt, deſiring an immediate anſwer; but no anſwer ſhe received. She wrote again to chide her for keeping her in ſuſpenſe, and ſent it by a meſſenger

ſenger who travelled all night, and who carried it to Mr. *Smith*'s: but there found that ſhe had been miſſing ſeveral days; that ſhe went out about ſix in the morning to prayers at *Covent-garden* church very poorly in health, and had not been heard of ſince. Miſs *Howe*'s meſſenger returned poſt-haſte to communicate this dreadful intelligence. The young lady was almoſt diſtracted at the news, and in the bitterneſs of her ſoul inſtantly ſent a ſpecial meſſenger to Miſs *Montague*, with a very affecting letter to demand her friend.

DORCAS had ſeen *Clariſſa* go out of Mr. *Smith*'s, and walk to *Covent-garden* church in order to hear morning prayers, and having cauſed *Lovelace*'s man to watch her, had her arreſted at her going out of the church for 150*l.* which it was pretended was due for board and lodging; and this, notwithſtanding all her cloaths and effects were in *Sinclair*'s houſe. *Clariſſa* was terrified, trembled, and turned pale on being ſtopped by the officers, who whiſpered her, that they had a writ againſt her, and that ſhe muſt go with them, deſiring her to ſtep into a chair which ſtood with the head up to receive her. She for ſome time expoſtulated with the officers in order to know what they meant; but at laſt, ſeeing *Lovelace*'s ſervant, ſhe called out for help. A croud inſtantly gathered about her, and while ſome were ſtruck with compaſſion at ſeeing a fine young creature in ſuch diſtreſs, others threw out vile and ſhocking reflections: a gentleman now interpoſed, and aſking to ſee the fellow's authority, and deſiring to know if her name was *Clariſſa Harlowe*, and being anſwered that it was, told her ſhe muſt go with them, and expreſſing his pity, retired. Another gentleman enquiring if no body could be applied to, who would ſee that ſhe was not ill uſed; the villain who belonged to *Lovelace* anſwered, that orders were particularly given for that; ſhe had rich relations, and need but aſk and have. She would only be carried to the officer's houſe, till matters could be made up. The people ſhe lodged with loved her, but ſhe had left her lodgings privately. Well, if I muſt go, I muſt! cried ſhe, I cannot

cannot reſiſt—but I will not be carried to the woman's !—I will rather die at your feet, than be carried to the woman's ! They told her ſhe ſhould not be carried there. When looking about her, and obſerving the crowd, ſhe ſtarted and cried, Any where —any where, but to the woman's; and ſtepping into the chair, threw herſelf on the ſeat in the utmoſt diſtreſs and confuſion, crying, carry me, carry me out of ſight—cover me—cover me up—for ever !

SHE was carried to the officer's houſe in a mean court in *High Holborn*, but on her being taken out of the chair, fainted away. *Sally*, one of Mrs. *Sinclair*'s nieces, was there, and as a favour, offered to have her carried to her former lodgings, but this ſhe abſolutely refuſed.

THE unhappy *Clariſſa* was no ſooner put under an arreſt, than the vile *Sinclair* diſpatched a man and horſe to *Lovelace* with the joyful news. The meſſenger was made to hope for a conſiderable reward; and as *Lovelace* on his arrival was taking a ſhort tour for two or three days with Lord *M.* and his two nieces, he ſtaid till his return; but then, inſtead of thanks, received nothing but curſes. *Lovelace*, who now thought he could not be happy without her, and finding it impoſſible to bring her to be his miſtreſs, was, at laſt, ſincerely reſolved to make her all the reparation in his power, by making her his wife, was aſhamed of the low villainy of this proceeding, and being diſtracted with rage, inſtantly wrote to Mr. *Belford*, his moſt intimate friend, and ſending a meſſenger, as for life and death, deſired him to haſten to *Clariſſa*, to clear him of having any ſhare in the low contrivance; to ſet her free without conditions; to aſſure her, that wherever ſhe went, he would not moleſt her; or come near her without her leave; and to let her have all her cloaths and effects ſent her, as a proof of his ſincerity.

MR. *Belford*, who had been an advocate for *Clariſſa*, and had frequently endeavoured to perſuade his friend to do juſtice to her merit, inſtantly ſpeeded to the wicked woman's, and finding the lady not there, poſted to the officer's, but could not obtain the ſight of

of her, for it was *Sunday*, and ſhe was reſolved to have the remainder of the day to herſelf.

THE next morning being introduced by the officer's wife into the room, he was ſhocked at the dreadful place ſhe was in, and the wretched furniture with which ſhe was accommodated. He found her kneeling in a corner of the room, near a diſmal broken window ſecured with iron bars, her arms croſſed upon a table, and the fore finger of her right-hand in a bible. Her dreſs was white damaſk, exceeding neat. Her head-dreſs was a little diſcompoſed, her charming hair hanging in natural ringlets, but a little tangled, ſhaded one ſide of her neck, as her rumpled handkerchief did the other; and her face yet lovely, in ſpite of all her griefs and ſufferings, was reclined upon her arms.

WHEN Mr. *Belford* ſurveyed the room around, and the kneeling lady in her white flowing dreſs, which ſpread the floor, her linen beyond imagination white, conſidering that ſhe had not been undreſſed ſince ſhe had been there, he thought his concern would have choaked him, and ſtammering out a curſe at the officer and his wife, aſked, Is this an apartment for ſuch a lady? In their excuſe, they replied, That they would have had her accept of their own bed chamber, but ſhe refuſed it; and that they were poor people. The charming ſufferer then raiſed her lovely face, overſpread with the moſt ſignificant woe, and waving her hand towards the door, as if commanding him to withdraw, he begged for the favour of her ear for a moment; but this ſhe abſolutely refuſed. Mr. *Belford* did not dare to approach her, but on his knees beſought her to permit him to releaſe her from that wretched houſe, and out of the power of the vile woman who was the occaſion of her being there; when once more lifting up her face, ſhe aſked, Are you not Mr. *Belford*, Sir? I think your name is *Belford?* It is, Madam, he replied, and I ever was a worſhipper of your virtues, and an advocate for you; and I am come to releaſe you from the hands you are in. And into whoſe to place me? cried ſhe. Leave me, leave me!

let

let me never riſe from this ſpot! let me never, never more believe in man! This moment, deareſt lady, ſaid he, this very moment, if you pleaſe, you may depart whitherſoever you think fit; you are abſolutely free and your own miſtreſs. I had now, returned ſhe, as lieve die in this place as any where; and will owe no obligation to any friend of him in whoſe company you have ſeen me. So pray, Sir, withdraw. Then turning to the officer, ſhe told him that ſhe was better reconciled to his houſe than at firſt, and that if he could but engage that no body ſhould come near her but his wife, ſhe would die with him, and they ſhould be well ſatisfied for the trouble they had with her. And then turning to Mr. *Belford*, ſhe again conjured him to withdraw, repeating that ſhe would owe no obligation to the friend of her deſtroyer; and offering to riſe, ſhe ſunk down through weakneſs into a fainting fit.

Mr. *Belford* and the officer then withdrew, and left her to the care of the woman of the houſe and her maid; and afterwards on her recovery, being told that ſhe was ſo weak and low that ſhe could hardly ſpeak, the gentleman took this opportunity to go to her lodgings, in order to fetch Mrs. *Smith*; but ſhe being from home, he told her huſband what had happened; owing, as he ſaid, to a miſtake of orders. And finding that two letters had been left for *Clariſſa*, he haſted back with them in a chair.

On his return to the officer's he found that an apothecary, who had been ſent for, was juſt gone up; and the officer's wife being above with him, Mr. *Belford* made the leſs ſcruple of going up too. The lady was ſitting on the ſide of a broken couch, and did not care to ſpeak to the apothecary, who made a very ſhocking appearance. *Clariſſa*, at ſeeing Mr. *Belford*, ſeemed offended, and ſaid, that it was not the leaſt of her preſent misfortunes, that ſhe could not be left to her own ſex. He beſought her excuſe, and winking to the apothecary to withdraw, told her, that he had been at her new lodgings to order every thing to be got ready for her reception, preſuming that ſhe would go thither; that Mr. *Smith* and his wife

wife had been full of apprehenſions for her ſafety; and that he had brought two letters which were left there for her. Thoſe, ſhe ſaid, were from the only friend ſhe had in the world, and kiſſing them and looking at the ſeals, ſhe put them in her boſom. He again beſought her to think of quitting that wretched hole, and gave her the ſolemneſt aſſurances, that ſhe ſhould not be invaded in her new lodgings by any body; and that he would particularly engage his honour, that the perſon who had moſt offended her ſhould not come near her, without her own conſent. Your honour, Sir, ſaid ſhe; are you not that man's friend? I am not a friend, Madam, returned he, to his vile actions to the moſt excellent of women. Do you flatter me, Sir? ſaid ſhe: O Sir, your friend, your barbarous friend, what has he not to anſwer for! Her heart was too full to proceed, and putting her hand over her eyes and forehead, the tears trickled through her fingers. He then aſſerted *Lovelace*'s innocence of this laſt outrage, and aſſured her that he was reſolved not to moleſt her; beſeeching her to give him directions about ſending all her apparel, and whatever belonged to her, to her new lodgings. *Clariſſa* then inſtantly gave him her keys, aſking if Mrs. *Smith* might not attend her, and ſhe would give her farther directions. To this he chearfully aſſented, and ſhe then conſented to accept of the chair he offered her.

Mr. *Belford* then withdrew, and as *Clariſſa* had made no complaint of her treatment, took that opportunity to make a ſmall preſent to the jailer and his maid, and ſending for the apothecary, paid him beyond his hopes. Mean while *Clariſſa* giving the maid half a guinea, which was all the gold ſhe had, told the officer's wife ſhe would take a ſpeedy opportunity to acknowledge their civilities, and to ſatisfy the apothecary, who might ſend his bill to her lodgings, and then ſupported by the officer's wife, ſhe with trembling limbs got down ſtairs. Mr. *Belford* then offered her his arm, and leaning upon it ſhe was conducted to the chair.

As ſhe had not been undreſſed ſince ſhe left her lodgings, ſhe inſtantly, on her arrival at Mrs. *Smith*'s, went

went to bed, and Mr. *Belford* ſoon after took Mrs. *Smith* with him to the vile *Sinclair*'s, and ſaw every thing put into the trunks and boxes they were firſt brought in, and had them carried away in two coaches, though it was with ſome difficulty he prevented the women of that infamous houſe ſharing in the poor lady's cloaths, which were extremely valuable. *Clariſſa*'s firſt employment was now to acquaint her dear Miſs *Howe* with the ſhock ſhe had ſuffered by being arreſted in the open ſtreet, and carried to priſon.

The next day ſhe was ſo ill, that the people of the houſe provided for her a very good nurſe, and ſhe had beſides the voluntary attendance of the widow *Lovick*, a decayed gentlewoman of great piety, who lodged over her apartment, and of whom *Clariſſa* grew very fond. In the evening an apothecary of ſkill and eminence was called in, and in a few days after ſhe was prevailed upon to conſent to be viſited by Doctor *H.* a phyſician recommended by Mr. *Belford*, and as eminent for his humanity and affectionate behaviour, as for his ſkill in his profeſſion.

Mr. *Belford*, on the firſt viſit he was permitted to pay her, vindicated *Lovelace* from having any hand in the ſhameful arreſt; but ſhe would not permit him to uſe any arguments to engage her to be his, or even to ſee him. However, the whole of his conduct was ſo unexceptionable, that ſhe could not refuſe his viſits; and her converſation had ſuch an effect upon his mind, as made him deteſt himſelf for his former vices, and reſolve to regulate his deſires by the unerring ſtandard of virtue and religion. *Clariſſa* had ſuffered more than her tender frame could bear; ſhe gradually declined, and her illneſs daily increaſed. In this dreadful ſituation, deprived of the aſſiſtance and comfort of her relations, ſhe found conſolation in the tenderneſs of good Mrs. *Lovick* and Mrs. *Smith*, which ſhe called maternal; and in the affectionate viſits of both her doctor and apothecary, who being in years, and having children of their own grown up, ſhewed an affection for her which ſhe was pleaſed to call paternal. Already prepared for death, which made

made its gradual approaches, ſhe conquered her reſentments, and offered up ſome of her petitions for him who had been the cauſe of all her ſufferings: and as ſhe had conſtantly preſerved a tender affection for her relations, and would never ſuffer them to be charged with cruelty for their treatment of her, ſhe wrote a very affecting letter to her ſiſter *Arabella*, to intercede with her father, to revoke that heavy part of the curſe he had laid upon her which related to hereafter. To this ſhe received a very cruel anſwer; and after the bittereſt reproaches, her ſiſter told her, that her father withdrew the curſe he had laid upon her, ſo far as it was in his power to do it, and hoped that her preſent puniſhment would be all ſhe would meet with: but he would never own nor forgive her; and grieved that he had ſuch a daughter. The unjuſt reproaches in every line of this letter, ſhe received without repining; and though her neareſt relations ſeemed to take a pleaſure in encreaſing her diſtreſs, ſhe reſolved to write again to her ſiſter, to inform them that ſhe was drawing near the cloſe of life, and to beg that one or both her parents would ſend her their laſt bleſſing; but to this requeſt ſhe received an abſolute denial, expreſſed in the moſt barbarous terms. Thus treated by an obdurate ſiſter, ſhe wrote on her knees a moſt tender and affecting letter to the ſame purpoſe to her dear mamma; and after that to each of her uncles; but all in vain; that lady, who would gladly have received her to her boſom, was over-ruled, and the kind bleſſing denied.

THE warmth with which Mr. *Belford* intereſted himſelf in the diſtreſs of the unhappy *Clariſſa*, which prompted him frequently to enquire after her health; the humanity of his behaviour on theſe occaſions, and the obligations he had conferred upon her in delivering her from a wretched confinement, in ſtaking his honour that ſhe ſhould not be moleſted by *Lovelace*, and in recommending a phyſician whom ſhe highly valued, had ſuch an effect on *Clariſſa*'s mind, that taking advantage of his repeated offers to ſerve her, and knowing that *Lovelace* had communicated to him his behaviour to her, ſhe deſired him, for her private

ſatisfaction,

ſatisfaction, to give her an abſtract of his letters, in relation to the pretended fire, and what afterwards paſſed at *Hampſtead*; promiſing that no uſe ſhould be made of this communication, either to his diſadvantage, or to that of his friend. Mr. *Belford* readily complied with this requeſt; when finding that *Lovelace* had done her juſtice, ſhe, to Mr. *Belford*'s aſtoniſhment, deſired that when ſhe was dead, he would be the protector of her honour, and her executor; urging, that it would do credit to her memory, that not having time to write her own ſtory, ſhe would intruſt it to the relation which the deſtroyer of her fame and fortune had given of it. Mr. *Belford* obſerved, that he hoped ſhe would live to ſee many happy years, and to be her own executrix in thoſe points which her heart was moſt ſet upon. But in caſe of ſurvivorſhip, he accepted of the ſacred office ſhe was pleaſed to offer him.

MEANWHILE *Clariſſa*'s relations being willing to know whether ſhe was really ſo ill as ſhe pretended, and what was her manner of life, commiſſioned an officious pragmatical young fellow, who had lately taken orders, to make the neceſſary enquiries; and the reſult was, that though ſhe was very ill, ſhe was viſited by one of Mr. *Lovelace*'s intimate friends, and that ſhe often went out in a chair, as it was ſaid, to prayers; but that he was told by his friend's wife, that nothing is more common in *London* than to make the hearing of morning prayers a cover for private aſſignations. This news he learnt from two women, a millener and a mantua-maker, who lived oppoſite to Mr. *Smith*'s; and having collected this conjectural ſcandal, ſent it down to her relations; and ſuch was the ſpirit by which they were governed, that they ran away with the worſt it inſinuated, and her ſiſter *Arabella* was commiſſioned to write to *Clariſſa* to propoſe her taking a voyage to one of the colonies, as the only way to avoid Mr. *Belford* and *Lovelace*.

COLONEL *Morden*, *Clariſſa*'s couſin, and the truſtee for her grandfather's eſtate, arrived about this time, and was received by the family with great marks of

of reſpect; and having a very ſincere affection for *Clariſſa*, whom he had not ſeen ſince ſhe was twelve years of age, he reſolved to take his own meaſures, to oblige *Lovelace* to marry her, and to put her in poſſeſſion of her grandfather's eſtate. For this purpoſe he rode to *M. Hall*, and had a very warm conteſt with Lord *M.* and *Lovelace*, when after ſeveral ſallies of paſſion, they became more compoſed, and *Lovelace* doing juſtice to the merit of *Clariſſa*, and freely cenſuring his own conduct, while he concealed the blackeſt inſtance of his villainy, and at the ſame time profeſſing his earneſt deſire to make her all the reparation in his power by marrying her, as ſoon as ſhe would permit him that honour, they came to a good underſtanding; on which Mr. *Lovelace* ſhewed the Colonel ſeveral of the letters that had paſſed between them, and told him of the noble offers made by the Lord *M.* and the Ladies of his family, even after the lovely *Clariſſa* had entirely rejected him. Colonel *Morden* was charmed with this inſtance of generoſity, and took his leave perfectly ſatisfied with *Lovelace*.

HE now wrote a very affectionate letter to *Clariſſa*, in order to perſuade her to accept of *Lovelace*, to comfort her under her illneſs, to inform her he would be her conſtant friend, and was then making uſe of all his endeavours to procure a happy reconciliation between her and her relations, which he ſhould no ſooner have effected, than he himſelf would bring her the joyful news.

COLONEL *Morden* now firmly perſuaded of the innocence of his couſin, ſent a perſon of diſcretion to enquire into the manner in which ſhe was ſupported, and, to his great amazement, found that ſhe was reduced to the neceſſity of ſelling her cloaths, that ſhe was very ill, and that her piety and reſignation rendered her the admiration of all who were admitted to converſe with her. He then paid a viſit to Miſs *Howe*, who ſhewed him ſeveral of *Clariſſa*'s letters, by which it appeared that ſhe was extremely ill, and one in particular, in which, in a very affectionate manner, ſhe deſcribed her weakneſs, and her being obliged

obliged to leave off ſeveral times, to prevent her fainting.

THESE paſſages the Colonel tranſcribed, and having the next day procured a general meeting with all the family, renewed his ſolicitations in *Clariſſa*'s favour, ſet before them her penitence, ill health and virtue, read a very contrite letter wrote by *Lovelace* to *Clariſſa*, and her high-ſoul'd anſwer; and then informing them of his viſit to Miſs *Howe*, read ſome of the paſſages he had tranſcribed from *Clariſſa*'s letters to that lady; particularly one in which ſhe aſked, What can be done for her now, were her friends to be ever ſo favourable? and wiſhed for their ſakes, more than for her own, that they would ſtill relent; and then complained that ſhe was very ill, and muſt drop her pen. At this Mrs. *Harlowe*, weeping, and claſping her hands, cried, O my child! my child! Every one elſe ſeemed affected except her brother, who addreſſing himſelf to his mother, cried, Dear Madam, be ſo good as to think you have more children than this ungrateful one. Mr. *Morden* was at length permitted to proceed with his extracts, and again moved every one to pity the poor *Clariſſa*; when her brother went round to each, and again reminded his mother that ſhe had other children, and aſked, What was there in what was read, but the reſult of his ſiſter's talent at moving the paſſions? His mother talked of going to town to ſee and comfort her poor daughter, and Colonel *Morden* offered her his ſervice to eſcort; but this was alſo over-ruled by the imperious brother, who rendered all endeavours to reſtore the unhappy *Clariſſa* to their favour ineffectual. The Colonel exclaimed againſt his inhumanity, high words aroſe between them, and to ſuch a height were their reſentments carried, every one ſiding with the brother, that the Colonel, with hands and eyes lift up, cried, What hearts of flint am I related to!———O couſin *Harlowe*, are you reſolved to have but one daughter? Are you, Madam, to be taught by a ſon who has no bowels, to forget that you are a mother? I will never open my lips to any of you more upon this ſubject. I will inſtantly

ſtantly make my will, and in me ſhall the dear creature have the father, uncle, brother, ſhe has loſt. And ſaying this, he hurried out of the room, and calling for his horſe, rode away, notwithſtanding all their endeavours to detain him.

WHILE Mr. *Morden* was thus employed, *Clariſſa* was buſied in taking ſuch meaſures as would render the office of her executor as little troubleſome as poſſible. She had not only familiarized herſelf to the view of death, but longed for its approach, and every preparation for it was attended with pleaſure. She took a chair, and went to an undertaker's in *Fleet-ſtreet*, where ſhe beſpoke her coffin, and with the greateſt compoſure gave directions about ſome emblems which ſhe had drawn out with her own hand, and choſe to have placed on the lid.

A FEW days after this Mr. *Belford* paid her a viſit, but was hardly ſeated when he was ſtartled with hearing a rumbling noiſe upon the ſtairs, as if a large trunk was bringing up between two people. *Clariſſa* bluſhed, and, deſiring him not to be ſurprized, ſaid that they were bringing her ſomething before the time: inſtantly came in Mrs. *Smith*, crying, O Madam, what have you done? Mrs. *Lovick* entered with the ſame exclamation, and Mr. *Belford* ſtepping at that inſtant to the door, the women, to his great ſurprize, told him it was a coffin. With an intrepidity of a piece with the preparation, ſhe directed them to carry it into her bed-chamber, and returned, ſaying, Pray excuſe me, Mr. *Belford*; and don't you, Mrs. *Smith* and Mrs. *Lovick*, be concerned. There is nothing more in it than the uncommonneſs of the thing. Why may we not be as reaſonably ſhocked at going to the church, where are the monuments of our anceſtors, with whoſe duſt we even *hope* our duſt will one day be mingled, as to be moved at ſuch a ſight as this?

THEY all remaining ſilent, the women having their aprons to their eyes: Why this concern? ſhe reſumed. If I am to be blamed, it is for ſhewing too much ſolicitude, as it may be thought, for this earthly part. I love to do every thing for myſelf that I can:

and I have no mother, no ſiſter, no Mrs. *Norton*, no Miſs *Howe* near me. And what is the difference of a few days to you, when I am gratified, rather than diſcompoſed by it?—My dear friends, added ſhe, to the women, I have conſidered theſe things; do not give me reaſon to think you have not, with ſuch an object before you as I have been for ſome weeks. They were all ſtill ſilent, the women in grief, and Mr. *Belford* in a manner ſtunned. She then aſked the women to walk in and look upon it, and Mr. *Belford* took his leave, telling her ſhe had done wrong, very wrong, and ought not by any means to have ſuch an object before her.

THE coffin was covered with fine black cloth, and lined with white ſattin, and the burial dreſs was brought in with it. Mrs. *Lovick* took the liberty to blame her; and wiſhed the removal of ſuch an object, at leaſt from her bed-chamber: but to this *Clariſſa* replied, To perſons in health, this ſight may be ſhocking; and the preparation, and my unconcernedneſs in it may appear affected; but to me, who have had ſo gradual a weaning-time from the world, and ſo much reaſon not to love it, I muſt ſay, I dwell on, I indulge, and enjoy the thoughts of death. For, continued ſhe, looking ſtedfaſtly at the awful receptacle, there is ſuch a vaſt ſuperiority of weight and importance in the thoughts of death, and its hoped-for happy conſequences, that it annihilates all other conſiderations and concerns. Believe me, my good friends, it does what nothing elſe can do; it teaches me, by ſtrengthening in me the force of the divineſt example, to forgive the injuries I have received; and ſhuts out the remembrance of paſt evils from my ſoul.

CLARISSA continued ſerene and calm; but was now contented with her cloſet duties, and the viſits of the pariſh miniſter, and would no more attempt to go out; her weakneſs, however, daily increaſed, and her ſight began to fail her; but all her noble intellects were lively and ſtrong. She gave Mr. *Belford* a particular account of what ſhe would have done immediately after her deceaſe, ſhewed him where

where ſhe had depoſited her will, where her letters and copies of letters, and where the keys of her apparel; and then cauſed him to ſeal up all in her preſence, with his own ſeal; and this was done in ſo compoſed and chearful a manner, as equally ſurprized and affected them. Then rubbing her eyes, which ſhe ſaid were miſty, and looking intently upon them, God bleſs you all, ſaid ſhe! how kindly are you concerned for me! Who ſays I am friendleſs? Who ſays I am abandoned and among ſtrangers?——Good Mr. *Belford*, don't be ſo generouſly humane! Indeed, added ſhe, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, you will make me leſs happy than I am ſure you wiſh me to be.

Mr. *Belford* on his retiring wrote to Col. *Morden*, that if he expected to ſee his beloved couſin alive, he muſt loſe no time; and the ſame morning Dr. *H.* wrote to her father, to let him know, that he had yet an opportunity to ſave himſelf and family great future regret, by diſpatching one of it to her, with his and his lady's laſt bleſſing, to the moſt excellent of her ſex; and having given the higheſt encomiums on her conduct, which he obſerved was that in which a dying ſaint might glory, he obſerved, that whatever was done, muſt be ſpeedily done, for he did not think ſhe could live above a week; and how long of that time ſhe might enjoy her intellects, to take comfort in the favours he might think proper to confer upon her, could not be ſaid.

LOVELACE, to whom Mr. *Belford* communicated every particular as it paſſed, was now ſtung by the reproaches of his own conſcience: ſick of himſelf; ſick of the remembrance of his vile plots, that had brought upon him ſuch heavy, ſuch durable remorſe, he in unavailing anguiſh exclaimed to Mr. *Belford*, bidding him tell the doctor, that he would make him a preſent of a thouſand guineas if he recovered her. But deſiring him, that if ſhe really left this world, he would not bluntly tell him ſo; but only that he would do well to take a tour to *Paris*.

Col. *Morden* no ſooner received Mr. *Belford*'s letter, than laying aſide all thoughts of procuring a

reconciliation, he rode poſt to *London*, and alighted at Mr. *Smith*'s, where he aſked, with great impatience, how Miſs *Harlowe* was. Mrs. *Smith* told him, that ſhe was alive; but, ſhe feared, drawing on apace. Good God! cried he, can I ſee her? My name is *Morden*. I have the honour to be nearly related to her. Step up, pray; and if ſhe be ſenſible, let her know that I am here. Who is with her? She replied, that there was no body but her nurſe and Mrs. *Lovick*, except Mr. *Belford* was with her. He then deſired to ſpeak with Mr. *Belford*, and being immediately informed that ſhe was ſitting in a ſound ſleep, the Colonel begged that he might ſee her, though ſleeping; for his impatience would not let him ſtay till ſhe awaked, and he would not have her diſturbed. Mrs. *Smith* ſtepping up before them, deſired Mrs. *Lovick* and the nurſe not to ſtir when they entered. Col. *Morden* was introduced by Mr. *Belford*, and found her dreſſed in white, with Mrs. *Lovick* ſitting cloſe by her, with her left arm around her neck. One faded cheek reſted upon the good woman's boſom, the kindly warmth of which had overſpread it with a faint but charming fluſh, the other paler and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands, white as the lily, hanging lifeleſs, one before her, the other graſped by the right hand of the kind widow, whoſe tears bedewed the face which her motherly boſom ſupported, though unfelt by the fair ſleeper. Her countenance was ſweetly calm and ſerene, and her ſleep ſeemed eaſy; her breath indeed was ſhort and quick, but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying perſon.

In this heart-moving attitude ſhe appeared before the Colonel, who, ſighing often, gazed upon her with his arms folded, and with the moſt profound and affectionate attention; till at laſt, on her ſtarting, and fetching her breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a ſcreen which was drawn before her coffin, which ſtood under the window. This ſcreen was placed there as ſoon as *Clariſſa* was obliged to take her chamber, and Mr. *Belford* had forgot

forgot to apprize the Colonel of what he would probably ſee.

RETIRING thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and, drowned in grief, ſeemed unable to ſpeak, but in caſting his eyes downwards, was ſtruck with the ſhape of the coffin, and lifting up a purpliſh-coloured cloth that was ſpread over it, he ſtarted back, crying, Good God! what's here?

WHILE he was blaming Mrs. *Smith* for ſuffering his couſin to indulge her ſad reflections with ſuch an object, and ſhe vindicating herſelf, the lady fetched a profound ſigh, ſtarted and awaked. She complained that ſhe had ſlept without being refreſhed, and that her fingers ends ſeemed numbed. Mr. *Belford* told her, that her couſin *Morden* had called there, and would return in half an hour, but he feared to ſurprize her. Nothing can ſurprize me now, ſaid ſhe, except my mamma was to favour me with her laſt bleſſing in perſon. That would be a welcome ſurprize to me even yet. But if he comes, what ſhall I do about that ſcreen? He will chide me probably, and I cannot bear chiding now.

MR. *Belford* favoured the Colonel's retreat, and the ſcreen was placed as near the window as poſſible, that he might not ſee what was behind it, while he, hearing all ſhe ſaid, was reſolved to take no notice of it. He ſent in his name, and being immediately admitted, folded the lady in his arms as ſhe ſat, dropping down on one knee; for ſupporting herſelf on the elbows of the chair, ſhe attempted to riſe, but could not. Excuſe, my dear couſin, ſaid ſhe, excuſe me, that I cannot ſtand up——I did not expect this favour now; but I am glad of this opportunity to thank you for all your generous goodneſs to me. I never, my beſt beloved and deareſt couſin, ſaid he, with eyes running over, ſhall forgive myſelf, that I did not attend you ſooner. Little did I think you were ſo ill; nor do any of your friends believe it. If they did—If they did, repeated ſhe, interrupting him, I ſhould have more compaſſion from them. I am ſure I ſhould. But pray, Sir, how did you leave them? Are you reconciled to them? If you are

not, I beg, if you love your poor *Clariſſa*, that you will. For every widened difference augments but my fault, ſince that is the foundation of all. He then told her, that he had brought her the account of her grandfather's eſtate, with bills and draughts upon their banker, which they deſired her to receive, leſt ſhe might have occaſion for money: and that this was ſuch an earneſt of an approaching reconciliation, that he dared to anſwer for all the reſt. Ah! Sir, interrupted ſhe, with frequent breaks and pauſes, I wiſh, I wiſh, this does not rather ſhew, that were I to live, they would have nothing more to ſay to me. I never had any pride in being independent; all my actions, when I might have made myſelf more independent, ſhew this. She then apologized for having made Mr. *Belford* her executor, from her not having ſeen him ſooner, and not knowing that he ſtill honoured her with his regard, and beſought him not to revenge her on *Lovelace*. Then complaining that ſhe was very faint and low, and teſtifying her ſorrow, that ſhe could not better deſerve the honour of that viſit, ſunk back in her chair, and was ſilent, upon which the Colonel and Mr. *Belford* withdrew.

SHE had before obſerved, that all would be moſt conveniently over in bed; the awful, the important moment approached; but aſpiring after immortality, ſhe thought the time moved ſlowly; and, with great preſence of mind, gave orders about her body; directing her nurſe and the maid of the houſe to put her into her coffin as ſoon as ſhe was cold. The Colonel, after paying her another viſit, wrote to her uncle Mr. *John Harlowe*, that they might ſpare themſelves the trouble of debating about a reconciliation, for that their dear couſin would probably be no more before they could reſolve.

A DAY or two after this, Mr. *Belford* was ſent for; at his entrance he found the Colonel kneeling on the ſide of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears, although ſhe had juſt been comforting him in elevated ſtrains. On the other ſide of the bed ſat the widow *Lovick*, leaning her head againſt the bed's head in a moſt

moſt diſconſolate manner, and turning to him, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, O Mr. *Belford*, cried ſhe, the dear lady!——a heavy ſob not permitting her to ſay more. Mrs. *Smith*, with claſped fingers, and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only power which could give it, was kneeling at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

THE lady had been ſilent a few minutes and was thought ſpeechleſs, moving her lips without uttering a word; but when Mrs. *Lovick*, on Mr. *Belford*'s approach, pronounced his name, O Mr. *Belford!* ſaid ſhe, in broken periods, and with a faint inward voice, Now!—now!—I bleſs God, will all ſoon be over—a few—a very few moments will end this ſtrife—and I ſhall be happy! Comfort, Sir, comfort my couſin—See!——the blameable kindneſs——he would not wiſh me to be happy——ſo ſoon! Then ſtopping for two or three minutes, with her looks earneſtly fixed on him, My deareſt couſin, ſhe reſumed, be comforted.——What is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may ſeem to labour—but that is all!—It is not ſo hard to die as I believed it to be!—The preparation is the difficulty—I bleſs God, I have had time for that—the reſt is worſe to beholders than to me!——I am all bleſſed hope—hope itſelf. Here ſhe looked what ſhe ſaid, a ſweet ſmile beaming over her countenance.

AFTER a ſhort ſilence, Once more, my dear couſin, ſaid ſhe, but ſtill in broken accents, commend me moſt dutifully to my father and mother, to my ſiſter, to my brother, to my uncles—and tell them, I bleſs them with my parting breath—for all their goodneſs to me—even for their diſpleaſure I bleſs them—Moſt happy has been my puniſhment here!—happy indeed!

SHE was ſilent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her couſin held not between his, and then cried, *O death! where is thy ſting?—It is good for me that I was afflicted!* Then turning to the Colonel and Mr. *Belford*, who were loſt in ſpeechleſs ſorrow, O dear, *dear* gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, you know not what foretaſtes——what aſſurances.—Here ſhe

again ſtopt, and looked upward, as if in a thankful rapture, ſweetly ſmiling.

THEN turning her head towards Mr. *Belford*——Do you, Sir, tell your friend, that I forgive him! And I pray God forgive him.—Again pauſing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that he would—Let him know, ſaid ſhe, how happily I die. And ſuch as my own, I wiſh to be his laſt hour.

SHE was again ſilent for a few moments; and then reſuming—My ſight fails me!—Your voices only—and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. *Morden*'s hand? preſſing one of his with that he had juſt let go. Which is Mr. *Belford*'s? added ſhe, holding out the other. He gave her his. God Almighty bleſs you both, ſaid ſhe, and make you both—in your laſt hour—for you muſt come to this——happy as I am.

SHE pauſed again, her breath growing ſhorter, and after a few minutes, And now, my deareſt couſin, give me your hand—nearer—ſtill nearer, added ſhe, drawing it towards her, and preſſing it to her dying lips—God protect you, dear, dear Sir—and once more receive my beſt and moſt grateful thanks—and tell my dear Miſs *Howe*—ſhe will be one day, I fear not, a ſaint in heaven.

AFTER a ſhort ſilence, in a more broken and faint accent. And you, Mr. *Belford*, ſhe reſumed, preſſing his hand, may God preſerve you, and make you ſenſible of all your errors————you ſee in me how all ends——may *you* be—and down ſunk her head upon her pillow, ſhe fainting away, and drawing from them her hands. They all thought ſhe was then gone; and each gave way to a violent torrent of grief. But ſoon ſhewing ſigns of returning life, their attention was again engaged; and when a little recovered, Mr. *Belford* beſought her to complete in his favour her half-pronounced bleſſing, when waving her hands to him and her couſin, and bowing her head to every one preſent; not forgetting the nurſe and the maid-ſervant, the latter having approached the bed weeping, as if crowding in for the pious lady's laſt bleſſing; and ſhe ſpoke faultering and inwardly—Bleſs—

bleſs

bleſs——bleſs—you all——And now——and now—(holding up her almoſt lifeleſs hands for the laſt time) Come——O come——bleſſed Lord——Jeſus! And with theſe words, the laſt but half pronounced, ſhe expired, with ſuch a ſmile, ſuch a charming ſerenity overſpreading her face at the inſtant, as ſeemed to manifeſt her eternal happineſs already begun.

WHILE warm, though pulſeleſs, the Colonel and Mr. *Belford* each preſſed her hand with their lips, and then retired into the next room; where looking at each other with intent to ſpeak; but as if one motion governed, as one cauſe affected both, they turned away ſilent. The Colonel ſighed as if his heart would burſt; at laſt lifting up his hands and face, Good heaven! ſaid he, ſupport me! And is it thus, O flower of nature!—muſt we no more—never more!—My bleſſed, bleſſed couſin!—And then, as if recollecting himſelf, he added, Forgive me, Sir! —O—excuſe me, Mr. *Belford*, and haſtily paſſing by him, went down ſtairs, and left the houſe, Mr. *Belford* remaining ſpeechleſs, and without motion, like a ſtatue, when at laſt recovering himſelf, as well as he was able, he wrote to two of his companions to haſten to *Lovelace*, to prevent his performing ſome act of deſperation, and then ſent this ſhort note to the latter.

"I HAVE only to ſay at preſent, thou wilt do well "to take a tour to *Paris*; or wherever elſe thy deſ-"tiny ſhall lead thee!

"JOHN BELFORD."

THE day after *Clariſſa*'s death, very tender letters were brought for her by a ſervant in livery, one from her ſiſter, and another from her brother, to comfort her, and aſſure her of her father and mother's bleſſing, which ſhe had earneſtly longed for, and which, if they had come in time, ſhe would have rejoiced to receive.

MR. *Belford* found ſhe had wrote letters to be ſent to every one of her family, to Miſs *Howe* and *Lovelace*, and one to himſelf, after her deceaſe: theſe

were all in a pious, generous ſtrain, and intended to give comfort rather than diſtreſs; her duty, affection and piety appeared in every line, and all of them expreſſed the extatic aſſurance that ſhe ſhould be enjoying eternal felicity when thoſe letters came to their hands.

MR. *Belford* ſent one of his ſervants to carry the poſthumous letters to the family and to Miſs *Howe*; and alſo a letter from the Colonel to acquaint Mr. *James Harlowe* with his ſiſter's death, and her deſire to be interred near her grandfather. He found all the family aſſembled on occaſion of the letter the Colonel had before ſent, and comforting themſelves with the hopes that Mr. *Morden* had made the worſt of her ſtate, to quicken their reſolutions. But he no ſooner let them know the fatal news, than the whole houſe was in confuſion, the ſervants running different ways, lamenting and wringing their hands, Mrs. *Harlowe* was in fits, and all in ſuch diſorder, that he could get no commands, nor obtain any notice of himſelf.

HE then proceeded to Mrs. *Howe*'s, and had the precaution to deſire to ſpeak with Miſs's maid, and communicated to her the fatal tidings, that ſhe might deliver them to her miſtreſs. The maid was herſelf ſo affected, that her old lady came to ſee what ailed her, and was herſelf ſo ſtruck with the news, that ſhe was forced to ſit down; O the ſweet creature! ſaid ſhe. And is it come to this?—O my poor *Nancy!*—How ſhall I be able to break the matter to my *Nancy!* Mrs. *Howe*, when a little recovered, went up, in order to break the news to her daughter, taking the letter in one hand, and her ſalts in the other. The houſe-keeper came inſtantly hurrying down into the kitchen, her face overſpread with tears.—Her young miſtreſs had fainted away, ſhe ſaid,—nor did ſhe wonder at it.—Never did there live a lady more worthy of general admiration than Miſs *Clariſſa Harlowe!* And never was there a ſtronger friendſhip diſſolved by death than between her young lady and her. She then hurried away with a lighted wax candle, and with feathers to burn under the noſe of her young miſtreſs.

THE

THE Colonel reſolved to accompany the hearſe to *Harlowe-Place*, the coffin was filled with flowers and aromatic herbs, and proper care taken to prevent the corpſe being put out of form by the jolting of the hearſe.

THE Colonel arrived at *Harlowe-Place* ſome hours before the hearſe; at his entrance into the court all were in motion, and a perfect concert of grief broke out the moment he entered the parlour. Mr. *Harlowe*, as ſoon as he ſaw him, ſaid, O couſin, couſin, of all our family, you are the only one who have nothing to reproach yourſelf with. The poor mother bowing her head to him in ſpeechleſs grief, ſat with her handkerchief held to her eyes with one hand; the other hand was held by her ſiſter *Hervey*, between both hers, Mrs. *Hervey* weeping upon it. Mr. *Anthony Harlowe*, who conducted Col. *Morden* into the room, went towards Mrs. *Harlowe*, crying, Don't,—don't,—dear ſiſter! Then towards the afflicted father, Don't,—dear brother!—don't thus give way——and, without being able to ſay another word, went to a corner of the parlour, and wanting himſelf the comfort he would fain have given, ſunk into a chair, and loudly ſobbed.

LET us not, ſaid the Colonel, approaching the inconſolable mother, give way to a grief, which, however juſt, can avail us nothing. We hurt ourſelves, and cannot recal the dear creature for whom we mourn. Nor would you wiſh it, if you knew with what aſſurances of eternal happineſs ſhe left the world.—She is happy, Madam!—Depend upon it, ſhe is happy! and comfort yourſelves with that aſſurance. O couſin, couſin! cried the unhappy mother, withdrawing her hand from her ſiſter *Hervey*, and preſſing the Colonel's with it, you know not what a child I have loſt!—and how loſt!——That it is that makes the loſs inſupportable. They all joined in a melancholy chorus, and each accuſed him and herſelf, and ſome of them one another. But the eyes of all, in turn, were ſet upon *James Harlowe*, as the perſon who had kept up the general reſentment againſt ſo ſweet a creature. While he was hardly able to bear his own remorſe, nor Miſs *Harlowe* hers,

ſhe

ſhe breaking out, How tauntingly did I write to her! How barbarouſly did I inſult her! Yet how patiently did ſhe take it!——O brother, brother! but for *you!* —but for *you!*—Double not upon me, ſaid he, my own woes! I thought only to reclaim a dear creature that erred! I intended not to break her heart!—But it was the villainous *Lovelace* who did that.——Not any of us! We muſt for ever be diſturbed for our unkindneſs to ſo ſweet a child, cried the unhappy mother!——Indeed, indeed, added ſhe, ſoftly to her ſiſter *Hervey*, I have been too paſſive, much too paſſive.——The temporary quiet I have been ſo ſtudious all my life to preſerve, has coſt me everlaſting diſquiet!—Dear ſiſter! was all Mrs. *Hervey* could ſay. I have done but half my duty to the deareſt and moſt meritorious of children! reſumed the ſorrowing mother!—Nay, not half!—How have we hardened our hearts againſt her!——Again her tears choaked up the paſſage of her words; and, deareſt, deareſt ſiſter! was all Mrs. *Hervey* could ſay. Would to heaven, proceeded the poor mother, I had but *once* ſeen her! Then turning to *James Harlowe* and his ſiſter, O my ſon! O my *Arabella!* if *we* were to receive as little mercy.——

At length the hearſe came to the outward gate, and a ſervant came in to acquaint them with what its lumbering heavy noiſe up the paved inner-court yard apprized them of before. He could not ſpeak; but looked, bowed, and withdrew. As *Clariſſa* had been univerſally beloved, from her being the common patroneſs of all the honeſt poor in the neighbourhood, about fifty of the neighbouring men, women, and children, had been drawn together, by the ſolemn tolling of the bell of the pariſh-church, which was a reſpect paid to the memory of the deceaſed, out of officious love, as the hearſe paſſed near it. Some of theſe people were of good appearance; but not a ſoul of them had a dry eye, each lamenting the death of the admirable lady, who never ſtirred out but ſome body was the better for it. Theſe, when the coffin was taken out of the hearſe, crouding about it, hindered, for a few moments, its being carried in, the young

young people ſtriving who ſhould bear it. At laſt, ſix maidens were permitted to carry it by the ſix handles into a parlour adjoining to the hall, which *Clariſſa* uſed to call her parlour, and put it on a table in the middle of the room; but when the father and mother, the two uncles, her aunt *Hervey*, and her ſiſter came in, joining her brother and Mr. *Morden*, the ſcene was ſtill more affecting. Their ſorrow was, no doubt, heightened by the remembrance of their cruelty; and now ſeeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who ſo lately was driven thence by their indiſcreet violence! no wonder their grief was more than common grief. They would have with-held the mother from coming in; but when they could not, though undetermined before, they all bore her company, led on by an impulſe they could not reſiſt. The poor lady but juſt caſt her eye upon the coffin, and then ſnatched it away, retiring with paſſionate grief towards the window, yet addreſſing herſelf, as if to her beloved daughter; O my child! my child! cried ſhe; thou pride of my hope! Why was I not permitted to ſpeak pardon and peace to thee! O forgive thy cruel mother! The father's grief was too deep for utterance till he ſaw his ſon coming in; and then fetching a heavy groan, Never, ſaid he, was ſorrow like my ſorrow!—O ſon! O ſon! added he in a reproaching accent. Her uncles and her ſiſter looked and turned away, very often, upon the emblems, in ſilent ſorrow. Mrs. *Hervey* would have read to them the inſcription. Theſe words ſhe did read, *Here the wicked ceaſe from troubling*; but could read no farther.

When the mourners were all retired, Mr. *Morden* directed the lid of the coffin to be unſcrewed, and cauſed ſome freſh aromatics and flowers to be put into it. The maids who brought the flowers were ambitious of ſtrewing them about it, and poured freſh lamentations over her. The whole family now gave way to a new burſt of grief. The unhappy parents propoſed to take one laſt view of their once darling daughter,

daughter, but neither of them were able to enter the room.

THE next morning Miſs *Howe* came in a chariot for the laſt time to ſee her beloved friend. Mr. *Morden* conducted her into the parlour. The moment ſhe ſaw the coffin, ſhe withdrew her hand from his, and with impatience puſhed aſide the lid. As impatiently ſhe removed the face-cloth, and in a wild air claſped her uplifted hands together, now looking upon the corpſe, now up to heaven: at laſt breaking ſilence; O Sir! ſaid ſhe, ſee you not here!—See you not here the glory of her ſex?—Thus by the moſt villainous of yours.—Thus laid low!—O my bleſſed friend!—My ſweet companion!—My lovely monitreſs!——kiſſing her lips at every tender invocation. And is this all!—Is it all of my *Clariſſa*'s ſtory! Then pauſing, one tear, my beloved friend, cried ſhe, didſt thou allow me!—But this dumb ſorrow!—O for a tear to eaſe my full ſwoln heart, that is juſt burſting! But why, Sir, why Mr. *Morden*, was ſhe ſent hither? Why not to *me?*—She has no father, no mother, no relations! no, not *one!*—They had all renounced her. I was her ſympathizing friend—And had not I the beſt right to the dear creature's remains?—And muſt names without nature, be preferred to ſuch love as mine? Again ſhe kiſſed her lips, each cheek, and her forehead, and ſighed as if her heart would break, but why, why, ſaid ſhe, was I with-held from ſeeing my deareſt dear friend, before ſhe commenced angel?—Delaying ſtill, and too eaſily perſuaded to delay the friendly viſit that my heart panted after; what pain will this reflection give me!—O my bleſſed friend! Who knows, had I come in time, what my cordial comfortings might have done for thee!—But one more kiſs, my angel, my friend, my ever to be regretted loſt companion! Adieu, my deareſt *Clariſſa!*—Thou art happy!—— O may we meet and rejoice together, where no villainous *Lovelaces*, no hard-hearted relations will ever ſhock our innocence, or ruffle our felicity! Again ſhe was ſilent, unable to go, though ſeeming to intend it;

it; ſtruggling as it were with her grief, and heaving with anguiſh: at laſt, a flood of tears happily guſhing from her eyes——Now!——Now! ſaid ſhe, ſhall I be eaſier; but for this kindly relief, my heart would have burſt aſunder——But why do I thus lament the *Happy?* And that thou art ſo is my comfort. It is, it is, my dear creature! kiſſing her again. Excuſe me, Sir, I loved the dear creature, as never woman loved another, excuſe my frantic grief. How has the glory of her ſex fallen a victim to villainy and hard-heartedneſs. Madam, ſaid the Colonel, they all have it!—Now indeed they have it. And let them have it, ſhe returned: I ſhould belie my love for the friend of my heart, were I to pity them!—But how unhappy am I, that I ſaw her not before theſe eyes were ſhut, before theſe lips were for ever cloſed!—Oh! Sir, you know not the wiſdom that continually flowed from theſe lips, when ſhe ſpoke!—Nor what a friend I have loſt!—Once more, added ſhe, a ſolemn, an everlaſting adieu?—Alas! for *me*, a ſolemn an everlaſting adieu. Then again kiſſing her, ſhe quitted the room with precipitation, ruſhed into the chariot, and giving way to a freſh burſt of tears was driven away.

The afflicted parents made another effort to ſee the corpſe, but Mrs. *Harlowe* being ready to faint at the ſight of the coffin, they were conducted out of the room, and the lid again ſcrewed down.

The ſolemnization of the laſt office was performed with great decency, the corpſe being attended by numbers of people of all conditions, a very pathetic funeral diſcourſe was pronounced by the miniſter, who in repeating her praiſes, often wiped his eyes, and every one preſent ſtill oftner wiped theirs. She had a ſet of poor people, choſen for their remarkable honeſty and ineffectual induſtry; as theſe voluntarily paid their laſt attendance on their benefactreſs; and mingling in the church as they could croud near the iſle where the corpſe was, it was the leſs wonder that the encomiums of the preacher met with ſuch general and grateful whiſpers of approbation.

THUS

THUS died, and thus was lamented the virtuous, the pious, and the amiable *Clariſſa*; while the vile *Sinclair*, who had prompted the abandoned *Lovelace* to perpetrate his villainies, who had hardened his heart againſt remorſe, and actually aſſiſted him by horrid potions in the violation of her honour, was reduced to a ſtate of the moſt deplorable wretchedneſs. This violent woman breaking her leg in a fit of drunkenneſs, a mortification enſued. The approach of death, and the remembrance of her guilty life filled her with all the horror of deſpair, and after lingering for ſome days in a ſtate of extreme impatience of ſpirit, raving and uttering the moſt dreadful execrations, ſhe expired.

LOVELACE, on receiving the fatal note from Mr. *Belford*, behaved with all the marks of diſtraction, and the agitation of his mind actually deprived him of his ſenſes, and obliged him to be confined to his room: he had then no ideas but of dark and confuſed miſery; all within was conſcience and horror: thoughts of hanging, drowning, ſhooting; then rage, violence, miſchief, and deſpair took their turns. His lucid intervals were ſtill worſe, giving him to reflect what he was the hour before, and what he was likely to be the next, and perhaps for life: the ſport of enemies, the laughter of fools. But ſoon recovering the uſe of his reaſon, he ſought to blunt the ſting of conſcience, by an affected gaiety, and ſcenes of mirth and riot.

He was perſuaded to go abroad for the recovery of his health, and Mr. *Belford*, afraid of Colonel *Morden*, haſtened his departure. Mr. *Morden* about the ſame time ſet out for *Italy*; when *Joſeph Lemon*, Mr. *Harlowe*'s gardener, and the tool of *Lovelace*, wrote to inform him that the Colonel had threatened his life; on this information *Lovelace* ſent a letter to *Florence* to let him know what he had heard, and where he might find him. The Colonel, who had before no intention of purſuing him, now thinking his honour concerned, obeyed the ſummons, they met, fought, and *Lovelace*, who imagined himſelf ſure of victory, received two wounds, of which he died the next day.

Mrs.

MRS. *Harlowe* lived only about two years and a half after the much lamented death of her excellent daughter; and Mr. *Harlowe* ſurvived his lady about half a year; both in their laſt hours, comforted themſelves, that they ſhould be reſtored to their bleſſed daughter, as they always, from the time that they were acquainted with her happy exit, called her. They both lived, however, to ſee their ſon *James*, and their daughter *Arabella* married: but not to take joy in either of their nuptials. The former married againſt the advice of his father, mother, and uncles, and lives a life of miſery and remorſe. He attributes all his misfortunes, when he opens himſelf to the few friends he has, to his vile and cruel treatment of his angelic ſiſter. He confeſſes theſe misfortunes to be juſt, without temper to acquieſce in the acknowledged juſtice. His ſiſter is his bittereſt enemy, and ſhe being united to a libertine, lives a life of jealouſy and diſcontent.

MISS *Howe* is married to Mr. *Hickman*, a man of virtue and good-nature, who had no paſt errors to reflect upon, and to abate his joys, and whoſe behaviour to Mrs. *Hickman* is as affectionate as it was to Miſs *Howe*. They are already bleſſed with two fine children; a daughter, to whom, by joint conſent, they have given the name of her beloved friend; and a ſon who bears that of his father.

Mr. *Belford* was not ſo deſtitute of humanity and affection, as to be unconcerned at the unhappy fate of his moſt intimate friend; but when he reflects on the dreadful exit of the infamous *Sinclair*, on the deep remorſes of *Lovelace*; and, on the other hand, on the example ſet him by the moſt excellent of her ſex, and her bleſſed preparation and happy departure, he deteſts his former wicked courſes, and adores the mercy that has ſnatched him as a brand out of the fire: in ſhort, he now lives in a regular courſe of virtue: and thinks himſelf obliged to make it his endeavour to find out, and to reform any of thoſe who may have been endangered by his means; as well as to repair, to the utmoſt of his power, any damage or miſchiefs which he may have occaſioned

ſioned to others. Happy is the man who, in time of health and ſtrength, ſees and reforms the errors of his ways! But how much more happy he, who has no capital and wilful crimes to repent of! How unmixed and ſincere muſt be his joys!

THE

THE HISTORY OF Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

SIR *Charles*, was the ſon of Sir *Thomas Grandiſon*, a man of gaiety and expence, who had a great notion of magnificence in living, and went deep into all the faſhionable diverſions, except gaming with cards and dice; though he ran into one as expenſive, valuing himſelf upon his breed of race-horſes and hunters, and upon his kennel, in both which articles he was extravagant to profuſion; he received from his father an eſtate of 6000l. a year in *England*, and near 2000l. a year in *Ireland*, and his father was beſides rich in money.

HIS Lady, who was the moſt excellent of women, was of a noble family, and brought him a very large fortune; to her he was a complaiſant but careleſs huſband, and ſoon after his marriage, giving way to his predominant bias, left the whole care of the family to her, who turned her thoughts to the domeſtic duties; and as ſhe found that ſhe could not bring Sir *Thomas* to leſſen his great expences, thought it prudent to endeavour to the utmoſt of her power to enable him to ſupport them, without diſcredit to himſelf, or viſible hurt to his family. Yet had this Lady, with the beſt œconomy, no narrowneſs in her heart. She was beloved for her generoſity and benevolence. Her poor neighbours adored her; her table was plenteous; ſhe was hoſpitable, as well from the largeneſs of her own heart, as to give credit to her huſband.

By

By this excellent Lady Sir *Thomas* had one ſon and two daughters, and from her they received the beſt part of their education: ſhe inſtilled into their earlieſt youth, notions of moral rectitude, and the firſt principles of chriſtianity.

Sir *Thomas*, who looked upon his daughters as an incumbrance, placed all his affections on his ſon, and ſtrove to render him maſter of every accompliſhment; he early inſpired him with high notions of honour, and before he had paſſed his twelfth year provided him with a maſter to teach him the ſcience of defence, and young *Grandiſon* ſoon obtained ſuch ſkill in the weapons as pleaſed both his father and maſter. He had ſtrength of body beyond his years; this added to it: he had agility; this added to his agility; and the praiſes given him by his father and maſter ſo heightened his courage, that he was almoſt tempted to wiſh for a ſubject to exerciſe it upon. His mother, however, trembled for the effects of their praiſe, and was continually reading him lectures upon true magnanimity, and upon the law of kindneſs, benevolence, and forgiveneſs of injuries; and never forgot to urge upon him, that the ſcience he was learning, was properly called a ſcience of defence, and not of offence.

But Mr. *Grandiſon* loſt this beſt of mothers by an occurrence that indelibly impreſſed upon his heart all her leſſons. Sir *Thomas* was brought home, as it was thought, mortally wounded in a duel, when the lady's ſurprize threw her into fits from which ſhe was never after free, and the dangerous way in which he continued for ſome time, brought her into an ill ſtate of health, and broke her conſtitution. A few hours before this good Lady expired, after having, upon general principles, recommended filial duty, and brotherly and ſiſterly love to her children, ſhe had ſome private diſcourſe with her ſon on the ſame ſubject, in which ſhe particularly recommended his ſiſters to him. They entering found him in tears, when the graceful youth taking each of their hands, kneeling down, and putting them into his mother's held-out dying hand, and bowing his face upon all three:

three: All, Madam—all, my deareſt beſt of mamma's, that you have injoined.——He could ſay no more; but their arms were wet with his tears.——Enough, enough, my ſon; I diſtreſs you! ſhe cried; and then kiſſing her own arm, added, Theſe are precious tears—you embalm me, my ſon, with your tears—O how precious the balm!—She then lifted up her head to kiſs his cheek, and to repeat her bleſſings to the darling of her heart.

THE ſon was inconſolable upon his mother's death. He loved his father, but quite ador'd his mother. His father, though he had given but little attention to his education, was exceſſively fond of him; and had the more eaſily ſatisfied himſelf on this head, as he knew his remiſſineſs was ſo well ſupplied with his lady's care, which mingled with the cares of the maſters of the ſeveral ſciences who came home to him at her deſire.

A deep melancholy having ſeized the young gentleman on a loſs ſo irreparable, his father, who himſelf was greatly grieved, and the more, as he could not but reproach himſelf, as having at leaſt haſtened that loſs, was alarmed for his ſon; and yielded to the entreaties of General *W.* brother to his late Lady, to permit him to travel.

THE General recommended for a governor to the young gentleman, an officer under him named *Greutzer*, who had been wounded, and obliged to quit the military ſervice. Sir *Thomas* allowed his ſon, who was now about ſeventeen, 800l. a year, from the day of his ſetting out on his travels, and this he afterwards raiſed to 1000l.

MR. *Grandiſon*'s governor, though recommended by his uncle, proved a moſt abandoned profligate; however, the youth had the happineſs, by his prudence, to eſcape ſeveral ſnares laid for his virtue, by a wretch who hoped, if he could betray him into them, to ſilence the remonſtrances of the young man upon his own bad conduct, and to hinder him from complaining of him to his father.

AT *Turin*, Mr. *Grandiſon* became acquainted with Dr. *Bartlett*, who was governor to a young gentleman

man whoſe name was *Lorimer*, with whom Mr. *Creutzer* at the ſame time commenced an intimacy, and the two former were not more united from good qualities, than the two latter were from bad; ſeveral riotous things were done by *Creutzer* and *Lorimer*, who, whatever the Doctor could do to ſeparate them, were hardly ever aſunder; and one of their enormities falling under the cognizance of the civil magiſtrate, *Creutzer* fled to *Rome*, to avoid condign puniſhment, and wrote to Mr. *Grandiſon* to join him there.

THEN it was, that Mr. *Grandiſon* ſent a letter (as he had often ineffectually threatened to do) to repreſent to his father the profligacy of the man, and to requeſt him to appoint him another governor; or to permit him to return to England, till he had made choice of one for him; begging of Dr. *Bartlett*, that he would allow him, till he had an anſwer from his father, to apply to him for advice and inſtruction. The anſwer of his father was, that he heard of his prudence from every mouth; that he was at liberty to chuſe what companion he pleaſed; but that he gave him no governor but his own diſcretion.

MR. *Grandiſon* then, more earneſtly than before, and with an humility and diffidence ſuited to his natural generoſity of temper, that never grew upon indulgence, beſought the Doctor's direction; and when they were obliged to ſeparate, they eſtabliſhed a correſpondence that was not to end but with the life of one of them.

WHILE *Lorimer* was paſſing through but a few of the cities of *Lombardy*, *Grandiſon* made almoſt the tour of *Europe*; and yet gave himſelf time to make ſuch remarks upon perſons, places, and things, as could hardly be believed to be the obſervations of ſo young a man: *Lorimer*, mean time, was engaged in ſhews, and in the idle diverſions of the places in which he lived, as it might be ſaid, rather than through which he paſſed.

The Doctor, at one time, was the more patient under theſe delays, as he was willing that the carnival at *Venice* ſhould be over before he ſuffered his

pupil

pupil to go to that city. But *Lorimer* ſuſpecting his intention, ſlipt thither unknown to his governor, at the very beginning of it; and the Doctor was forced to follow him; and when there, had the mortification of hearing of him as one of the moſt riotous perſons there.

IN vain did the Doctor, when he ſaw again his pupil, ſet before him the example of Mr. *Grandiſon*, a much younger man. All the effect which the reading of Mr. *Grandiſon*'s letters had upon him, was to make him hate the more both his governor and that gentleman. By one of theſe letters only, did he do himſelf temporary credit; it was written ſome months before it was ſhewn him, and deſcribed ſome places of note through which Mr. *Grandiſon* had paſſed. The mean wretch therefore contrived to ſteal it, and his father having often urged for a ſpecimen of his ſon's obſervations on his travels, he copied it almoſt verbatim, and ſent it as his own.

THE Doctor was much ſurpriſed when he received a congratulatory letter from his father on his ſon's improvements, mingled with ſome little aſperity at the Doctor for having ſet out his ſon to his diſadvantage: I could not doubt, ſaid the fond father, that a ſon of mine had genius, he wanted nothing but to apply—and then he gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance.

The Doctor took the young gentleman to taſk about it. He owned what he had done, and gloried in his contrivance. But his governor thought it incumbent upon him to undeceive the father, and ſave him the extraordinary expence of this remittance.

THE young man was enraged at his governor for expoſing him, and for the check he was continually giving to his lawleſs appetites; and falling into acquaintance with a courtezan, who was infamous for ruining many young travellers by her ſubtle and dangerous contrivances, they joined in a reſolution to revenge themſelves on the Doctor, whom they conſidered as their greateſt enemy.

SEVERAL projects they fell upon, and in one of them brought him to the brink of ruin. Great pains had

had been taken with *Lorimer* to make him know ſomething of the antient *Greek* and *Roman* hiſtories, and as his father was a learned man, he was very deſirous that his ſon ſhould ſee the antient places of old *Greece*, of which he himſelf had read ſo much. And with great difficulty, the Doctor got the young man to leave *Venice*, where the vile woman, and the diverſions of the place had taken ſcandalous hold of him. It was ſome time before the Doctor found out, that the very woman who had acted ſo abandoned a part with *Lorimer* at *Venice* was his miſtreſs at *Athens*; and when he did, he applied, on ſome freſh enormities committed by *Lorimer*, to the tribunal which the Chriſtians have there, conſiſting of eight venerable men out of the eight quarters of the city, to determine cauſes among Chriſtians, and they taking cognizance of the facts, the wicked woman ſuborned wretches to accuſe the Doctor to the Cadi, who is the *Turkiſh* judge of the place, as a dangerous diſaffected perſon, and the Cadi being, as was ſuppoſed, corrupted by preſents, got the Vayvade, or governor to interfere; and the Doctor was ſeized and thrown into priſon: his Chriſtian friends in the place were forbidden to interpoſe in his favour, and pen and ink, and all acceſs to him were prohibited. The vile woman having concerted meaſures with the perſons ſhe had ſuborned for continuing the Doctor in his ſevere confinement, ſet out with her paramour for *Venice*, and there they rioted as before.

MR. *Beauchamp*, a young man of learning and fine parts, happened to make an acquaintance with Mr. *Grandiſon* in the iſland of *Candia*, where they met as countrymen, which, from a ſympathy of minds grew immediately into a great intimacy. This young gentleman, in the courſe of his travels, viſiting *Athens*, about this time, was informed of the Doctor's misfortune, and knowing that Mr. *Grandiſon* was then at *Conſtantinople*, diſpatched a man on purpoſe to acquaint him with the affair, and of all the particulars he could get of the caſe.

MR. *Grandiſon* was equally grieved and aſtoniſhed at the information. He inſtantly applied to the *Engliſh*

liſh Ambaſſador at the Porte, as alſo to the *French* Miniſter there, with whom he had made an acquaintance, they to the Grand Vizir; and an order was iſſued for ſetting the Doctor at liberty. Mr. *Grandiſon*, in order to urge the diſpatch of the Chiaux, who carried it, accompanied him, and arrived at *Athens*, juſt as the Vayvade had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner (the Doctor's finances being exhauſted) by the bow-ſtring. The danger endeared the Doctor to Mr. *Grandiſon*, a relief ſo ſeaſonable endeared Mr. *Grandiſon* to the Doctor; to them both Mr. *Beauchamp*, who would not ſtir from *Athens* till he had ſeen him delivered, having buſied himſelf in the interim in the beſt manner he could, to do him ſervice, and to ſuſpend the fatal blow.

LORIMER's father, little thinking that his ſon had connived at the plot formed againſt his governor, beſought him, when he had obtained his liberty, not to leave his ſon to his own devices; and the Doctor, as little thinking then that *Lorimer* had been capable of a baſeneſs ſo very villainous, in compaſſion both to the father and ſon, went to *Venice*, and got him out of the hands of the vile woman; and then to *Rome:* but there the unhappy wretch continuing his profligate courſes, became at laſt a ſacrifice to his diſſoluteneſs; and his death was a deliverance to his family, to the Doctor, and to the earth.

ON his death-bed he confeſſed his connivance at the plots which the infamous courtezan had meditated againſt the Doctor, and particularly that which ſhe had carried into execution at *Athens*. He died in horror not to be deſcribed, begging for longer life, and promiſing reformation on that condition. The manner of his death, and the crimes he confeſſed himſelf guilty of, by the inſtigation of the moſt abandoned of women, beſides thoſe committed againſt his governor, ſo ſhocked and grieved the Doctor, that he fell ill, and his recovery was long doubted of.

MEAN time Mr. *Grandiſon* viſited ſome parts of *Aſia* and *Africa*, particularly *Egypt*; correſponding all the time with Dr. *Bartlett*. On his return to *Italy*,

finding there his two friends, he engaged the Doctor to accompany Mr. *Beauchamp* in that part of his tour into ſome of the eaſtern regions, which he himſelf had been particularly pleaſed with, and, as he ſaid, wanted to be more particularly informed of; and therefore inſiſted, that it ſhould be taken at his own expence; for he knew that Mr. *Beauchamp* had a ſtep-mother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two-thirds of the allowance he made him on his ſetting out on his travels.

MR. *Beauchamp* very reluctantly complied with the condition impoſed on him by his beloved friend: but Mr. *Grandiſon* never was at a loſs for arguments to keep in countenance the perſons whom he benefitted, and to make their acceptance of his favours appear to be both a duty and an obligation laid on himſelf.

INDEED Mr. *Grandiſon*'s whole delight was in doing good. While he was at *Leghorn*, where he reſided ſome time, for the conveniency of the *Engliſh* chapel, he lent a very honeſt man a conſiderable ſum, and took his bond for it: after a while, things not anſwering the poor man's expectation, Mr. *Grandiſon* took notice that he appeared dejected, and occaſionally came into his company, with ſuch a ſenſe of obligation in his countenance and behaviour, that he could not bear it. Why, ſaid he, ſhould I keep it in my power to diſtreſs a man, whoſe modeſty and diffidence ſhew, that he deſerves to be made eaſy? I may die ſuddenly, my executors may think it but juſtice to exact payment; and that exaction may involve him in as great difficulties as thoſe were from which the loan delivered him. I will make his heart light. Inſtead of ſuffering him to ſigh over his uncertain proſpects at his board, or in his bed, I will make both his board and his bed eaſy to him. His wife and five children ſhall rejoice with him; they ſhall ſee the good man's countenance, as it uſed to do, ſhine upon them, and occaſionally meet mine with grateful comfort.

HE then cancelled the bond; and, at the ſame time, fearing that the man's diſtreſs might be deeper than he owned, offered him the loan of a farther ſum.

But

But by his behaviour upon this generous offer, he found that the ſum he owed, and the doubts he was under of his being able to pay it in time, were the whole of the honeſt man's grievances. He declined, with gratitude, the additional offer, and walked ever after erect.

BUT we are now entering upon a number of intereſting ſcenes, which aroſe from Mr. *Grandiſon*'s connections with perſons, who, from henceforward, will make a very conſiderable figure in this hiſtory, and with whom it is proper the reader ſhould be acquainted.

AT *Bologna*, and in the neighbourhood of *Urbino*, are ſeated two branches of a noble family, Marquiſſes and Counts of *Porretta*, which boaſts its pedigree from *Roman* princes. The Marcheſe *della Porretta*, who reſides in *Bologna*, is a nobleman of great merit; his Lady is illuſtrious by deſcent, and ſtill more ſo for the goodneſs of her heart, ſweetneſs of temper, and prudence. They have three ſons and a daughter. The eldeſt of the ſons is a general officer, in the ſervice of the King of the two *Sicilies*; a man of great honour and bravery, but paſſionate and haughty, valuing himſelf on his deſcent. The ſecond is devoted to the church, and is already a biſhop. The third, Signior *Jeronymo*, (or, as he is ſometimes called, the Barone *della Porretta*) has a regiment in the ſervice of the King of *Sardinia*. The ſiſter is the favourite of them all; ſhe is lovely in her perſon, gentle in her manners, and has high, but juſt notions of the honour of her ſex, and of what is due to her own character. She is pious, charitable, and beneficent. Her three brothers preferred her intereſt to their own. Her father uſed to call her, *The pride of his life*; her mother, *Her other ſelf*; *her own* Clementina.

MR. *Grandiſon* became intimate with Signior *Jeronymo* at *Rome*. This youth was maſter of many fine qualities; for he had a ſweetneſs of manners, an affectionate heart, and was ſo delightfully gay and lively, that his company was ſought by every body; but unhappily he had contracted an acquaintance with a ſet of diſſolute young men, with whom he wanted

Mr. *Grandiſon* to become acquainted: this gentleman ſuffered himſelf ſeveral times to be brought into their company; but as he found they were totally abandoned in their morals, it was with the hopes of drawing his friend by degrees from them: but a love of pleaſure had got faſt hold of him, and his other companions prevailed over his good nature. He had courage, but not enough to reſiſt their libertine attacks upon his morals.

SUCH a friendſhip could not hold, while each ſtood his ground, and neither would advance to meet the other. However, Mr. *Grandiſon* was too ſincere a friend not to make uſe of all his power to reclaim him; and this he attempted by writing the following affectionate letter.

To the BARONE DELLA PORRETTA.

"WILL my *Jeronymo* allow his friend, his "*Grandiſon*, the liberty he is going to take "with him? If the friendſhip he profeſſes for him "be ſuch a one, as a great mind can, on reflection, "glory in, he will. And what is this liberty, but "ſuch as conſtitutes the eſſence of true friendſhip? "I am the rather encouraged to take it, as I have "often flattered myſelf, that I have ſeen my *Jero-* "*nymo* affected by the arguments urged in the courſe "of the converſations that have been held in our "ſelect meetings at *Padua*, and at *Rome*; in which "the cauſe of virtue and true honour has been diſ- "cuſſed and pleaded.

"I HAVE now no hopes of influencing any one of "the noble youths, whom, at your requeſt, I have "of late ſo often met: but of you I have ſtill hopes, "becauſe you continue to declare, that you prefer "my friendſhip to theirs. You think that I was "diſguſted at the ridicule with which they generally "treated the arguments they could not anſwer; but "as far as I innocently could, I followed them in "their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and "not always, as you know, unſucceſsful; but ſtill "they could not convince me, nor I them.

"I quit

"I quit therefore, yet not without regret, the ſo-
"ciety I cannot meet with pleaſure; but let not my
"*Jeronymo* renounce me. In his opinion I had the
"honour to ſtand high before I was prevailed upon
"to be introduced to them; we cultivated, with
"mutual pleaſure, each others acquaintance. Let
"us be to each other what we were for the firſt
"month of our intimacy. You have noble quali-
"ties; but are diffident, and too often ſuffer your-
"ſelf to be influenced by men of talents inferior to
"your own.

"THE ridicule they have aimed at has weakened,
"perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wiſhed
"to have more than a temporary effect on your
"heart. Permit me to remind you on paper of ſome
"of them, and urge to you others.

"YOU have ſhewed me letters from your noble
"father, from your mother, from the pious prelate
"your brother, and others from your uncle, and ſtill,
"if poſſible, more admirable ones from your ſiſter—
"all filled with concern for your preſent and future
"welfare! How dearly is my *Jeronymo* beloved by
"his whole family! And how tenderly does he love
"them!——What ought to be the reſult? *Jeronymo*
"cannot be ungrateful. He knows ſo well what
"belongs to the character of a dutiful ſon, and an
"affectionate brother, that I will not attempt to in-
"force their arguments upon him.

"MY *Jeronymo* has pleaded, and juſtly may he
"boaſt of a diſpoſition to benevolence, charity, and
"generoſity; but remember, my Lord, that true
"goodneſs is an uniform thing, and will alike influ-
"ence every part of a man's conduct; and that true
"generoſity will not be confined to obligations, ei-
"ther written or verbal.

"BESIDES, who, though in the leaſt guilty in-
"ſtance, and where ſome falſe virtue may hold out
"colours to palliate an exceſs, can promiſe himſelf
"to ſtop, when once he has thrown the reins on
"the neck of his lawleſs appetite? And may I not
"add, that my *Jeronymo* is not in his own power?
"He ſuffers himſelf to be led! O that he would

" chooſe his company a new, and be a leader! Every " virtue then that warms his heart, would have a " ſiſter virtue to encourage the noble flame, inſtead " of vice to damp it.

" JUSTLY do you boaſt of the nobility of your " deſcent, of the excellency of every branch of your " family. Bear with my queſtion, my Lord: Are " you determined to ſit down ſatisfied with the ho- " nour of your anceſtors? Your progenitors, and " every one of your family, have given you reaſon " to applaud their worth; will you not give them " cauſe to boaſt of yours?

" LET us conſider the objects of your purſuit. " Are they women ſeduced from the path of virtue " by yourſelf——who otherwiſe, perhaps, would " have married, and made uſeful members of ſociety? " Conſider, my friend, what a capital crime is a " ſeduction of this kind! Can you glory in the " virtue of a ſiſter of your own, and allow yourſelf " in attempts upon the daughter, the ſiſter of ano- " ther? And let me aſk, How can that crime be " thought pardonable in a man which renders a wo- " man infamous?

" MEN, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to " ſuppoſe, that nature has deſigned them to be ſu- " perior to women. The higheſt proof that can be " given of ſuch ſuperiority, is in the protection af- " forded by the ſtronger to the weaker. What can " that man ſay for himſelf, or his proud pretenſion, " who employs all his art to ſeduce, betray, and ruin " the creature whom he ſhould guide and protect?— " Sedulous to ſave her, perhaps, from every foe but " the devil and himſelf!

" REMEMBER, my *Jeronymo*, that you are a man, " a rational and moral agent, and act up to the " dignity of your nature. Are there not, let me aſk, " innocent delights enough to fill with joy every " vacant hour. Believe me, *Jeronymo*, there are. " Let you and me ſeek for ſuch, and make them " the cement of our friendſhip. Religion out of the " queſtion, conſider what morals and good policy " will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part

" in

" in public life. What (were the examples ſet by
" you and your acquaintance to be generally follow-
" ed) would become of public order and decorum?
" how will a regular ſucceſſion in families be kept
" up? You, my Lord, boaſt of your deſcent, and
" why will you deprive *your* children of an advantage
" in which *you* glory.

" GOOD children, what a bleſſing to their parents!
" but what comfort can the parent have in children
" born into the world the heirs of diſgrace, and who,
" owing their very being to profligate principles,
" have no family honour to ſupport, no fair example
" to imitate, but muſt be warned by their father,
" when bitter experience has convinced him of his
" errors, to avoid the paths in which he has trod?

" HOW delightful the domeſtic connection! to
" bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a ſiſ-
" ter, a daughter, that ſhall be received there with
" tender love; to ſtrengthen your own intereſt in the
" world by an alliance with ſome noble and worthy
" family, who ſhall rejoice to truſt to the Barone
" *della Porretta* the darling of their hopes.——This
" would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the
" ſource of infinite delights. But could you now
" think of introducing to the friends you revere, the
" unhappy object of a vagrant affection? Muſt not
" my *Jeronymo* eſtrange himſelf from his home, to
" conceal from his father, from his mother, from his
" ſiſter, perſons ſhut out by all the laws of honour
" from their ſociety?

" BUT the preſent hour dances delightfully away,
" and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay
" companions applaud and compliment him on his
" triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows, that
" welfare and order of ſociety ought to be maintain-
" ed by a ſubmiſſion to divine and human laws; but
" his ſingle exception for himſelf can be of no impor-
" tance. Of what then is general practice made up?
" ——If every one excepts himſelf, and offends in
" the inſtance that beſt ſuits his inclination, what a
" ſcene of horror will this world become! Affluence
" and a gay diſpoſition tempt to licentious pleaſures;

" penury and a gloomy one to robbery, revenge and " murder. Not one enormity will be without its " plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown " down. But even in this univerſal depravity, would " not *his* crime be much worſe, who robbed me of " my child from *riot* and *licentiouſneſs*, and under the " guiſe of love and truth, than his who deſpoiled " me of my ſubſtance, and had *neceſſity* to plead in " extenuation of his guilt?

" I CANNOT doubt, my dear friend, but you will " take, at leaſt, kindly, theſe expoſtulations, though " ſome of them are upon ſubjects on which our con- " verſations have been hitherto ineffectual. I ſubmit " them to your conſideration. I can have no intereſt " in making them, no motive but what proceeds " from that true friendſhip with which I deſire to be " thought,

" *Moſt affectionately yours,*
" CHARLES GRANDISON."

SIGNIOR *Jeronymo*'s high ſpirit could but ill brook oppoſition in any purſuit in which his heart was engaged; he was therefore offended at the freedom of this expoſtulatory letter. When puſhed, he was vehement; and Mr. *Grandiſon* could not be ſo very ſolicitous to keep up a friendſhip with a man under the dominion of his diſſolute companions, and who would not allow of remonſtrances, in caſes in which his morals were concerned. They therefore parted, and kept up no correſpondence during their abſence; but ſometime after, *Jeronymo* being drawn by his libertine friends into great inconveniences, broke with them; and Mr. *Grandiſon* and he meeting by accident at *Padua*, their friendſhip, at the preſſing inſtances of *Jeronymo*, was again renewed.

JERONYMO thought himſelf reformed; Mr. *Grandiſon* hoped he was; but ſoon after a temptation fell in his way, which he could not reſiſt. It was from a lady who was more noted for her birth, beauty, and fortune, than for her virtue. She had ſpread her ſnares for Mr. *Grandiſon* before *Jeronymo* became acquainted with her; and in revenge for her ſlighted advances

vances taking poſſeſſion of her heart, ſhe hoped an opportunity would be afforded her of wreaking it upon him.

MR. *Grandiſon*, who lamented the infatuation of his friend, thought himſelf obliged in honour and conſcience to endeavour to recall him to the paths of virtue, by writing him another letter; in which, in the gentleſt terms, he cenſured his conduct, and warned him of the danger he ran from two men of violent ſpirits, who, unknown to each other, looked upon her as their own. But what was the conſequence? The unhappy youth, by the inſtigation of the revengeful woman, defied his friend in her behalf. On which *Grandiſon*, with a noble diſdain, appealed to *Jeronymo*'s cooler deliberation; and told him, that he never would meet as a foe the man he had ever been deſirous to conſider as his friend. You know, my Lord, ſaid he, the diſadvantage I ſhould be under were I to aſſert myſelf in a country where I have no natural connections, and where you, *Jeronymo*, have many. If we meet again, I do aſſure you, it muſt be by accident; and if that happens, we ſhall then find it time enough to diſcuſs the occaſion of our preſent miſunderſtanding.

THE next meeting was indeed by accident. *Jeronymo* purſued the adventure which had occaſioned the difference; and one of the lady's admirers hired *Breſcian* bravoes to aſſaſſinate him. The attempt was made in the *Cremoneſe*, wherein they had got him into their toils in a little thicket at ſome diſtance from the road.

MR. *Grandiſon*, attended by two ſervants, happened to be paſſing, when a frighted horſe ran acroſs the way, his bridle broken, and his ſaddle bloody. Mr. *Grandiſon* apprehending ſome miſchief had befallen the rider, drove down the opening he came from, and ſoon beheld a man ſtruggling on the ground with two ruffians, one of whom was ſtopping his mouth, the other ſtabbing him. Mr. *Grandiſon* leaped out of the poſt-chaiſe, and drew his ſword, running towards them as faſt as he could; and calling to his ſervants to follow him. On this they fled; when he heard them

ſay, Let us make off, we have done his buſineſs. Incenſed at their villainy, he purſued and came up with one of them, who turned upon him; he beat down the aſſaſſin's blunderbuſs, juſt as he preſented it at him, wounded, and threw him on the ground; but ſeeing the other ruffian turning back to help his fellow, and, on a ſudden, two others appearing with their horſes, he thought it beſt to retreat, though he would fain have ſecured one of them. His ſervants then ſeeing his danger, haſtened, ſhouting, towards him; when the bravoes, perhaps apprehending there were more than two, ſeemed as glad to get off with their reſcued companion, as he was to retire. Mr. *Grandiſon* then haſtened to the unhappy man; but how was he ſurprized, when he found him to be the Barone *della Porretta*, who, in diſguiſe, had been purſuing his amour!

He gave ſigns of life, on which *Grandiſon* inſtantly diſpatched one of his ſervants to *Cremona*, for a ſurgeon, and in the mean time bound up, as well as he could, two of his wounds, one in his ſhoulder, the other in his breaſt; but he had one in his hip, which his young deliverer found beyond his ſkill to do any thing with; however, he endeavoured with his handkerchief to ſtop its bleeding; helped him into his chaiſe; ſtept in with him, and held him up in it, till one of his men told him, that in another part of the thicket he had found *Jeronymo*'s ſervant, bound and wounded, and his horſe lying dead by his ſide. He then alighted, and the poor fellow being ſtiff with his hurts, and unable to ſtand, put him into the chaiſe.

Mr. *Grandiſon* walked by its ſide, and in this manner moved towards *Cremona*, in order to ſhorten the way of the expected ſurgeon.

His ſervant ſoon returned with one. *Jeronymo* had fainted away. The ſurgeon dreſſed his wounds, and proceeded with him to *Cremona*. Then it was, that opening his eyes, he beheld and knew Mr. *Grandiſon*; and being told by the ſurgeon, that he owed his preſervation to him, O *Grandiſon!* ſaid he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promiſe with you!—How did I inſult you!—Can my deliverer

deliverer forgive me? You ſhall be the director of my future life, if it pleaſe God to reſtore me.

MR. *Grandiſon* attended him at *Cremona*, till he was fit to remove, where he was viſited by his whole family. There never was a family more affectionate to one another; the ſuffering of one was the ſuffering of every one. The Barone was exceedingly beloved by his father, mother, ſiſter, for the ſweetneſs of his manners, and his affectionate heart. It is eaſy to believe then how acceptable to the whole family the ſervice was which Mr. *Grandiſon* was ſo happy as to render their *Jeronymo*. They all joined to bleſs him, and the more when they came to know that he was the perſon whom their *Jeronymo*, in the days of their intimacy, had highly extolled in his letters to his ſiſter, and to both brothers; and who now related to them, by word of mouth, the occaſion of the coldneſs that had paſſed between them, with circumſtances as honourable to Mr. *Grandiſon* as they were diſhonourable to himſelf. He now, as his friend attended by his bed or his couch ſide, frequently called for a repetition of thoſe arguments which he had, till now, derided. He beſought him to forgive his treating them before with levity, and him with a diſreſpect next to inſult; and begged his family to conſider him, not only as the preſerver of his life, but as the reſtorer of his morals. This gave the whole family the higheſt opinion of the virtue and integrity of Mr. *Grandiſon*'s heart, and ſtill more to ſtrengthen it, the generous youth ſhewed them the letter his friend had wrote, with the hopes of inforcing his temporary convictions.

NEVER was there a more grateful family. The noble father was uneaſy becauſe he knew not how to acknowledge, according to the largeneſs of his heart, to a man in genteel circumſtances, the obligation laid upon them all. The mother, with a freedom more amiably great than the *Italian* ladies are accuſtomed to expreſs, bid her *Clementina* regard as her fourth brother, the preſerver of the third. The Barone declared, that he ſhould never reſt nor recover, till he

he had got him rewarded in ſuch a manner as all the world ſhould think he had honour done him in it.

WHEN the Barone was removed to *Bologna*, the whole family were ſtudious to make occaſions to get Mr. *Grandiſon* among them. The General made him promiſe, when his relations, as he called them, at *Bologna* could part with him, to give him his company at *Naples*. The Biſhop, who paſſed all the time he could ſpare from his dioceſe at *Bologna*, in compliment to his fourth brother, would have him initiate him into the knowledge of the *Engliſh* tongue.

OUR *Milton* had deſervedly a name among them. The friendſhip that was between him and a learned nobleman of that country indeared his memory to them. *Milton* therefore was their principal author. Their lectures were uſually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him. He alſo became a ſcholar. The father and mother were often preſent, and at ſuch times their *Clementina* was ſeldom abſent. She alſo called him her tutor; and though ſhe was not half ſo often preſent at the lectures as her brothers were, made greater proficiency than either of them.

THE father, as well as the Biſhop, is learned; the mother well read. She had had the benefit of a *French* education, being brought up by her uncle, who reſided many years at *Paris* in a public character; and her daughter had, under her eye, advantages in her education which are hardly ever allowed or ſought after by the *Italian* ladies. In ſuch company Mr. *Grandiſon* paſſed his time very agreeably. He was particularly honoured with the confidence of the Marchioneſs, who opened her heart to him on every material occurrence. Her Lord, who is one of the politeſt of men, was never better pleaſed than when he found them together; and frequently, though they were not engaged in lectures, the fair *Clementina* claimed a right to be where her mother was.

ABOUT this time the young Count of *Belvedere*, who had been educated in *Spain*, returned to *Parma*, and, on a viſit to this noble family, ſaw and loved *Clementina*. As the Count was a man of ſenſe, had a hand-

handſome perſon and a great fortune, ſuch an alliance was not to be ſlighted. The Marquis gave his countenance to it; and the Marchioneſs had ſeveral converſations with Mr. *Grandiſon*, on the ſame ſubject. She was of opinion that it was neceſſary to know his thoughts on this occaſion; for the younger brother, unknown to him, declared, that he thought there was no way of rewarding his merit to the family, but by giving him a relation to it.

MEAN while, Mr. *Grandiſon*, diſtinguiſhed as he was by every individual of this noble houſe, and a witneſs to the thouſand good qualities of this lovely daughter, found it impoſſible not to ſuffer his vanity to be ſometimes awakened, and wiſh to ariſe that there might be a poſſibility of obtaining ſuch a prize; but he checked the vanity the moment he found it play about his heart. To have attempted to recommend himſelf to the young lady's favour, though but by looks and aſſiduities, he would have thought an infamous breach of the truſt and confidence repoſed in him.

ABOUT the ſame time the rebellion broke out in *Scotland*, and as Mr. *Grandiſon* was known to be warm in the intereſt of his country, he was frequently obliged to enter into debates, which he would gladly have avoided. The ſucceſs of the rebels, it was not doubted, would be attended with the reſtoration of the catholic religion; and *Clementina* particularly pleaſed herſelf, that then her heretic tutor would take refuge in the boſom of his mother church; ſhe delighted to ſay things of this nature in the language he was teaching her, and which, by this time, ſhe ſpoke very intelligibly.

UPON this Mr. *Grandiſon* took a reſolution to leave *Italy*, and retire to ſome of the *German* courts. He communicated his intention firſt to the Marchioneſs. That lady expreſſed her concern at the thoughts of his quitting *Italy*, and engaged him to put off his departure for ſome weeks; but at the ſame time hinted her and her Lord's apprehenſions, that he was in love with her *Clementina*. He convinced her of his honour in this particular, and ſhe ſo well ſatisfied the

the Marquis, that on her daughter's abſolute refuſal of the Count of *Belvedere*, they confided in him to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young lady and he had a conference upon the ſubject, while the father and mother, unknown to them both, had placed themſelves in a cloſet adjoining to the room they were in, and which communicated to another, as well as to that; and they had no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with what they heard him ſay to their daughter.

The time of his departure from *Italy* drawing near, and the young lady repeatedly refuſing the Count of *Belvedere*, the younger brother, ſtill unknown to Mr. *Grandiſon*, declared in his favour. Theſe objected difficulties in relation to his religion and his country: he deſired to be commiſſioned to talk to him on thoſe ſubjects, and to his ſiſter on her motives for refuſing the Count of *Belvedere*; but this they would not hear of. The Marchioneſs herſelf undertook to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her, her reaſons for rejecting every propoſal that had been made her. But when ſhe cloſeted her *Clementina*, ſhe could get nothing from her but tears: a ſilence, without the leaſt appearance of ſullenneſs, had for ſome days before ſhewn, that a deep melancholy had begun to lay hold of her heart: ſhe was, however, offended when love was attributed to her; yet her mother told Mr. *Grandiſon*, that ſhe could not but ſuſpect that ſhe was under the dominion of that paſſion without knowing it; and the rather, as ſhe was never cheatful but when ſhe was taking leſſons for learning a tongue that was likely to be of no uſe to her.

As her melancholy increaſed, her tutor was deſired to talk to her. He did ſo. It was obſerved that ſhe generally aſſumed a chearful air while he was with her, but ſaid little; yet ſeemed pleaſed with every thing he ſaid to her; but the moment he was gone, her countenance fell, and ſhe was ſtudious to find opportunities of being alone. Her parents were in the deepeſt affliction. They conſulted phyſicians, who all pronounced her malady to be love. She was taxed with it, and all the indulgence promiſed her

that

that her heart could wiſh, as to the object; but ſtill ſhe could not with patience bear the imputation.

THE evening before the day, in which Mr. *Grandiſon* was to ſet out for *Germany*, the family made a ſumptuous entertainment in honour of a gueſt to whom they were under ſuch obligations. They had brought themſelves to approve of his departure the more readily from their being willing to know in what manner it would affect their *Clementina*.

CLEMENTINA appeared at table and ſupported her part of the converſation, during the whole evening, with extraordinary vivacity, and yet there was nothing in her behaviour or looks that appeared in the leaſt affected. When acknowledgments were made to him of the pleaſure he had given the whole family, ſhe joined in them. When they wiſhed to ſee him again before he left *Italy*, ſhe did the ſame. Mr. *Grandiſon*'s heart was dilated: he was overjoyed to ſee ſuch a happy alteration. When he took leave of them, ſhe ſtood forward to receive his compliments, with a polite *French* freedom. He offered to preſs her hand with his lips: my brother's deliverer, ſaid ſhe, muſt not affect this diſtance, and then offered her cheek; adding, God preſerve my tutor wherever he ſets his foot (and in *Engliſh*, God convert you too, Chevalier!) may you never want ſuch an agreeable friend as you have been to us!

SIGNIOR *Jeronymo* was not able to be with them; his friend therefore went up to take leave of him: O my *Grandiſon!* ſaid he, flinging his arms about his neck; and will you go!——Bleſſings attend you! But what will become of a brother and ſiſter, when they have loſt you!—She muſt, ſhe ſhall be yours, ſaid he, if I can manage it. Why, why will you leave us? Mr *Grandiſon* was ſurprized to hear him ſay this; for he had never before been ſo particular, and anſwered that it could not be, for there were a thouſand obſtacles—All of which, rejoined *Jeronymo*, that depend upon us, I doubt not to overcome. They then agreed upon a correſpondence, and parted, Mr. *Grandiſon* ſetting out for *Inſpruck*.

BUT

BUT how was he afflicted, when on his arrival at that city, he received a letter by which he was informed that this ſun-ſhine laſted no longer than the next day! and that the young lady's malady had returned with double force!

SHE ſhut herſelf up in her chamber, not ſeeming to regard or know that her woman was in it; and made no anſwer to the queſtions ſhe aſked her; but, ſetting her chair with its back towards her, over-againſt a cloſet in the room, after a profound ſilence, ſhe bent forwards, and in a low voice ſeemed to be communing with a perſon in the cloſet, and cried, You ſay he is actually gone! Gone for ever! No, not for ever!—Who gone, Madam! ſaid her woman. To whom do you direct your diſcourſe!—We were all obliged to him, no doubt, rejoined ſhe; ſo bravely to reſcue my brother and to purſue the bravoes, and as my brother ſays, to put him into his own chaiſe and walk on foot by the ſide of it.—Why, as you ſay, the aſſaſſins might have murdered him; the horſes might have trampled him under their feet. Still looking as if ſhe was ſpeaking to ſome-body in the cloſet.

Her woman ſtept to the cloſet, opened the door, and left it open, to take off her attention to the place, and to turn the courſe of her ideas; but ſtill ſhe bent forwards, and talked calmly, as if to ſomebody in it; then breaking into a faint laugh, cried, in love! that is ſuch a ſilly notion! and yet I love every body better than myſelf.

JUST then her mother came into the room. The young lady aroſe in haſte, and ſhut the cloſet-door, as if ſhe had ſomebody hid there, and throwing herſelf at her mother's feet, My dear, my ever honoured mamma, ſaid ſhe, forgive me for all the trouble I have cauſed you—But I will, I muſt, you can't deny me; I will be God's child, as well as yours. I will go into a nunnery.

ALL that medicine could do, was tried: but her confeſſor, though an honeſt and worthy man, kept up her fears and terrors. He ſaw the favour her tutor was in with the whole family; and betwixt her pie-

ty

ty and her gratitude, had raiſed ſuch a conflict in her mind, as her tender nature could not bear.

AT *Florence* there lives a family of high rank and honour, the ladies of which have a friend with them named *Beaumont*, who, in the early part of life was robbed of her fortune by an uncle. She is an *Engliſh* woman, and a proteſtant; and is greatly admired for her genius and the excellency of her heart. Theſe two ladies, and this their companion, were viſiting one day at the Marcheſe *della Porretta*'s, and the diſtreſſed mother told them the mournful tale; and theſe ladies, who think nothing within the compaſs of human prudence impoſſible to their Mrs. *Beaumont*, wiſhed that the young lady might be entruſted for a week to her care, at their own houſe at *Florence*. This was conſented to as ſoon as propoſed, and they took her with them on their ſetting out for *Florence*.

MRS. *Beaumont* ſoon ingratiated herſelf into the affections of the unhappy *Clementina*, and by a very artful management prevailed upon her to reveal the cauſe of her melancholy, and that it was occaſioned by her affections for Mr. *Grandiſon*. The hopes that his abſence would reſtore her tranquility, had enabled her to behave with ſuch ſteadineſs at his departure; but this was too great a part for the poor *Clementina* to maintain; for her ſoul was too high-ſet. And ſhe ſtill profeſſed that ſhe would never be the wife of a man, who, by his religion, was an enemy to the faith ſhe had never wavered in; and which ſhe ſaid ſhe would never change were an earthly crown on the head of the man ſhe loved, to be the reward; and a painful death, in the prime of her life, the contrary.

MRS. *Beaumont* in an affecting letter ſent a particular account of this converſation to the Marchioneſs, who in return ſent her an anſwer filled with the warmeſt proteſtations of gratitude, in which was incloſed a letter to her daughter filled with tender conſolation, inviting her back to *Bologna*, and her amiable friend with her; promiſing, in the name of her father and brothers, a moſt indulgent welcome, and that ſhe ſhould be gratified in all her wiſhes. The

young

young lady was the eaſier for theſe aſſurances, and the advice of ſuch a friend; and returned to *Bologna* much more compoſed than when ſhe left it.

UPON this occaſion there was a convention of the whole family, the *Urbino* branch, as well as the General being preſent, when by common conſent Mr. *Grandiſon* was ſent for. He was then at *Vienna*. Signior *Jeronymo*, in his letter, congratulated him in high terms, as a man, whom he had it at laſt in his power to reward; hinting, in general, that the conditions would be ſuch, as it was impoſſible but he muſt find greatly to his advantage. Mr. *Grandiſon* could not help being greatly affected with the news; yet knowing the lady, and the family, he was afraid the articles of reſidence and religion would not be eaſily compromiſed between them; he therefore ſummoned up all his prudence to keep his fears alive, and his hope in ſuſpenſe.

MR. *Grandiſon* was received at his arrival with great tokens of eſteem and friendſhip, by the Marquis himſelf, and by the Biſhop. Signior *Jeronymo*, who ſtill kept his chamber, embraced him; and now, ſaid he, is the affair I have had ſo long in view determined, O Chevalier! you will be a happy man. *Clementina* will be yours; you will be *Clementina*'s: and now indeed do I embrace my brother——But I will not detain you; go to the happy girl; ſhe is with her mother; and both are ready to receive and welcome you.

MR. *Grandiſon* was then conducted into the Marchioneſs's drawing-room, where he found that lady richly dreſſed, but without attendants, with the lovely *Clementina* ſtanding behind her chair; the young lady was alſo elegantly dreſſed; but her natural modeſty, heightened by a glowing conſciouſneſs, that ſeemed to ariſe from the occaſion, gave her advantages that her richeſt jewels could not have given. The Marchioneſs treated him with great tenderneſs and reſpect, apologized for her daughter's ſilence and confuſion, and on her retiring, congratulated him on the happineſs deſigned him, and told him that ſhe would leave particular ſubjects to be talked of

of between the Biſhop and him, adding, that the ſame things ſhould be done for *Clementina* as if ſhe had married the man they wiſhed her to have when they thought her affections diſengaged.

MR. *Grandiſon* applauded her goodneſs. She told him that ſhe did not doubt his loving *Clementina* more than any other woman. He had never ſeen the lady he could have loved ſo well, had he not reſtrained himſelf from the high notion he knew they had of their quality and rank; from conſiderations of the difference of religion; from the truſt and confidence the family repoſed in him; and from the reſolution he had made on his entering on his travels, of never marrying a foreigner; he therefore aſſured the Marchioneſs, that his affections were abſolutely diſengaged, that not having preſumed to encourage hopes of the good fortune that ſeemed to await him, he could hardly yet flatter himſelf that ſo great a happineſs was reſerved for him. She anſwered, that he deſerved it all; that he knew the value they had for him; that *Clementina*'s regard was founded in virtue, and ſhe did not doubt but all that depended on him, would, as well from generoſity as gratitude, be complied with. The Marquis entered ſoon after, treated him with the ſame indulgence, and let him know that his ſon the Biſhop would talk to him upon terms. He was ready to recogniſe the fourth ſon in him. A great fortune, additional to a noble eſtate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers, was propoſed; and his father was to be invited over to grace their nuptials by his preſence.

AT laſt the Biſhop made the dreaded propoſals, that neither his conſcience nor his love for his country would ſuffer him to comply with. He was to make a formal renunciation of his religion, and to ſettle in *Italy*; only once in two or three years, was allowed, if he pleaſed, for two or three months, to go to *England*; and, as a viſit of curioſity, once in her life, if their daughter deſired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them.

THE Biſhop, amazed at his ſcruples, endeavoured in vain to convince him of what he called his errors,

and

and even reproached him with obſtinacy, cruelty and ingratitude. The General raved, threatened, and treated him with contempt; and the Marquis began to think him unworthy of the honour deſigned him. What was Mr. *Grandiſon*'s grief, to be obliged to deny himſelf the deareſt wiſh of his heart, and to diſappoint ſuch expectations as were raiſed by perſons who had ſo ſincere a value for him! But when the friendly brother implored his compliance; when the excellent mother beſought him to have pity on her heart and her child's head; and when the tender, the amiable *Clementina*, putting herſelf out of the queſtion, urged him, for his ſoul's ſake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother the church, how was his mind torn by the contending paſſions which ſtruggled in his breaſt! But he was entirely ſatisfied with his own faith, and had inſuperable objections to that they wiſhed him to embrace, and his God and his country were to be the ſacrifice if he complied. Yet he laboured, he ſtudied for a compromiſe. He would have been unjuſt to *Clementina*'s merit, and to his own character, had ſhe not been very dear to him. And indeed he beheld graces in her then, that he had before reſolved to ſhut his eyes againſt, and till now he had ſtruggled to behold one of the moſt amiable and noble minded of women with indifference. He ſought for a compromiſe, and propoſed to live one year in *Italy*, one in *England* by turns, if their dear *Clementina* would live with him there; if not, he told them he would be contented with only paſſing three months in every year in his native country. He propoſed to leave her entirely at her liberty, in the article of religion; and in caſe of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by her, the ſons by him; a condition to which the pope himſelf, it was preſumed, would not refuſe his ſanction, as there are precedents for it. To this the unhappy lady would have conſented, and was earneſt to procure the conſent of her friends. No arguments, however, could prevail on them to allow their daughter to marry a proteſtant.

BUT what ſcenes, what diſtreſsful ſcenes followed! The noble father forgot his indulgence; the mother indeed ſeemed, in a manner, neutral; the youngeſt brother was ſtill however firm in Mr. *Grandiſon*'s cauſe; but the Marquis, the General, the Biſhop, and the whole *Urbino* branch of the family, were not to be moved; and the leſs, becauſe they conſidered the alliance as derogatory to their own honour, in the ſame proportion as they thought it honourable to him; a private, and obſcure man, as now they began to call him.

HE was treated by the General even with an inſolent arrogance; for he, imagining that Mr. *Grandiſon* had uſed art in order to engage the affections of his ſiſter, pretended to have a right to call him to an account: but though Mr. *Grandiſon*'s heart was deeply diſtreſſed, he anſwered the General's paſſionate ſpeeches with ſpirit, and yet let him know, that nothing ſhould make him attempt the life of the brother of his friend. He was deſired to depart from *Bologna*; but he wrote to the Marquis to inform him that he could not leave that city till he had an opportunity of returning him and his family thanks for the many favours they had conferred upon him. He was therefore invited, and received with kindneſs, where, by the noble intrepidity of his behaviour, he conquered the General's reſentment. But the unhappy *Clementina* was not permitted to ſee him, though on her knees ſhe begged to have a parting interview. At hearing of his being gone, her rage and deſpair moved every one to pity, and this ſubſided into fits of ſilence and the deepeſt melancholy.

MR. *Grandiſon*, at his leaving *Italy*, ſet out for *Paris*, in order to wait there his father's orders to return to his native country. While Mr. *Grandiſon* was in *France*, he paid a viſit to Mr. *Danby*, a merchant of equal eminence and integrity, to whom his father had uſed to make remittances for his uſe; with this gentleman he had been before acquainted, and after having paſſed two days with him at his houſe in the city, he accompanied him to a little lone houſe of his in the *Cambreſis*, which that gentleman uſed to call

call his dormitory. Mr. *Grandiſon* had one ſervant with him, who lay with a man-ſervant of Mr. *Danby*'s, in a little room over the ſtable, about a hundred yards from the houſe; for there were only conveniencies in the houſe for Mr. *Danby* and a friend, beſides two women ſervants in the upper part of it.

ABOUT midnight, Mr. *Grandiſon* was alarmed by a noiſe, as of violence uſed at the window of Mr. *Danby*'s room. Mr. *Grandiſon*'s communicated with his, and the faſtening of the door was a ſpring lock, the key of which was on his ſide. He ſlipt on his cloaths in an inſtant, and drawing his ſword ran into the next room, juſt as one villain, with a large knife in his hand, had ſeized Mr. *Danby*'s throat, who, till then, was in a ſound ſleep. The ſkin of his neck, and one hand lifted up to defend himſelf, were ſlightly wounded, when Mr. *Grandiſon* run the ruffian into the ſhoulder with his ſword, and in the ſame moment diſarmed him, and threw him, with violence, from the bed againſt the door; he roaring out, that he was a dead man.

A ſecond fellow had got up to the window, and was half in; he called out to a third below, to haſten up after him on a ladder, which was generally left in an out-houſe near the garden. Mr. *Grandiſon* haſtened to the ſecond fellow, who then fired a piſtol, but happily miſſed him; and who feeling his ſword's point in his arm, threw himſelf, with a little of Mr. *Grandiſon*'s help, out of the window, upon the third fellow, who was mounting the ladder, and knocked him off; and then both made their eſcape by the way they came.

THE fellow within had fainted, and lay weltering in his blood. By this time the two maid-ſervants had let in Mr. *Grandiſon*'s and Mr. *Danby*'s men, who had been alarmed by the report of the piſtol, and the ſcreams of the women from their window; for they did not venture out of their chamber, till they were called upon for entrance by their fellow-ſervants from below.

THE two footmen, by Mr. *Grandiſon*'s direction, bound up the ruffian's ſhoulder, and dragged him down

down into the hall, where he ſoon came to himſelf, and offered to make an ample confeſſion. Poor Mr. *Danby* had crept into Mr. *Grandiſon*'s room, and in a corner of it had fainted away, and was with difficulty recovered. The fellow confeſſed before a magiſtrate the whole villainy, and who it was that ſet him to work.

IT ſeems, Mr. *Danby* had a brother who was a very profligate man, to whom he had often given large ſums, which he ſquandered away almoſt as ſoon as he received them. This man had demanded of him, and took it ill, that he denied him a thouſand guineas, for no better reaſon, but becauſe he had generouſly given that ſum to each of his children, pleading, that ſurely he was as nearly related to his brother as his children were: indeed, no plea is too weak for folly and ſelf-intereſt to inſiſt upon: and from hence this wicked man, enraged at being refuſed the ſum he had ſo unſeaſonably demanded, formed a plot to get the poſſeſſion of his whole fortune; for Mr. *Danby* was a batchelor, and it was known he had an averſion to the thoughts of making his will. This wretch had, in ſhort, hired the three ruffians to murder him, and that the fact might have the appearance of being done by robbers, the cabinets in the bed-chamber were to be broke open and rifled after the horrid fact was perpetrated. The villains were each to be rewarded with a thouſand crowns, payable on this unnatural monſter's getting poſſeſſion of his brother's fortune, and they had fifty crowns a-piece paid them in hand: their baſe employer waited the event at *Calais*, though he told them he ſhould be at *Dunkirk*, and having informed himſelf of what had happened, got over from *Calais* to *Dover*. The two men who made their eſcape were diſabled by their bruiſes from flying far, and were apprehended the day after this wicked attempt. The wounded man having loſt much blood did not recover; however, they were all three ordered for execution; but being interceded for, the ſurviving villains were ſent to the gallies.

WHILE

WHILE Mr. *Grandiſon* was making the nobleſt ſacrifice to his religion and his conſcience, and ſtruggling with his love and pity for a deſerving object that would have done honour to his choice, and thus was expoſed to dangers that required all his courage and fortitude to ſurmount, Sir *Thomas*, his father, was indulging his love of pleaſure. He placed over his daughters as governeſs, the widow of one of his gay companions, named *Oldham*, whoſe fortune had not held out as Sir *Thomas*'s had done. Mrs. *Oldham* had fine qualities, was handſome, well deſcended, and an œconomiſt; but ſhe ſoon became ſo unhappily ſenſible of the favours and preſents by which Sir *Thomas* made way to her heart, that ſhe was obliged, in a little more than a twelve-month, to come up to town, where ſhe had an indiſpoſition that for a month or two kept her from going abroad.

THE eldeſt of theſe young ladies being then about nineteen, and the youngeſt about ſixteen, they had ſpirit enough to oppoſe the return of this lady to her charge, and undertook to manage every thing themſelves at the capital ſeat in *Hampſhire*: but as Sir *Thomas* had another ſeat in *Eſſex*, thither he carried her; and they, as well as every body elſe, for ſome time apprehended that they were actually married. Sir *Thomas* was greatly diſpleaſed with his daughters for reſiſting him in the return of their governeſs. He had thought the reaſon of her withdrawing a ſecret, becauſe he wiſhed it one, and yet her diſgrace was every where talked of except in his preſence.

SIR *Thomas* was one of the beſt companions among men, and one of the gallanteſt men among women. Mrs. *Oldham* was not the only one of her ſex with whom he was intimate; he had another miſtreſs in town who had a taſte for all its gaieties, and even aſſumed his name.

SIR *Thomas* now treated his daughters with great ſeverity, and his ſon had not been long abroad when he prohibited their writing to, or correſponding with him, for fear that his gaieties, which were likely to affect all three in their fortunes, ſhould be one of the ſubjects of their correſpondence, and the ſame injunction

injunction he alſo laid on their brother. This prohibition gave the ſiſters the moſt ſenſible concern, as they were afraid it would lay a foundation for diſtance and indifference in their brother to them; on whom, as their mother had preſaged, they were likely, if he ſurvived their father, to have too great a dependance.

BUT, however diffident Sir *Thomas* appeared in his tenderneſs to his daughters, he, in all companies, gloried in his ſon, who, he ſaid, was all that was dutiful, brave, pious and worthy; and the reaſon he gave to his intimates for permitting his being ſo many years abſent was, that his ſon's morals and his own were ſo different, that he ſhould not be able to bear his own conſciouſneſs of it, if he conſented to his return to *England*; but that he intended to ſet about altering his courſe of life, and then he would ſend for him. But Mrs. *Farnborough*, the woman he lived with when in town, being ſeized with the ſmall-pox, and the malady aided by her terror proving mortal, Sir *Thomas* was ſo much affected with the warning, that he left town, and, in purſuance of his temporary good reſolutions, went down to his daughters, talked of ſending for his ſon, and for ſome few months lived like the man of ſenſe and underſtanding he was known to be.

LORD *L.* returned from his travels about the time Mrs. *Farnborough* was taken ill. He had brought ſome preſents to Sir *Thomas* from his ſon, who took all opportunities to ſend him over curioſities, ſome of conſiderable value; which ſerved at the ſame time to ſhew his œconomy and his duty. Sir *Thomas* ſeemed fond of Lord *L.* and on his ſetting out on Mrs. *Farnborough*'s death for *Grandiſon-hall*, gave him an invitation to viſit him there. In purſuance of this invitation, Lord *L.* attended him at the *Hall*; and there fell in love with the eldeſt of the young ladies. He revealed his paſſion to her. She referred herſelf wholly to her father; but though this match would have been greatly to her advantage, no arguments could prevail on Sir *Thomas* to give his conſent.

AT laſt, Sir *Thomas* took a reſolution to look into and regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he

intended to give his beloved ſon to come over. From his duty, diſcretion, and good management, he was ſure, he ſaid, he ſhould be the happieſt of men. But he was at a loſs what to do with Mrs. *Oldham* and two children he had by her. He doubted not but his ſon had heard of his guilty commerce with her; yet he cared not that the young gentleman ſhould find her living with him as miſtreſs in one of the family ſeats; and yet ſhe had made too great a ſacrifice to him to be unhandſomely uſed; and he thought he ought to provide for his children by her.

WHILE he was meditating this change of meaſures, that he might ſtand well with a ſon, whoſe character for virtue and prudence made his father half afraid of him, a propoſal of marriage was made to him for his ſon by one of the firſt men in the kingdom, whoſe daughter accompanying her brother and his wife in a tour to *France* and *Italy*, ſaw, and fell in love with the young gentleman at *Florence*. Sir *Thomas* had ſeveral meetings on this ſubject, both with the brother and the earl his father; and was ſo fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reſerving to himſelf an annuity, and making over the whole of his eſtate to his ſon, in favour of this match, and actually wrote to him on this ſubject. But Mr. *Grandiſon*, in his anſwer, obſerved, that if this propoſal aroſe from the natural greatneſs of his father's mind, and the indulgence he had ſo often experienced, he could not bear it; but if it proceeded from propoſals made to him, God forbid, ſaid he, that I ſhould give your name to a woman, how illuſtrious ſoever in her deſcent, and how high ſoever in the circumſtances of her family, whoſe friends could propoſe ſuch conditions to my father.

ON this anſwer, Sir *Thomas* ſuſpended the treaty of marriage till his ſon ſhould arrive. He had perplexed himſelf about his private affairs, which by long neglect became very intricate, and of conſequence very irkſome for ſuch a man to look into. He was reſolved therefore to leave it to each of his ſtewards to examine the accounts of the other; not only as this would give the leaſt trouble to himſelf, but as they had ſeveral items to charge, which he had no

mind

mind ſhould be explained to his ſon. Mr. *Filmer*, the ſteward for the *Iriſh* eſtate, came over on this occaſion, with his accounts; the two ſtewards acted in concert; and on the report of each, Sir *Thomas* ordered releaſes to be drawn for his ſigning.

BUT while Sir *Thomas* was at his ſeat in *Eſſex* planning future ſchemes of living, and had actually begun to treat with Mrs. *Oldham*, who, deſirous of reforming her conduct, agreed at the firſt word to retire; he was attacked by a violent fever, which in three days deprived him of the uſe of his reaſon. The phyſician ſoon after giving no hopes of his recovery, Mrs. *Oldham* ſent to acquaint the two young ladies with his danger, and a few days after, no hopes being left, they diſpatched a letter to the brother, who was waiting at *Paris* in expectation of receiving his father's permiſſion to return to *England*.

ON the eleventh day of his illneſs, Sir *Thomas* came a little to himſelf. He knew his daughters. He wept over them. He wiſhed he had been kinder to them. He was ſenſible of his danger, and ſeveral times lifted up his feeble hands and dying eyes, repeating, God is juſt. I am, I have been very wicked!——Repentance! Repentance! how hard a taſk! And Mrs. *Oldham* once coming in his ſight—O Mrs. *Oldham*, ſaid he, what is this world now? What would I give—But repent, repent, repent—Put your good reſolutions in practice, leſt I have more ſouls than my own to anſwer for. Soon after this his delirium returned, and he expired in dreadful agonies.

THE two daughters, Mr. *Grandiſon*, their couſin, and Mrs. *Oldham*, (for her own ſecurity) put their reſpective ſeals in every place at that houſe, where papers, or any thing valuable, were ſuppoſed to be depoſited; and Mr. *Grandiſon* aſſuming that part of the management, diſmiſſed Mrs. *Oldham* from the houſe; and would not permit her to take with her more than one ſuit of cloaths, beſides thoſe ſhe had on. She wept bitterly, and complained of harſh treatment; but was not pitied, and was referred by Mr. *Grandiſon* to his abſent couſin for more rigorous juſ-

tice. She appealed to the ladies; but they reproached her with having lived a life of ſhame, againſt better knowledge, and ſaid, that now ſhe muſt take the conſequence; her puniſhment was but beginning; their brother would do her ſtrict juſtice, they doubted not; a man of his virtue, they were ſure, would abhor her.

THUS the unhappy Mrs. *Oldham* already received a ſevere inſtance of the change of her fortune, and had no reaſon to doubt, but that the ſiſters, who had always, from the time ſhe was ſet over them as their governeſs, looked upon her with an evil eye, and afterwards having but too juſt a pretence for their averſion, would incenſe againſt her a brother whoſe fortune had been leſſened by his father's profuſion. The few relations ſhe had living were people of honour, who renounced all correſpondence with her, from the time ſhe had thrown herſelf ſo abſolutely into the power of Sir *Thomas Grandiſon*; and ſhe had one ſon by her huſband, as well as two by Sir *Thomas*, to take care of.

THUS was the ſituation of affairs in the family, when Sir *Charles* arrived. He returned no anſwer to his ſiſter's notification of his father's danger; but immediately ſat out for *Calais*, embarked, and the ſame day arrived at his late father's houſe in St. *James's-Square*. How awful muſt be to the ſiſters, after eight or nine years abſence, the firſt appearance of a brother, on whom the whole of their fortunes depended, and to whom they had been accuſed by a father, now ſo lately departed, of want of duty; their brother's duty unqueſtionable!

HE alighted from his poſt-chaiſe at the door, and his two ſiſters met him in the hall. The graceful youth of ſeventeen, with fine curling auburn locks waving upon his ſhoulders; delicate in complexion; intelligence ſparkling in his fine free eyes, and good humour ſweetening his lively features, they remember'd; and forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripened in the ſame ſpace of time, they ſeemed not to expect that manly ſtature and air, and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, while every

every one who ſees this brother, admires his noble countenance; a countenance that then appeared more ſolemn than uſual, from his having an unburied and beloved father in his thoughts.

O my brother! ſaid *Caroline*, with open arms; but ſhrinking from his embrace, *may* I ſay, my brother? —and was juſt fainting. He claſped her in his arms to ſupport her. *Charlotte*, the youngeſt, ſurprized at her ſiſter's emotion, and affected at his preſence, ran back into the room they had both quitted, and threw herſelf upon a ſettee. Her brother followed her into the room, ſoothing Miſs *Caroline* with his arms round her waiſt, and with eyes of expectation, My *Charlotte!* ſaid he, his inviting hand held out, and haſtening towards the ſettee. She then found her feet, and throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both ſiſters to his boſom; ſaying, Receive, my deareſt ſiſters, receive your brother, your friend; aſſure yourſelves of my unabated love. That aſſurance, they ſaid, was balm to their hearts; and when each was ſeated, he, ſitting over againſt them, looked firſt on one, then on the other; and taking each by the hand, Charming women! ſaid he: How I admire my ſiſters! You muſt have minds anſwerable to your perſons. What pleaſure, what pride, ſhall I take in my ſiſters!

My dear *Charlotte!* ſaid Miſs *Caroline*, taking her ſiſter's other hand, has not our brother, now we ſee him near, all the brother in his face? His goodneſs only looks ſtronger, and more perfect: What was I afraid of? *My* heart alſo ſunk, ſaid *Charlotte*; I knew not why. But we feared——indeed, Sir, we both feared—O my brother!—Tears trickling down the cheeks of each—We meant not to be undutiful.—— Love your brother, my ſiſters, he returned, as he will endeavour to deſerve your love. My mother's daughters could not be undutiful! Miſtake only!— Unhappy miſapprehenſion!—We have all ſomething. —Shades as well as lights there muſt be.—He preſſed the hand of each with his lips, aroſe, went to the window, and drew out his handkerchief. Then turning towards them, Permit me, my dear ſiſters,

ſaid he, to retire for a moment, my father demands this tribute.

THEY waited on him to his apartment with ſilent reſpect. No ceremony, I hope, my *Caroline*, my *Charlotte*. We were true ſiſters and brother a few years ago. See your *Charles* as you ſaw him then. Let not abſence, which has increaſed my love, leſſen yours. Each ſiſter took a hand, and would have kiſſed it. He claſped his arms about them both, and ſaluted them. He caſt his eyes on his father's and mother's pictures with ſome emotion; then on them; and again ſaluted each. They withdrew, tears of joy trickling down their cheeks. In half an hour he rejoined them in another dreſs, and ſaluted his ſiſters with an air of tenderneſs that baniſhed fear, and left room for nothing but ſiſterly love.

THEIR couſin *Grandiſon* came in ſoon after, and the ladies retiring, that gentleman touched upon the circumſtances of Sir *Thomas*'s illneſs and death. He then inveighed againſt Mrs. *Oldham*; and with ſome exultation over her, told Sir *Charles* what they had done as to her, and exclaimed againſt her for the ſtate ſhe had lived in, and the difficulty ſhe made to reſign Sir *Thomas* to his daughters care in his illneſs, and particularly for preſuming to inſiſt upon putting her ſeal with theirs to the cabinet and cloſet where they ſuppoſed there were any valuables. And then aſked Sir *Charles* if he was not pleaſed with what they had done as to that vile woman? But he only anſwered, that he did not doubt but that every thing was deſigned for the beſt. Mr. *Grandiſon* then ridiculed the unhappy woman on her grief and mortified behaviour, when ſhe was obliged to quit the houſe, where, he ſaid, ſhe had reigned ſo long lady paramount.

SIR *Charles* aſked, If they had ſearched for, or found a will? And was anſwered, that they had looked in every probable place; but found none.

WHAT I think to do, ſaid Sir *Charles*, is, to inter the venerable remains with thoſe of my mother. This, I know, was his deſire. I will have an elegant, but not ſumptuous monument erected to the memory of both, with a modeſt inſcription, that ſhall rather be

be matter of inſtruction to the living, than a panegyric on the departed. The funeral ſhall be decent, but not oſtentatious. The difference of the expence ſhall be privately applied to relieve or aſſiſt diſtreſſed houſekeepers, or ſome of my father's poor tenants, who have large families, and have not been wanting in their honeſt endeavours to maintain them. The two ladies, on their brother's afterwards hinting his intentions to them, acquieſced with all he propoſed, and all was performed according to directions which he himſelf wrote down.

As ſoon as the ſolemnity was over, Sir *Charles*, leaving every thing at *Grandiſon-Hall* as he found it, came to town, and in the preſence of his ſiſters broke the ſeals that had been affixed to the cabinets and eſcritoires in the houſe there, and having made memorandums of the contents of many papers, with ſurpriſing expedition, went with his ſiſters to the houſe in *Eſſex*; and when there, he told them, it was neceſſary for Mrs. *Oldham* (who had lodgings at a neighbouring farm-houſe) to be preſent at the breaking of the ſeals, as ſhe had affixed hers, and accordingly ſent for her.

THE poor woman came with fear and trembling, and Sir *Charles*, not expecting ſhe would be there ſo ſoon, was in his ſtable with his groom and coachman, looking upon his horſes; which were ſome of the fineſt hunters and racers in the kingdom. By the miſtake of Miſs *Caroline*'s maid ſhe was ſhewn into the room where the two ladies were. She was in great confuſion; curtſied, wept; and on Miſs *Caroline*'s blaming her maid for ſhewing her in to them, begged pardon, and was for withdrawing; but ſtopt on that lady's ſaying, My brother ſent for you, Madam —not we, I aſſure you—He ſays, it is neceſſary, as you thought fit to put your ſeal with ours to the locked-up places, that you ſhould be preſent at the breaking them. Yet he will ſee you with as much pain as you give us. Prepare yourſelf to ſee him: you ſeem mighty unfit—no wonder! Indeed, I am unfit, very unfit, ſaid the poor woman. Let me, ladies, beſpeak your generoſity; a little of your pity; a little of your

countenance. I am, indeed, an unhappy woman! And ſo you deſerve to be, ſaid Miſs *Caroline*. I am ſure we are the ſufferers. And ſo you have put yourſelf into mourning, Madam? Pretty deep too! Your weeds, I ſuppoſe, are at your lodgings. Indeed, ladies, ſaid Mrs. *Oldham*, I am a *real* mourner: but I never myſelf aſſumed a character, to which it was never in my thoughts to ſolicit a right. Here, ladies, are the keys of the ſtores, of the confectionary, of the wine-vaults. I thought it beſt to keep them till I could deliver them to your order, or Sir *Charles*'s. I have not been a bad manager, ladies, conſidered as a houſekeeper. All I have in the world is under the ſeals. I am at yours, and your brother's mercy. The ſiſters ordered their woman to take the keys. *Caroline* obſerved that her brother was coming, and *Charlotte* added, You'll ſoon know, Madam, what you have to truſt to from him. The poor woman trembled and turned pale.

Sir *Charles* entered. She was ſtanding near the door. He bowed to her. Mrs. *Oldham*, I preſume, ſaid he—Pray, Madam, be ſeated. I ſent to you, that you might ſee the ſeals broken—Pray, Madam, ſit down, added he, taking her hand and leading her to a chair not far diſtant from his ſiſters, and ſeating himſelf in one between them and her. Pray, Madam, compoſe yourſelf, ſaid he, looking upon her with eyes of pity, and then turned to his ſiſters, to give her time to recover herſelf.

A flood of tears relieved her. She tried to ſuppreſs her audible ſobs, which he, moſt conſiderately, would not hear; and her emotions attracting the eyes of the ladies, he took them off, by aſking them ſomething about a picture that hung on the other ſide of the room. He then drew his chair nearer to her, and again taking her trembling hand—I am not a ſtranger to your melancholy ſtory, Mrs. *Oldham*—Be not diſcompoſed. He ſtopt to give her a few moments time to recover herſelf, and then reſumed, See in me a friend ready to thank you for all your paſt good offices, and to forget all miſtaken ones. She could not bear this; ſhe threw herſelf at his feet. He raiſed her

her to her chair. Poor Mr. *Oldham*, ſaid he, was unhappily careleſs! yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his love.—Your misfortunes threw you into the knowledge of our family. You have been a faithful manager of the affairs of this houſe. By written evidences I can juſtify you; evidences that no one here will, I am ſure, diſpute. Mr. *Grandiſon*, who is a good-natured man, but a little haſty, has told me, that he treated you with unkindneſs. He thought you wrong for inſiſting to put your ſeal; but he was miſtaken, you did right.

O brother! O brother! ſaid both the ladies at the ſame time, half in admiration, though half concerned. Bear with me, my ſiſters, ſaid he, we have *all* ſomething to be forgiven for. They knew not how they were concerned in the admonition, from what their father had written of them. He then made a motion for chocolate to be brought in, and being willing to relieve Mrs. *Oldham* by ſome little employment, deſired her to be ſo good as to ſee it made.

THE moment ſhe was gone out of the room, he thus addreſſed himſelf to the ladies. My dear ſiſters, let me beg of you to think favourably of me on this occaſion. I conſider not the caſe of this poor woman on the foot of her own merits with regard to us. Our father's memory is concerned: ſhe is intitled to juſtice, for its own ſake; to generoſity, for ours; to kindneſs, for my father's. He praiſes to me Mrs. *Oldham*'s œconomy in ſeveral of his letters. He had a right to do what he would with his own fortune. It was not ours till now. Whatever he *has* left us, he might have ſtill leſſened it. That œconomy is all that concerns us in intereſt, and that is in her favour. He could have given Mrs. *Oldham* a title to a name that would have commanded our reſpect, if not our reverence. You have enlarged minds, you are the daughters of the moſt charitable, the moſt forgiving of women, and I was willing, before I recommended her to your mercy, to judge of her behaviour. Is ſhe not humbled enough? From my ſoul I pity her. She loved my father, and I have no doubt but that ſhe mourns for him in ſecret, yet dares not own,

dares not plead her love. I am willing to conſider her only as one who has executed a principal office in this houſe; and it becomes us ſo to behave to her, as that the world ſhould think we conſider her in that light only.

AFTER they had drank chocolate, he told Mrs. *Oldham*, that he would attend her, and deſired his ſiſters to accompany them. On their coming to the chamber in which Sir *Thomas* died, and which was his uſual apartment, Mrs. *Oldham* turned pale, and weeping, begged to be excuſed attending them in it, and to wait in the adjoining drawing-room. Sir *Charles* granted her requeſt. Poor woman! ſaid he, how unhappily circumſtanced is ſhe, that ſhe dare not, in *this* company, ſhew the tenderneſs, which is the glory, not only of the female, but of the human nature!

IN one of the cabinets in that chamber they found a beautiful little caſket, with the key tied to one of the ſilver handles, and a paper wafered upon it, on which was wrote, My wife's jewels. Sir *Charles* aſked his ſiſters, if they had not yet had their mother's jewels, and being told that their father had ſaid they ſhould be theirs on their marriage, he inſtantly preſented them this caſket, which, while their brother was taking minutes of papers, the ladies retired to open. Beſides the jewels, they found three purſes in it, in two of which were a conſiderable number of old broad-pieces, with ſome bank notes and *India* bonds. The third purſe was thus labelled.

"*For my beloved ſon:* In acknowledgment of his "duty to his father and me, from infancy to "this hour; of his love to his ſiſters; of the "generoſity of his temper; of his love of truth; "and of his modeſty, courage, benevolence, "ſteadineſs of mind, docility, and other great "and amiable qualities, by which he gives a "moral aſſurance of making a GOOD MAN. "GOD grant it. *Amen.*"

THE ladies immediately carried this purſe to their brother, when having read the label, Excellent woman! ſaid he, being dead ſhe ſpeaks; and looking up,

up, he added, May her pious prayer be anſwered! Then opening the purſe, he found five coronation medals of different princes; a gold ſnuff-box, in which were three diamond rings, and a miniature picture of his mother, ſet in gold, an admirable likeneſs. Neglecting all the reſt, he eagerly took it out, gazed at it in ſilence, kiſſed it, and put it to his heart. The ladies told him what was in the other two purſes, and offered the bonds, notes and money to him. He aſked if there were no particular directions upon either? They anſwered, No. He then obſerving that there might be a difference in their value, emptied them upon the table, and mingling the contents of both together, added, Thus mingled, you my ſiſters, will equally divide them between you. This picture (putting his hand on his boſom, where it yet was) is of infinitely more value than all the three purſes contained beſides.

WHEN Sir *Charles* and his ſiſters had looked over every other place in his father's apartment, he followed Mrs. *Oldham* to hers, who ſhewed him the cloſet in which all ſhe was worth was contained, and complained of Mr. *Grandiſon*'s refuſing to let her take 50*l.* out of it. He bid her aſſure herſelf of juſtice, and breaking the ſeal, left it to her to ſhew them what ſhe thought was proper for him to take account of. He was obliged to check the curioſity of his ſiſters, who would have examined her drawers. She ſhewed them the cabinet which contained all the money, notes and ſecurities ſhe had honeſtly ſaved. Miſs *Caroline* aſked to what amount. No matter, ſiſter, to what amount, ſaid Sir *Charles*. You hear Mrs. *Oldham* ſay, they are honeſtly got together. I dare ſay, that my father's bounty enabled his meaneſt ſervants to ſave money. I would not keep one that I thought did not. I make no compariſons, Mrs. *Oldham*; you are a gentlewoman. I believe there is near 1200*l.* ſaid Mrs. *Oldham*, and looked as if ſhe was afraid of the ladies cenſures. They expreſſed their ſurprize at the largeneſs of the ſum, and obſerved that many times they ſhould have been glad of as many ſhillings between them. Sir *Charles* aſked what

what occaſion they had for more than current money, and obſerved that now they had a claim to independency, he hoped that 1200*l.* would not be the ſum of either of their ſtores. Mrs. *Oldham*, trembling, ſaid, In this private drawer are ſome preſents—I diſclaim them; if you'll believe me, ladies, I never wiſhed for them, offering to pull out the drawer. Forbear, Mrs. *Oldham*, ſaid Sir *Charles*, preſents are yours; the money alſo is yours: never will I either diſparage or diminiſh my father's bounty: he had a right to do as he pleaſed. Had he made a will, would they not have been yours?——If you, Mrs. *Oldham*, if you, my ſiſters, can tell me any thing he but intended or inclined to do by any one of his people, that intention will I execute with as much exactneſs as if he had made a will, and it was part of it. Shall we do nothing but legal juſtice?—The law was not made for a man of conſcience.

After Sir *Charles* had inſpected and taken minutes of every thing in this houſe, he gave Mrs. *Oldham* the key of her apartment, and ordered the houſe-keeper to aſſiſt her in the removal of her effects, at her own time and pleaſure, and to come and go at all times with freedom and civility, as if ſhe had never left the houſe.

Sir *Charles* then, addreſſing himſelf to his ſiſters, ſaid, You may look upon the juſtice I aim at doing to perſons who can claim only juſtice from me, as an earneſt, that I will do more than juſtice to my beloved ſiſters. You ſhould have been the firſt to have found the fruits of the love I bear you, had I not been afraid that prudence would have narrowed my intentions. I am ſorry, my dear ſiſters, for your ſpirits ſake, that you are left in my power. The beſt of women was always afraid that it would be ſo. But the moment I can, I will give you an abſolute independence on your brother, that your actions and conduct may be all your own. Both *Caroline* and *Charlotte*, with tears, expreſſed their gratitude, and told him that they thought it their higheſt felicity that they were in the power of ſuch a brother.

Sir

SIR *Charles*, ſome time after, at parting with Mrs. *Oldham*, ſaid, I would be glad to know, Madam, how you diſpoſe of yourſelf; every unhappy perſon has a right to the good offices of thoſe who are leſs embarraſſed. When you are ſettled pray let me know the manner; and if you acquaint me with the ſtate of your affairs, and what you propoſe to do for and with thoſe who are intitled to your care; your confidence in me will not be miſplaced. Mrs. *Oldham* at her firſt opportunity gave him a written account of the manner in which ſhe propoſed to live, with an eſtimate of all ſhe was worth, on which Sir *Charles* generouſly allowed her an annuity for the ſake of her ſons by his father.

WHEN Sir *Charles* found that Sir *Thomas* had left the inſpection of each ſteward's account to the other, he entered into the examination of the whole himſelf; and though he allowed them ſeveral diſputable and unproved charges, he brought them to acknowledge a much greater balance in his favour than they had made themſelves debtors for. He then diſpoſed of his hunters, racers and dogs, took a ſurvey of the timber upon his eſtate, and felled that which would have been the worſe for ſtanding; but, for the ſake of poſterity, planted an oakling for every oak he cut down; when the ſale of the timber he cut down in *Hampſhire*, which lay convenient for water-carriage, for the uſe of the government, furniſhed him with a very conſiderable ſum. He then went into *Ireland*, to look into the condition of his eſtate there, paid off a mortgage upon it, took it into his own hands, and finding it capable of great improvements, ordered them to be made.

LORD *L.* came to town from *Scotland* two or three months after Sir *Charles*'s arrival in *England*, and paid him his firſt viſit, when on his lordſhip's avowing his paſſion for Miſs *Caroline*, and ſhe acknowledging her eſteem for him, he introduced him to her, and putting their hands together, holding them between both his: With pleaſure, ſaid he, do I join hands where hearts ſo worthy are united. Do me, my Lord, the honour, from this moment, to look upon me as your brother.

My

My father, I find, was a little embarraſſed in his affairs. He loved his daughters, and perhaps was loth that they ſhould early claim another protection: but had he lived to make himſelf eaſy, I have no doubt, but he would have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me—and I will perform it. Miſs *Caroline* was unable to ſpeak for joy, and my Lord's tears were ready to ſtart.

Miss *Charlotte* was affected with this ſcene, and with her hands and eyes lifted up ſhe prayed, that God would make his power as large as his heart: the whole world then, ſhe ſaid, would be benefitted either by his bounty or his example. And has not my *Charlotte*, ſaid he, turning towards her, ſome happy man, that ſhe can diſtinguiſh by her love? You are equally dear to me, my ſiſters. Make me your confident, *Charlotte*. Your inclinations ſhall be my choice.

Two months before the marriage, Sir *Charles* put into his ſiſter's hands a paper ſealed up. Receive this, my *Caroline*, ſaid he, as from your father's bounty, in compliance with what your mother would have wiſhed, had we been bleſſed with her life. When you oblige Lord *L.* with one hand, make him, with the other, this preſent; and intitle yourſelf to all the gratitude, with which your worthy heart will overflow, on both occaſions. I have done but my duty; I have performed only an article of the will, which I have made in my mind for my father, as time was not lent to make one for himſelf. He ſaluted her and withdrew, before ſhe broke the ſeal; and when ſhe did, ſhe found in it bank notes for 10,000 *l.*

She threw herſelf into a chair, and was unable, for ſome time, to ſtir, but recovering herſelf, hurried out to find her brother. She was told he was in his ſiſter's apartment. She found him not there, but *Charlotte* in tears. Sir *Charles* had juſt left her. What ails my *Charlotte?* ſaid ſhe. O this brother! my *Caroline*, cried the other: there is no bearing his generous goodneſs. See that deed! She took it up, and found it was for the ſame ſum he had given her, and to carry intereſt. The two ſiſters congratulated and

wept

wept over each other as if diſtreſſed. *Caroline* found out her brother; but when ſhe approached him, could not utter one word of what ſhe had meditated to ſay; but dropping down on one knee, could only expreſs her gratitude by her lifted-up hands and eyes.

JUST as he had raiſed and ſeated her, entered to them the equally grateful *Charlotte*. He placed her next her ſiſter, and drawing a chair for himſelf, taking a hand of each, he thus addreſſed himſelf to them. My dear ſiſters, you are too ſenſible of theſe, but due inſtances of my brotherly love. It has pleaſed God to take from us our father and mother, and we muſt ſupply to each other their wants. Look upon me only as an executor of a will, that ought to have been made, and perhaps would, had time been given. My circumſtances are greater than I expected; greater, I dare ſay, than my father thought they would be; and leſs than I have done, could not be done, by a brother who had power to do this. You don't know how much you will oblige me, if you never ſay one word more on this ſubject. You will act with leſs dignity than becomes my ſiſters, if you look upon what I have done in any other light than as your due.

SIR *Charles*, at the end of eight months from his father's death, gave *Caroline*, with his own hand, to Lord *L.* who carried her down to *Scotland*, where ſhe was greatly admired and careſſed by all her relations. Sir *Charles* accompanied the Lord and Lady *L.* as far on their way as *York*; where he made a viſit to Mrs. *Eleanor Grandiſon*, his father's maiden ſiſter, who reſided there. She having heard of his goodneſs to his ſiſters, and to every body elſe with whom he had any concerns, longed to ſee him; and on this occaſion rejoiced in the opportunity he gave her to congratulate, to bleſs, and applaud her nephew.

IT is now neceſſary for ſome time to leave Sir *Charles*, in order to make the reader acquainted with another character, who will make no inconſiderable figure in the following part of this work. Miſs *Harriet Byron*, a moſt accompliſhed young lady, who had united in her face, feature, complexion, grace and expreſſion, which very few women, even of thoſe moſt

moſt celebrated for their beauty, have ſingly in equal degree; who has a heart that is equally pure and open, and a fine mind legible in her lovely and expreſſive countenance. This lady, who was juſtly the delight and pride of her relations, and the admiration of all who either ſaw or converſed with her, was taken to *London* by her aunt *Reeves*, who paid a viſit to her relations at *Selby-houſe*, where Miſs *Byron* lived.

AMONG the ſeveral admirers of this lady, was Sir *Hargrave Pollexfen*, a gay, proud and conceited ſop, with a handſome perſon, and an eſtate of 8000 *l.* a year. The Baronet had been accidentally in her company, when ſhe enlivened the converſation with the moſt agreeable ſallies of wit, and waiting upon her afterwards at Mr. *Reeves*'s, he there made an open declaration of his paſſion, in the preſence of her uncle and aunt, on which Miſs *Harriet* frankly told him, That ſhe thanked him for his good opinion of her, but could not encourage his addreſſes. He ſeemed amazed at this declaration, and repeating *cannot encourage my addreſſes!* ſaid, that he had been aſſured that her affections were not engaged; but that ſurely it muſt be a miſtake. She aſked if it was a neceſſary conſequence that the woman who could not receive the addreſſes of Sir *Hargrave Pollexfen*, muſt be engaged? Why, Madam—as to that, ſaid he, I know not what to ſay—But to a man of my fortune, and I hope not abſolutely diſagreeable either in perſon or temper, of ſome rank in life—What, Madam, if you are as much in earneſt as you ſeem, can be your objection? Be ſo good as to name it. We do not, ſaid ſhe, we cannot all like the ſame perſon. Women, I have heard ſay, are very capricious. Perhaps I am ſo. But there is a ſomething (we cannot always ſay what) that attracts or diſguſts us. *Diſguſts!* Madam—*Diſguſts!* Miſs *Byron*, cried he. I ſpoke in general, Sir, replied the lady; I dare ſay, nineteen women out of twenty would think themſelves favoured in the addreſſes of Sir *Hargrave Pollexfen*. You, Sir, may have more merit, perhaps, than the man I may happen to approve of better, but——ſhall I ſay? added ſhe; pardon me, Sir, you do not——you do not hit

hit my fancy. If pardon depends upon my breath, cried he, let me die, die if I do!—*Not hit your fancy*, Madam! (and then he looked upon himſelf all round) *Not hit your fancy*, Madam!

IN ſhort, Sir *Hargrave*, exaſperated at the thoughts of her rejecting ſo accompliſhed a perſon as himſelf, behaved with great inſolence, and charged her with pride, cruelty and ingratitude, when the lady, not willing to ſtay to be inſulted, begged his excuſe, and withdrew in haſte.

THE Baronet ſoon paid Miſs *Byron* another viſit to apologize for his behaviour in the laſt, and then making vehement profeſſions of love, offered to make her large ſettlements, and told her, that ſhe ſhould preſcribe to him in every thing, as to place of reſidence, excurſions, even to her going abroad to *France*, to *Italy*, and wherever ſhe pleaſed. To all which ſhe anſwered as before; and when he inſiſted upon her reaſons for refuſing him, frankly told him, that ſhe owned it was with ſome reluctance, that ſhe had not the opinion of his morals that ſhe muſt have of thoſe of the man on whom ſhe muſt build her hopes of preſent happineſs, and to whoſe guidance intruſt her future. Sir *Hargrave* ſtormed, repeating, My *morals*, Madam; you have no opinion of my *morals*, Madam, and after ſhewing ſeveral menacing airs, departed abruptly.

As Miſs *Byron* had never been in *London* before, Lady *Betty Williams*, a near relation of Mr. *Reeves*, inſiſted on accompanying Miſs *Byron* to a ball at the opera-houſe in the *Hay-market*, and of providing her with a dreſs. Mr. *Reeves* was a hermit, Mrs. *Reeves* a nun, Lady *Betty*, a lady abbeſs, and Miſs *Byron* an *Arcadian* princeſs: ſhe had a white *Paris* net-cap, glittering with ſpangles, and incircled by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a ſmall white feather on the left ſide. Her hair hung down in natural ringlets to ſhade her neck. A kind of waiſtcoat of blue ſattin trimmed with ſilver point *d'Eſpagne*, the ſkirts edged with ſilver fringe; this waiſtcoat was made to ſit cloſe to her waiſt by ſilver claſps; there was a ſmall ſilver taſſel at the end of each claſp, and all was ſet

off

off with bugles and ſpangles. A kind of ſcarf of white *Perſian* ſilk was faſtened to her ſhoulders, which flew looſe behind. Her petticoat was of blue ſattin, trimmed and fringed as her waiſtcoat. She had a *Venetian* maſk, and bracelets on her arms.

MISS *Byron* took no pleaſure in the place, or the ſhoals of fools that ſwarmed about her. The glitter of her dreſs, which attracted the eyes of the obſervers, threw her into confuſion: the inſipid and abſurd behaviour of all around her, made her deſpiſe both herſelf and them.

ABOUT two in the morning Mr. *Reeves* waited on her to her chair, and ſaw her into it before he attended Lady *Betty* and his wife into theirs; and obſerving, that neither the chair nor the chairmen were thoſe who brought her, he aſked the meaning of it, and was told by her ſervant, who had been hired but a few days before, that the chairmen had been inveigled away to drink, and that he having waited two hours, and not returning, he had hired a chair to ſupply their place. The chair moved off with her ſervant with his lighted flambeau before it. The chairmen had carried her a great way, when calling out ſeveral times, they ſtopt, and her ſervant aſked her commands, Where am I, *William?* ſaid ſhe. Juſt at home, Madam, he anſwered; and on her obſerving that they muſt have come a round-about way, he told her that they had done ſo on purpoſe to avoid the crowd of chairs and coaches. They proceeded onwards, but preſently after undrawing the curtains, and finding herſelf in the open fields, and ſoon after the lights put out, ſhe pierced the night air with her ſcreams, till ſhe could ſcream no more. She was at laſt taken out in fits, and when ſhe came a little to her ſenſes, ſhe found herſelf on a bed with three women about her; one at her head, holding a bottle to her noſe, her noſtrils ſore with hartſhorn, and a ſtrong ſmell of burnt feathers; but no man near her.

WHERE am I? Who are you, Madam? were the firſt queſtions ſhe aſked. No harm is intended you, ſaid the eldeſt of them; you are to be made one of the happieſt of women. We would not be concerned in

in a bad action. I hope not; I hope not, returned ſhe, you ſeem to be a mother; theſe young gentlewomen, I preſume, are your daughters. Save me from ruin, I beſeech you, Madam; ſave me from ruin, as you would your daughters. This muſt be the vile contrivance of Sir *Hargrave Pollexfen*. Is it not? Is it not? Tell me; I beg of you to tell me.

MISS *Byron* then aroſe, and ſat on the ſide of the bed; and at that moment in came the vile Sir *Hargrave*. She ſcreamed out. He threw himſelf at her feet; but finding that the women could hardly keep her out of a fit, retired. On her reviving, ſhe began to beg and offer rewards if they would facilitate her eſcape. But ſhe had hardly begun to ſpeak before Sir *Hargrave* entered again, and, with greater haughtineſs than before, bid her not needleſsly terrify herſelf, and told the women they might withdraw. As they went out, ſhe puſhed by the mother, and between the daughters; followed the foremoſt into the parlour, and then ſunk down on her knees, wrapping her arms about her, and crying, O ſave me! ſave me!

SIR *Hargrave* entered, when Miſs *Byron* leaving the room, and kneeling to him, If you have mercy, if you have compaſſion, let me now, now, I beſeech you, Sir, experience your mercy. The women again withdrew, and he anſwered, I have beſought you, Madam, and on my knees too, to ſhew me mercy; but none would you ſhew me. Kneel, if you will, in your turn. Now are the tables turned. Barbarous man! ſaid ſhe, riſing from her knees; but her ſpirits inſtantly ſubſiding, Be not, I beſeech you, Sir *Hargrave*, cruel to me, I never was cruel to any body; you know I was civil to you. Yes, yes, and very determined, he returned; you called me no names. I call you none, Miſs *Byron*. Sweet creature, added he, claſping his arms about her; your very terror is beautiful! I can *enjoy* your terror, Madam; and then offering to kiſs her, ſhe turned aſide her head; on which he added, *I don't hit your fancy*, Madam! *You don't like my morals*, Madam!

AND

AND is this the way, Sir *Hargrave*, ſaid ſhe, are theſe the means you take to convince me that I ought to like them? Well, Madam, cried he, you ſhall prove the mercy in me, you would not ſhew. Be mine, Madam, be legally mine. I offer you my honeſt hand: conſent to be Lady *Pollexfen*.——No puniſhment, I hope—or take the conſequence.—What, Sir, ſaid ſhe, weeping bitterly, and threw herſelf trembling on the window-ſeat, juſtify by ſo poor, ſo very poor a compliance, ſteps that you have ſo baſely taken!——Take my life, Sir, but my hand and my heart are my own; they never ſhall be ſeparated. You cannot fly me, Madam, he replied; you are ſecurely mine; and mine ſtill more ſecurely you ſhall be. Don't provoke me; don't make me deſperate.

THEN throwing himſelf at her feet, he embraced her knees with his arms. She was terrified and ſcreamed, and in ran one of the daughters, crying, Good Sir! Pray Sir!—Did you not ſay you would be honourable? The mother followed her in, ſaying, Sir, Sir! in my houſe——

WHAT a plague, cried he, do you come in for? I thought you knew your own ſex better than to mind a woman's ſqualling. I have not offered the leaſt rudeneſs. Dear bleſſed, bleſſed woman, cried the lady, frantick with mingled terror and joy, to find herſelf in better hands than ſhe expected. Protect me! Save me! Indeed I have not deſerved this treacherous treatment. Nay, dear lady, the woman returned, if Sir *Hargrave* will make you his true and lawful wife, there can be no harm done, ſurely. She then turning to him, told him, the gentleman was without.

INSTANTLY entered a moſt horrid-looking clergyman; he was a tall, big-boned, ſplay-footed man, in a ſhabby gown, as ſhabby a wig, with a huge red pimpled face, and a noſe that, when he looked on one ſide, hid half his face. He had a dog's-eared common-prayer-book in his hand, which had once been gilt, and which was opened at the page of matrimony.

SHE

SHE was ſo intent on making a friend when a clergyman appeared, that paying yet but little attention to his horrid viſage, ſhe puſhed by Sir *Hargrave*, turning him half round with her vehemence, and making the woman of the houſe totter, when throwing herſelf at the clergyman's feet, Man of God! Good, dear, reverend Sir! cried ſhe, ſave a poor creature, baſely tricked away from her friends—ſave me from violence! Give not your aid to ſanctify a baſe action.

THE man ſnuffled his anſwer through his noſe, and when he opened his pouched mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth. He ſquinted upon her, and taking her claſped hands, which were buried in his huge fiſt, Riſe, Madam! ſaid he; kneel not to me! No harm is intended you. One queſtion only. Who is that gentleman before me, in the ſilver-laced cloaths? He is Sir *Hargrave Pollexfen*, Sir, ſaid ſhe; a wicked, a very wicked man. O Madam! returned he, a very hon-our-able man! bowing, like a ſycophant, to Sir *Hargrave*. Then aſking her name, and ſhe telling it him; Sir *Hargrave* took her hand, and the ſnuffling prieſt began: *Dearly beloved.*

THE lovely Miſs *Byron* again behaved like one frantic, and crying, Read no more! daſhed the book out of his hand; and then added, I beg your pardon, Sir; but you muſt read no farther. I am baſely betrayed hither. I cannot, I will not be his. Proceed, proceed, Sir, ſaid Sir *Hargrave*, taking her hand by force; virago as ſhe is, I will own her for my wife. *Dearly beloved*, again ſnuffled the miniſter. She ſtamped, and threw herſelf to the length of her arm, as Sir *Hargrave* held her ſtruggling hand, crying, No dearly beloveds; and the miniſter proceeded, *We are gathered together in the ſight of God.* I adjure you, Sir, ſaid ſhe, by that God in whoſe ſight you read we are gathered together, to proceed no further. I adjure you, Sir *Hargrave*, in the ſame tremendous name, that you ſtop farther proceedings. My life take; with all my heart take my life; but my hand never, never will I join with yours. Proceed, doctor:

tor: doctor, pray proceed, ſaid the vile Sir *Hargrave*. When the day dawns ſhe will be glad to own her marriage. Proceed at your peril, Sir, ſaid ſhe. If you are really a miniſter of God, do *not* proceed. Do not make me deſperate.——Madam, turning to the window, you are a mother, and have given me room to hope you are a good woman; look upon me as if I were one of thoſe daughters whom I ſee before me.——Could you ſee one of them thus treated?—— Dear young women, turning to each, can you unconcernedly look on, and ſee a poor creature tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, baſely treated, and not make my caſe your own? Speak for me! Plead for me: each of you, if ye are women, plead for me, as you would yourſelves wiſh to be pleaded for in my circumſtances, and were thus barbarouſly uſed!—— A ſoul, gentlewomen, you have to anſwer for. I *can* die; but never, never will I be his.

THE young women wept, and the mother being moved, deſired that they might talk to the lady by themſelves. This was granted, and retiring into another room, they pleaded Sir *Hargrave*'s great eſtate, his honourable love, his handſome perſon, her danger, and their being unable to ſave her from worſe treatment. Miſs *Byron*, on the other hand, pleaded her contempt of riches, her invincible averſion, and then cried, How!—Not able! Ladies, is not this your own houſe? Cannot you raiſe your neighbours? Have you no neighbours? A thouſand pounds will I order to be paid into your hands for a preſent before the week is out; I pledge my honour for the payment; if you will but ſave from a violence, that no worthy woman can ſee offered to a diſtreſſed young creature!—A thouſand pounds—dear ladies! only to ſave me, and ſee me ſafe to my friends!

THE wretches in the next room heard all that paſſed, and at that moment came in Sir *Hargrave*, and with a viſage ſwelled with malice, deſired that the young women might go to bed, and leave him to talk with the perverſe beauty. He called her cruel, proud and ungrateful, and ſwore that if ſhe would not allow him to *exalt* her into Lady *Pollexfen*, he would *hum-*

ble

le her. Pray, Sir, ſaid the youngeſt of the two daughters, and wept. Greatly hurt, indeed, ſaid he, to be the wife of a man of my fortune and conſequence! But leave her to me, I ſay,—I will bring down her pride. What a devil am I to creep, beg, pray, intreat, and only for a wife? But, Madam, ſaid the inſolent wretch, you will be mine upon eaſier terms, perhaps.

SIR *Hargrave* then led the mother and youngeſt daughter to the door, the eldeſt following them of her own accord. Miſs *Byron* beſought them not to go, and when they did, would have thruſt herſelf out with them; but the wretch Sir *Hargrave*, in ſhutting them out, ſqueezed her dreadfully, as ſhe was half in, half out; and her noſe guſhed out with blood, her ſtomach was very much preſſed, and one of her arms bruſed; ſhe ſcreamed; he ſeemed frighted; but inſtantly recovering herſelf, So, ſo, cried ſhe, you have done your worſt! You have killed me, I hope! and then threw herſelf into a chair, repeating, So, ſo, you have killed me, I hope.—Well, now I hope, now I hope, you are ſatisfied. I forgive you; only leave me to my own ſex. She was, indeed, in violent pain, her head ſwam, her eyes failed her, and ſhe fainted away.

SIR *Hargrave* was in the moſt dreadful conſternation, running about the room, and calling upon God to have mercy upon him; having let in the women, they lamented over her, ſaying, ſhe had death in her face. But Sir *Hargrave*, in the midſt of his terror was careful of his own ſafety, for ſeizing her bloody handkerchief, he ſaid, if ſhe did not recover, that ſhould not appear againſt him, and haſtening into the next room, he thruſt it into the fire; by which were ſitting the miniſter and his helper, over ſome burnt brandy. O gentlemen! cried he, nothing can be done to-night. Take this, giving them money. The lady is in a fit. I wiſh you well home. They however propoſed to ſit in the chimney-corner till peep of day; but the women not thinking her likely to recover, one of them ran into them, and declared, that the lady was dead, on which, calling for another dram,

dram, they ſnatched up their hats and ſticks, and away they hurried.

WHEN the lady came to herſelf, ſhe found nobody but the three women with her; ſhe was in a cold ſweat, and as there was no fire in the room, they led her into the parlour which the two men had quitted, and placed her in an elbow-chair; for ſhe could hardly ſtand or ſupport herſelf, and then chafed her temples with *Hungary-water*. The mother and eldeſt ſiſter left her ſoon after and went to Sir *Hargrave*, and at length the youngeſt ſiſter was called out, and inſtantly came in Sir *Hargrave*, who took a chair and ſat down by Miſs *Byron*, biting his lips, and looking at her from time to time as in malice, ſhe ſtill feeling a violent pain in her ſtomach and arm.

AT laſt the Lady broke ſilence, reſolving not to provoke him to do her farther miſchief.—Well, have you done, Sir *Hargrave*, to commit ſuch violence upon a poor young creature that never did nor thought you evil? What diſtraction have you given to my couſin *Reeves!* She ſtopt, and he continued ſilent. Theſe people, Sir, ſeem to be honeſt people. I hope you deſigned only to terrify me. Your bringing me into no worſe company is an aſſurance to me that you meant better, than—Devils all!—interrupted he—She again ſtopt, and preſently after reſumed, I forgive you, Sir, the pain you have given me.—But my friends—as ſoon as day breaks I will get the woman to let my couſin *Reeves*—

THEN up he ſtarted: Miſs *Byron*, ſaid he, you are a *woman*, a *true* woman; and held up his hand clenched. Miſs *Byron*, proceeded he, after a pauſe, you are the moſt conſummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life. She was ſilent and trembled. Damn'd fool! aſs! blockhead! woman's fool! cried he, I could curſe myſelf for ſending away the parſon. But your arts, your hypocriſy, ſhall not ſerve you, Madam. What I failed in here, ſhall be done elſewhere. She wept, but could not ſpeak. Can't you go into fits again? Can't you? cried he, with an air of a piece with his words. God deliver me, prayed ſhe to herſelf, from the hands of this madman!

She

She aroſe, and as the candle ſtood near the glaſs, ſhe ſaw herſelf in the habit, to which ſhe had till then paid little attention. Pray, Sir *Hargrave*, ſaid ſhe, let me beg that you will not terrify me farther. I will forgive you for what you have hitherto done, and place it to my own account, as a proper puniſhment for conſenting to be thus marked for a vain and fooliſh creature. Your abuſe, Sir, give me leave to ſay, is low and unmanly; but in the light of a puniſhment I will own it to be all deſerved. Let my puniſhment end here, and I will thank you, and forgive you with my whole heart. He told her, that her fate was determined, and a ſervant-maid giving him a capuchin, he repeated, Your fate is determined, Madam——Here, put this on——Now fall into fits again!——Put this on.

IN ſhort, ſhe again begged, prayed, and would have kneeled to him; but all in vain; the capuchin was put on, whether ſhe would or no, and afterwards being muffled up in a man's cloak, in ſpight of all her ſtruggles, prayers, and reſiſtance, he lifted her into a chariot and ſix, which was brought to the door. There were ſeveral men on horſeback, among whom was her own ſervant, and Sir *Hargrave* entering, ſaid to that fellow, You know what tale to tell if you meet with impertinents; and on her ſcreaming out, he upbraidingly cried, Scream on, my dear, and barbarouſly mocked her, imitating the bleating of a ſheep. Then rearing himſelf up, cried, exulting, Now am I lord of Miſs *Byron!*

AT the firſt ſetting out, ſhe once or twice cried out for help; when, under the pretence of preventing her taking cold, he tied a handkerchief over her face, head and mouth, and having firſt muffled her up in the cloak, leaning againſt her with his whole weight, he held both her hands in his left hand, while his right arm, being thrown round her, kept her on her ſeat. When ſhe called out for help at the approach of paſſengers, ſhe heard one of the men repreſent Sir *Hargrave* as the beſt of huſbands, and herſelf as the worſt of wives. Thus did every glimmering ray of hope vaniſh from her mind.

SIR *Charles Grandiſon* now expecting Lord and Lady *L.* who were returning from *Scotland*, had been to that nobleman's ſeat at *Colnebrook*, where he had left his ſiſter *Charlotte*, to ſee every thing put in order for their reception, and was returning to town in his chariot and ſix, when meeting Sir *Hargrave*'s chariot, the coachmen ſeemed inclined to diſpute the way, and Sir *Hargrave* looking out to ſee the occaſion, the lady found means to diſengage one hand, and on hearing a gentleman directing his coachman to give way, ſhe puſhed up the handkerchief from her mouth, and down from her eyes, and cried out, Help, help, for God's ſake. The gentleman ordered his coachman to ſtop, and Sir *Hargrave*, curſing his coachman, cried, Drive on; drive on when I bid you. The lady again cried out for help, when Sir *Charles* ordered his ſervants on horſeback to ſtop the poſtilion of the other chariot, and bid Sir *Hargrave*'s coachman proceed at his peril. Sir *Hargrave*, with vehement execrations, continued calling out, on the contrary ſide of the chariot to that Sir *Charles* was on. Upon which Sir *Charles* alighted, walked round to the other ſide, and the lady endeavouring to cry out, he ſaw Sir *Hargrave* ſtruggle to put the handkerchief over her mouth, ſwearing outragiouſly. And the lady inſtantly ſeeing the ſtranger, ſpread out both her hands, repeating, For God's ſake——Sir *Hargrave Pollexfen*, by the arms, ſaid Sir *Charles*. You are engaged, I doubt, in a very bad affair. I *am* Sir *Hargrave Pollexfen*, and carrying away a fugitive wife.——Your own wife, Sir *Hargrave?* Yes, ſaid he, ſwearing by his Maker; and ſhe was going to elope from me at a damned maſquerade. See! drawing aſide the cloak, detected in the very dreſs! O no! no! no! ſaid the lady. Proceed coachman, cried Sir *Hargrave*, and curſed and ſwore. Let me aſk the lady a queſtion, Sir *Hargrave?* You are impertinent, Sir, ſaid the villain. Who the devil are you? Are you, Madam, Lady *Pollexfen?* ſaid Sir *Charles*. O no! no! no! was all ſhe could ſay.

TWO of Sir *Charles*'s ſervants inſtantly rode up to him, and the third held the head of the horſe on which the

the poſtilion ſat. Three of Sir *Hargrave*'s approached on their horſes; but ſeemed as if afraid of coming too near, and parlied together. Have an eye to thoſe fellows, ſaid Sir *Charles*; ſome baſe work is on foot; and then addreſſing himſelf to Sir *Hargrave*'s coachman, who laſhed his horſes on, cried, Sirrah, proceed at your peril. Sir *Hargrave* then, with violent curſes and threatenings, ordered him to drive over every one that oppoſed him. And Sir *Charles* bidding him proceed at his peril, turned to the lady, ſaying, Madam, will you——O Sir, Sir, Sir, cried ſhe, relieve, help me, for God's ſake! I am in a villain's hands! tricked, vilely tricked into a villain's hands. Help, help, for God's ſake! Sir *Hargrave* then drew his ſword, and called upon his ſervants to fire at all that oppoſed his paſſage. My ſervants, Sir, ſaid Sir *Charles*, have fire-arms as well as yours. They will not diſpute my orders. Don't provoke me to give the word. Then addreſſing the lady, Will you, Madam, put yourſelf into my protection? O yes, yes, yes, Sir, ſaid ſhe, with my whole heart——Dear Sir, protect me!

SIR *Charles* then opening the chariot-door, Sir *Hargrave* made a paſs at him, crying, Take that, for your inſolence, ſcoundrel; but Sir *Charles* being aware of the thruſt, put it by; the ſword, however, raked his ſhoulder. His own ſword was in his hand, but undrawn, and the chariot door remaining open, he ſeized Sir *Hargrave* by the collar before he could recover himſelf from the paſs he had made; and with a jerk, and a kind of twiſt, laid him under the hind wheel of his chariot. Then wrenching his ſword from him, he ſnapped it, and flung the two pieces over his head.

SIR *Hargrave*'s mouth and face were very bloody, being hurt in his fall by the pummel of Sir *Charles*'s ſword; and one of his legs having, in his ſprawling, got between the ſpokes of the chariot wheel, Sir *Charles* charged his coachman not to ſtir for his maſter's ſake.

MISS *Byron*, notwithſtanding the diſorder of her mind, had diſengaged herſelf from the man's cloak.

Sir *Charles* had not yet the leiſure to conſider her dreſs; he was however ſtruck with the beauty of her perſon, but ſtill more with her terror. He offered her his hand, but thought not now of the footſtep, any more than before; nor did ſhe think of any thing but her deliverance; for, inſtead of accepting his offered hand, ſhe threw herſelf into his arms, and was ready to faint. He carried her round Sir *Hargrave*'s horſes, and ſeated her in his chariot, aſſuring her, that ſhe was in honourable hands, and that he would convey her to his ſiſter, a young lady of virtue and honour; and ſhutting the door, begged her to fear nothing, for he would attend her in a moment.

Sir *Hargrave*'s men had fled, and Sir *Charles*'s having purſued them a little way, were returning to ſupport their maſter, when bidding one of them tell Sir *Hargrave* who he was, he ſtepped back to his chariot, where he found the lady ſunk down through terror to the bottom of it, where ſhe lay panting, and could only ſay at his approach, Save me! ſave me!

Sir *Charles* re-aſſured her, lifted her on the ſeat, and carried her to his ſiſter. Miſs *Charlotte* was too much ſurprized at her brother's unexpected return, and too much affected with the diſorder viſible in the lady's countenance, to give much attention at firſt to her dreſs. She found her trembling as ſhe ſat, and Sir *Charles* in a very tender manner aſſuring her of his and his ſiſter's kindeſt protection; on which that lady ſaluting her, bid her thrice welcome to that houſe. Miſs *Byron*, too deeply humbled by her diſtreſs, threw herſelf on her knees to Miſs *Charlotte*; when Sir *Charles* and that lady having raiſed her to her ſeat, You ſee before you, Madam, ſaid ſhe, a ſtrange creature, and looked at her dreſs; but I hope you will believe I am an innocent one. This vile appearance was not my choice. Fie upon me! I muſt be thus dreſſed out for a maſquerade; hated diverſion! I never had a notion of it. Think not hardly, Sir, added ſhe, her hands claſped and held up, of her whom you have ſo generouſly delivered. Think not hardly of me, Madam, turning to her. I am not a bad creature. That vile, vile man!

CHARLOTTE,

CHARLOTTE, ſaid Sir *Charles*, you will make it your firſt care to raiſe the ſpirits of this injured beauty: your next, to take her directions, and inform her friends of her ſafety. Such an admirable young lady as this, cannot be miſſed an hour without exciting the fears of all her friends for her. Then ſending for a very eminent phyſician, and repeating, that ſhe was in honourable hands, and that his ſiſter would take pleaſure in obliging her, he took his leave.

MR. and Mrs. *Reeves* were in the greateſt conſternation, when, at their coming home from the maſquerade, they found not Miſs *Byron* at home. They inſtantly ſent to the Lady *Betty*'s, who could give them no information. Every method that could be thought of was taken to diſcover the place to which ſhe was carried, but without effect, till they received a letter from Miſs *Grandiſon*, by which they were informed that ſhe had been cruelly treated, but was now in ſafe and honourable hands, and that though ſhe was very ill, ſhe was better than ſhe had been.

MR. *Reeves* accordingly ſet out for Lord *L*'s, taking with him a portmanteau filled with Miſs *Byron*'s cloaths, and there found his lovely couſin very ill; but filled with gratitude for the favours ſhe received from Sir *Charles*, and his amiable ſiſter.

SIR *Hargrave* was much bruiſed by his being pulled in ſo forcible a manner out of his chariot; but what was ſtill a greater mortification to this vain fop, was his having three of his teeth ſtruck out in the fall, and his upper lip cut through, and which he was obliged to have ſewed up. He vowed revenge againſt Sir *Charles*, and was no ſooner recovered than he ſent him a challenge. But Sir *Charles*, though perfectly ſkilled in the uſe of all the offenſive weapons, was reſolved never to make uſe of them except in his own defence. He knew that duelling was contrary both to the laws of God and to ſociety, and fearleſs of the cenſures that might be thrown upon him, vindicated the right he had to guard his own life, and to ſpare himſelf the guilt of murder; yet juſtified what he had done, and boldly aſſerted, that was he to find

Sir *Hargrave* again guilty of a notorious violation of the laws of juſtice and humanity, he would again exert himſelf, in order to ſave the innocent from his brutality.

Sir *Charles* and his ſiſter *Charlotte*, greatly delighted with the converſation, the delicate ſentiments, and many engaging qualities of their lovely gueſt, grew extremely fond of her; to ſhew their affection they gave her the title of ſiſter; and on Lord and Lady *L*'s arrival, after Miſs *Byron*'s return to Mr. *Reeves*'s, they were conducted thither by Sir *Charles* and Miſs *Charlotte*, that they might ſee and acknowledge their new relation. Miſs *Byron*'s mind was filled with gratitude to her generous benefactor, and with an admiration of his virtues that admitted of daily encreaſe, and which by the familiarity allowed by that virtuous friendſhip which ſubſiſted between her and Sir *Charles*, together with Lord and Lady *L.* and Miſs *Grandiſon*, inſtantly ripened into love. All theſe perſons ſeemed to be actuated by one ſoul; Sir *Charles* was as much the tender friend as the affectionate brother; and Lord *L.* his Lady and her ſiſter conſidered him not only as their brother, but as their better father, and gloried in their relation to him as their higheſt honour. He, upon every new occaſion that called for his virtues, was the ſubject of their praiſe; and Miſs *Byron* frequently reſiding at Lord *L*'s ſeat for ſeveral days together, was informed of all the circumſtances of his life, that had come to their knowledge.

In one of theſe viſits to Lord *L*'s, when Miſs *Byron* was enjoying with the ladies of Sir *Charles*'s family all the delights that ariſe from an unreſerved ſympathy of ſoul, their brother ſuddenly ſet out for *Canterbury*, without acquainting them with the reaſon of his journey. They at firſt imagined that he might be carried there by love, and Miſs *Byron* ſuffered ſome little inquietude on that ſuppoſition; but on his return they were informed of the following particulars: Mr. *Danby*, the *French* merchant, whoſe life Sir *Charles* had ſaved when in *France*, being in a languiſhing ſtate, was deſirous to die in his native country,

try, and accordingly landed at *Dover*; but being obliged to ſtop at *Canterbury*, in his way to town, ſent for Sir *Charles*, and yielded to the common deſtiny; his body was afterwards brought to town. He had two nephews and a niece, who owed to him their education, to each of whom he had given a thouſand pounds, to put the young men out apprentices to merchants of credit, and enable them to make a reputable appearance; and he had made them hope, that, at his death, he would leave each of them three thouſand pounds more; but on the attempt made upon his life by villains ſet at work by his wicked brother, the father of thoſe nephews and that niece, of which they, however, were innocent, he left the bulk of his fortune, which was very conſiderable, to Sir *Charles*, and made him his executor and reſiduary legatee, after bequeathing to each of the three, one thouſand pounds; making ſome generous remembrances to three of his friends in *France*, and requeſting his executor to diſpoſe of three thouſand to charitable uſes, either in *France* or *England*, as he thought fit, and to what particular objects he pleaſed.

SIR *Charles*, had he ſtrictly executed this will, would have been a conſiderable gainer, as Mr. *Danby*'s effects in money, bills, ſtocks, and jewels, amounted to upwards of thirty thouſand pounds: but though he was a little offended that neither Mr. *Danby*'s nephews nor his niece attended the funeral, to which he had invited them; nor were preſent at the opening of the will, though he ſent to them for that purpoſe, he was reſolved to make up the defects, occaſioned on the one hand by a reſentment extended to the innocent, and on the other, by what Sir *Charles* thought too deep a ſenſe of gratitude for the timely aſſiſtance he had afforded him. Sir *Charles* therefore deſired Mr. *Sylveſter*, their attorney, who came to excuſe their attendance, to adviſe the young people to recollect themſelves, telling him, that he was diſpoſed to be kind to them, and wiſhed they would, with marks of confidence in him, give him a particular account of their views, proſpects, and engagements.

MR. *Sylveſter*, who was a man of character, went away very much pleaſed with Sir *Charles*, and in about two hours ſent him a note in the names of all his clients, expreſſing their gratitude, and deſiring to be allowed to wait on him that afternoon; on which Sir *Charles* invited the honeſt attorney, and his three clients, to ſup with him. They were introduced by Mr. *Sylveſter*; Sir *Charles* at the firſt moment diſſipated all their uneaſineſs, and they ſat down together with confidence in each other.

WITHOUT keeping them in ſuſpence, he aſked what had been their expectations from their uncle, and what were their proſpects; and being informed, that the young gentlemen (if their uncle had not diſappointed their expectations) were to have entered into partnerſhip with their maſters, and the young lady was to have been married to the ſon of a wealthy merchant; he told Mr. *Thomas Danby*, the eldeſt, that beſides his legacy, he might reckon upon five thouſand pounds, and accordingly enter into treaty with his maſter for marrying his niece; and having a ſhare in the buſineſs. Mr. *Edward Danby* he commiſſioned on the ſtrength of the like additional ſum, to treat about entering into partnerſhip with the gentleman he had ſerved. And you, my good Miſs *Danby*, ſaid he, ſhall acquaint your favoured Mr. *Galliard*, that, beſides the two thouſand pounds already yours, you will have five thouſand pounds more at his ſervice. And if theſe ſums anſwer not your full purpoſe, I expect you will let me know; ſince whether they do or not, my reſpect to the memory of your worthy uncle, ſhall be ſhewn to the value of more than theſe three ſums to his relations. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be; and you muſt inform me what other relations you have, and of their different ſituations in life, that I may be enabled to amend a will made in a long and painful ſickneſs, which might ſour a diſpoſition that was naturally all benevolence.

THEY wept, looked at one another, dried their eyes, and wept again. Sir *Charles* thinking his preſence painful to them, withdrew for ſome time to his ſtudy. At his return, Do you—Do you, referred each

each brother to the other; and Mr. *Thomas Danby* riſing to ſpeak, Sir *Charles* told them, that he ſaw their grateful hearts in their countenances. Do you think my pleaſure, added he, is not, at leaſt, equal to yours? I am more than rewarded in the conſciouſneſs of having endeavoured to make a right uſe of the power entruſted to me. You will each of you, I hope (thus ſet forward) be eminent in his particular buſineſs. The merchants of *Great Britain* are the moſt uſeful members of the community. If I have obliged you, let me recommend to you, each in his ſeveral way, according to his ability, and as opportunity may offer, to raiſe thoſe worthy hearts, that inevitable calamities ſhall make ſpiritleſs. Look upon what is done for you, not as the reward of any particular merits in yourſelves, but as your debt to that Providence, which makes it a principal part of your religion, to do good to your fellow creatures. In a word, let me injoin you, in all your tranſactions, to remember *Mercy* as well as *Juſtice*.

THE brothers declared, that their hearts were opened by the example ſet them, and they hoped would never be ſhut: The ſiſter *looked* the ſame declaration; and Mr. *Sylveſter*, raiſed with this ſcene of gratitude, ſaid, with tears in his eyes, that he ſhould be impatient till he had looked into his affairs, and through his acquaintance, in order to qualify himſelf to do ſome little good, after ſo noble an example.

AT parting, he told the nephews, that he expected to hear from them the moment any thing ſhould be brought to effect, and let their maſters and them agree or not, he would take the ſpeedieſt method of putting them and their ſiſter in full poſſeſſion of what they were intitled to, as well by his promiſe, as by their uncle's will. Their ſiſter wept; and when Sir *Charles* preſſed her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the preſſure; but in manner ſo modeſt, that ſhewed gratitude had poſſeſſion of her whole heart, and ſet her above the forms of her ſex; and the good attorney, as much raiſed as if he were one of the perſons benefited, joined with the brothers in invoking bleſſings upon him.

As Miſs *Harriet Byron* had great generoſity of mind, ſhe could not avoid being charmed at ſuch noble inſtances of diſintereſted goodneſs in her deliverer. Sir *Charles*'s ſiſters, by whom ſhe was tenderly beloved, obſerved the pleaſure with which ſhe liſtened to every thing they ſaid of their worthy brother, and the delight ſhe took in his converſation; and having prevailed on her to confeſs the impreſſion he had made on her heart, let her know that they wiſhed to acknowledge her as their real ſiſter, and generouſly offered her their aſſiſtance in order to diſcover the ſituation of their brother's mind. They knew that he had a very high eſteem for Miſs *Byron*, but from his behaviour could not be certain that he was not under ſome engagements to ſome foreign beauty. They therefore applied for information to the worthy Dr. *Bartlett*, who was now Sir *Charles*'s chaplain, and who was well acquainted with all the tranſactions of his life. But this gentleman referred them to their brother; and on the firſt opportunity, they aſked him if he had any thoughts of marriage, and whether his heart was not engaged by ſome foreign beauty; to this he only anſwered, that he was in a very difficult ſituation, and far from being happy: but a few days after taking Miſs *Byron* into Lord *L*'s ſtudy, he gave her the hiſtory of the noble *Clementina*, and his friend *Jeronymo*; referring her for farther particulars to his letters to Dr. *Bartlett*. She was greatly moved by the affecting ſtory, and though all her hopes of happineſs now vaniſhed, ſhe admired and pitied the lovely *Italian*, and at the ſame time reſolved to ſtruggle againſt ſo hopeleſs a paſſion.

SOME days after Sir *Charles* paid Miſs *Byron* a viſit at her uncle *Reeves*'s, and being left alone with her, with an air, equally ſolemn and free, he thus addreſſed her: The laſt time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miſs *Byron*, I told her a very tender tale. I was ſure it would raiſe in ſuch a heart as her's generous compaſſion for the nobleſt lady on the Continent; and I preſumed, as my difficulties were not owing either to raſhneſs or indiſcretion, that ſhe would pity the relater. The ſtory did indeed affect

fect you, and I am ſure you muſt have ſuffered ſtill more from the ſame compaſſionate goodneſs on the communications made you by Dr. *Bartlett*. May I, Madam, however, add a few particulars to the ſame ſubject; for now you have been let into ſo conſiderable a part of my ſtory, I am deſirous to acquaint you, and that rather than any woman in the world, with all I know myſelf of this arduous affair. Miſs *Byron* told him, with trembling heſitation, that the ſtory was indeed a moſt affecting one, and that he would do her honour in acquainting her with further particulars of it.

SIR *Charles* then told her, that the Biſhop of *Nocera*, *Clementina*'s brother, had written to him, requeſting that he would once more viſit *Bologna*, yet owned, that his family were not unanimous in the requeſt, the General being againſt it; but that he and father *Mareſcotti* and the Marchioneſs were extremely earneſt that this indulgence ſhould be granted to the wiſhes of his ſiſter. He offered to meet him at his own appointment, and conduct him to *Bologna*, where his preſence would rejoice every heart, and procure an unanimous conſent to the interview ſo much deſired. He alſo ſhewed her a letter from Mrs. *Beaumont*, which informed him of many affecting particulars, and in which he was told, that when it was known, that he had actually left *Italy*, the family at *Bologna* began to wiſh that they had permitted the interview ſo much deſired by the poor lady: and when they afterwards underſtood that he was ſent for to *England* to take poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate, that farther diſtance, and the formidable notion of the ſea being between them, added to their regrets. To quiet the poor lady's mind, they carried her to *Urbino*, to *Rome*, to *Naples*, then back to *Florence*, and then to *Milan*, and to *Turin*, and made her take a voyage from *Leghorn* to *Naples* and back again; her attendants flattering her with the expectation of ſeeing her Chevalier. After this ſhe was put into the hands of the lady *Sforza*, and her daughter *Laurana*, who, from intereſted motives, and envy, on account of her ſuperior qualities, treated her with the utmoſt cruelty.

FATHER

FATHER *Mareſcotti*, in one of his letters, gave a ſhocking inſtance of their behaviour to the noble ſufferer, which her ſervant *Laura* acquainted him with under pretence of confeſſing to him. When any ſeverity was to be exerciſed upon the unhappy lady, *Laura* was always ſhut out of her apartment. *Clementina* had ſaid ſomething to be chidden for, when *Laura*, liſtening, heard *Laurana* in great wrath with her lady, who in return to her threats, replied, What have I done to you *Laurana*, to be ſo uſed?——You are not that couſin *Laurana* you uſed to be. Why do you call me crazy and frantic? If the Almighty has laid his hand upon me, ſhould I not be pitied? It is all for your good, It is all for your good *Clementina!* cried *Laurana*. You could not always have ſpoken ſo ſenſibly, couſin. Cruel *Laurana!* ſhe replied; you loved me once! I have no mother as you have, my mother was a good mother; but ſhe is gone! or I am gone, I know not which. *Laurana* then threatened her with the ſtrait waiſtcoat, a puniſhment at which the unhappy lady was greatly terrified; ſhe begged and prayed. *Laurana* went out of the room; when the poor *Clementina* apprehending her cruel couſin's return with the threatened waiſtcoat, went and hid herſelf under a ſtair-caſe, where ſhe was ſoon diſcovered by her cloaths, which ſhe had not been careful to draw in after her. The cruel *Laurana* dragged the ſweet ſufferer by her gown from her hiding-place, inveighing againſt her, and threatening her. She, all patient and reſigned praying for mercy, not by ſpeech, but by her eyes, which, however, wept not; and cauſing her to be carried up to her chamber, there puniſhed her with the ſtrait waiſtcoat.

FATHER *Mareſcotti* was greatly affected with *Laura*'s relation, and on his return to *Bologna* laid the whole matter before the Biſhop, who wrote to the General to join with him out of hand, to releaſe their ſiſter from her preſent bondage; and the General meeting the Biſhop on a ſet day at *Milan* for that purpoſe, the lady was accordingly releaſed, but they had by terror broken her ſpirit.

MISS *Byron* wept at reading theſe affecting paſſages in the letters ſhewed her by Sir *Charles*, while he cried

cried out, How inſupportable to me would have been my reflections, had my conſcience told me, that I had been the wilful cauſe of the noble *Clementina*'s calamity!

SIR *Charles* alſo ſhewed her a letter from Signior *Jeronymo*, which acquainted him with the dangerous way he was in; that his life was a burthen to him; that he wiſhed it was brought to its period, and that he did not think himſelf in ſkilful hands. He alſo wiſhed that Sir *Charles* and himſelf had been of one country, ſince the greateſt felicity he could now enjoy would be to yield up his life to the giver of it, in the arms of his *Grandiſon*.

MR. *Reeves* juſt then coming in, Miſs *Byron* walked to the other end of the room, and endeavoured to recollect herſelf, and her couſin preſently after being withdrawn, and Sir *Charles* approaching her; My heart bleeds, Sir, ſaid ſhe, for the diſtreſſes of your *Clementina*: beyond expreſſion, I admire the greatneſs of her behaviour, and moſt ſincerely lament her diſtreſſes. What that is in the power of man cannot Sir *Charles Grandiſon* do? You have honoured me, Sir, with the title of ſiſter; in the tenderneſs of that relation, permit me to ſay, that I dread the effects of the General's petulance: I feel next for you the pain it muſt give to your humane heart to be once more perſonally preſent to the woes of the inimitable *Clementina*: but I am ſure you did not heſitate a moment about leaving all your friends here in *England*, and reſolving to haſten over to try, at leaſt, what can be done for the noble ſufferer.

SIR *Charles* led her to her ſeat, and taking his by her, ſtill holding her paſſive hand. Ever ſince I have had the honour, ſaid he, of Miſs *Byron*'s acquaintance, I have conſidered her as one of the moſt excellent of women. My heart demands alliance with her's, and hopes to be allowed its claim, though ſuch are the delicacies of ſituation, that I ſcarcely dare truſt to myſelf to ſpeak upon the ſubject. From the firſt I called Miſs *Byron* my ſiſter; but ſhe is more to me than the deareſt ſiſter; and there is a more tender friendſhip that I aſpire to hold with her, whatever may be the accidents of either ſide, to bar a farther

wiſh;

wiſh; and this I muſt hope, that ſhe will not deny me, ſo long as it ſhall be conſiſtent with her other attachments. He pauſed, and ſhe made an effort to ſpeak, but could not utter a word. As I am not conſcious, reſumed he, of being unworthy of your friendſhip, I will ſuppoſe it; and further talk to you of my affairs and engagements.

He then told her, that he had no ſooner peruſed the Biſhop's letter, than he wrote, that he would moſt chearfully comply with his wiſhes; but that he ſhould be glad not to be under any obligation to go further than *Bologna*, where he might have the happineſs to attend *Jeronymo*, as well as his ſiſter. He added, that every thing was ready for his departure, and that as *Jeronymo* expreſſed himſelf diſſatisfied with his ſurgeons, he only waited for the company of a very ſkilful one, who was ſettling his affairs in order to go with him. He then invited Miſs *Byron* and her couſin to dine with him the next day, and took his leave.

Sir *Charles* having ſeen his ſiſter *Charlotte* happily married to Lord *G.* who had for ſome time paid his addreſſes to her, and having ſettled ſeveral important affairs, and obtained the opinion of ſeveral eminent phyſicians in writing, on the caſe of the lady *Clementina*, he ſet out for *Italy*, accompanied by Mr. *Lowther*, a ſkilful ſurgeon, by the way of *France*, where he ſtaid ſeveral days in order to execute ſome parts of Mr. *Danby*'s will, in relation to ſome legacies left to ſeveral gentlemen there, and the diſpoſal of a ſum of money in charitable uſes.

Sir *Charles* in his journey to *Paris* was ſtopped by one of Sir *Hargrave Pollexfen*'s ſervants, who gave him a diſmal account that his maſter and another gentleman, his maſter's friend, had been attacked by ſeveral men who were at that time murdering them behind a hill at a ſmall diſtance, called *Mont Martre*. Sir *Charles* leaping out of the poſt-chaiſe, deſired Mr. *Lowther*'s ſervant to diſmount, and getting himſelf on his horſe, gallopped away with his three ſervants towards the place. His ears were ſoon pierced with the cries of the poor wretches, and he preſently ſaw two men on horſeback holding the horſes of four others, who

who had under them two gentlemen ſtruggling, groaning, and crying for mercy.

SIR *Charles*, who was a good way a head of his ſervants, calling out to ſpare the gentlemen, and bending his courſe to relieve the proſtrate ſufferers, two of the four quitted their prey, and mounting, joined the other two horſemen, and advanced to meet him, with a ſhew of ſupporting the two men on foot in their violence; who continued laying on the wretches, with the butt-end of their whips, unmercifully. The four men on horſeback with their piſtols in their hands, as Sir *Charles* alſo had his, demanded a conference; warning Sir *Charles* not to provoke his fate by his raſhneſs; declaring that he was a dead man if he fired. Forbear, then, ſaid Sir *Charles*, all further violence to the gentlemen, and I will hear what you have to ſay. He then put his piſtol into his holſter, and one of his ſervants being come up, and the two others at hand (to whom he called out not to fire till they had his orders) he gave him his horſe's reins, and leaping down drew his ſword, and made towards the two men who were ſo cruelly exerciſing their whips; and who, on his approach, retired to ſome little diſtance, drawing their hangers.

THE four men on horſeback joined the two on foot, juſt as they were quitting the object of their fury; and one of them ſaid, Forbear, brother, for the preſent, any further violence; the gentleman ſhall be told the cauſe of all this.—Murder, Sir, ſaid he, is not intended, nor are we robbers. The men whom you are ſolicitous to ſave from our vengeance, are villains.

IN the ſame inſtant Sir *Charles* raiſed firſt one groaning man and then the other. Their heads were all over bloody, and they were ſo bruiſed, that they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats, which lay near them. The men on foot had by this time mounted their horſes, and all ſix ſtood upon their defence; but one of them was ſo furious, crying that his vengeance ſhould be yet more complete, that two of the others could hardly reſtrain him.

JUST

JUST then came up in the chaiſe Mr. *Lowther*, and his ſervant, each with a piſtol in his hand, and Sir *Charles* deſired him inſtantly to examine whether the gentlemen were dangerouſly hurt or not; and he, after examining them, giving it as his opinion, that there was no apparent danger of death, Sir *Charles* ſaid, that as they had not offered to fly, or to be guilty of violence to himſelf, his friend, or ſervants, he was afraid they had ſome reaſon to think themſelves ill uſed by the gentlemen; but he expected that they would hold themſelves to be perſonally anſwerable for their conduct at a proper tribunal.

THE villains, ſaid one of the men, know who we are, and the provocation; which merits a worſe treatment than they have hitherto met with. You, Sir, proceeded he, ſeem to be a man of honour and temper; we are men of honour, as well as you. Our deſign, as we told you, was not to kill the miſcreants; but to give them reaſon to remember their villainy as long as they lived; and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt, continued he, on a lady's honour at *Abbeville*; and finding themſelves detected, and in danger, took round-about ways, and ſhifted from one vehicle to another, to eſcape the vengeance of her friends. That gentleman has reaſon for being in ſuch a paſſion, ſince he is the lady's huſband; that gentleman, and that, are her brothers. The villains have not been puniſhed equal to their demerits. Let them on their knees aſk this gentleman's pardon (pointing to the huſband of the inſulted lady.) We inſiſt upon this ſatisfaction; and upon their promiſe that they never more will come within two leagues of *Abbeville*, and we will leave them in your protection.

SIR *Charles*, turning towards Sir *Hargrave* and his companion, ſaid, If you have done wrong, gentlemen, you ought not to ſcruple aſking pardon; but if you know yourſelves to be innocent, though I ſhould be loth to riſk the lives of my friend and ſervants, yet ſhall not my countrymen make ſo undue a ſubmiſſion.

THE wretches inſtantly kneeled, and the others, civilly ſaluting Sir *Charles* and Mr. *Lowther*, rode off; to

to the joy of the two delinquents, who kneeled again to their deliverer, and poured forth bleſſings upon the man, whoſe life ſo lately one of them ſought, and whoſe preſervation he had now ſo much reaſon to rejoice in, for the ſake of his own ſafety. By this time Sir *Hargrave's* poſt-chaiſe coming up, he and his colleague were with difficulty lifted into it. Sir *Charles* and Mr. *Lowther* went into theirs, and being but at a ſmall diſtance from *Paris*, they proceeded thither in company.

As the Biſhop of *Nocera* had offered to meet Sir *Charles* any where on his ſide of the mountains, he wrote to him from Lyons, that he hoped to ſee him at *Parma*, on or about the very day that Sir *Charles* was ſo fortunate as to reach the palace of the Count of *Belvedere* in that city, where he found, that the Biſhop and father *Mareſcotti* had arrived the evening before.

THEY, as well as the Count, expreſſed great joy at ſeeing him, and when he preſented Mr. *Lowther* to them, with the praiſes due to his ſkill, and let them know the conſultations he had had with eminent phyſicians of his own country, on *Clementina*'s caſe, they invoked bleſſings on them both. To Sir *Charles*'s repeated enquiries, *Jeronymo*, poor *Jeronymo!* ſaid the Biſhop, is living, and that is all we can ſay. The ſight of you will be a cordial to his heart. As to *Clementina*, her bodily health is greatly impaired, and we are almoſt hopeleſs, with regard to the ſtate of her mind. The Biſhop and father both regretted that ſhe had been denied the requeſted interview. They were now, they ſaid, convinced, that if that had been granted, and ſhe had been left to Mrs. *Beaumont*'s friendly care, a happy iſſue might have been hoped for: but now, ſaid the Biſhop——then ſighed, and was ſilent.

THE next day they ſet out for *Bologna*, and the Count of *Belvedere* accompanying them about half way, found an opportunity to let Sir *Charles* know his unabated paſſion for *Clementina*, and that he had lately made offers to marry her, notwithſtanding her ma-

lady,

lady, ſince he thought it not impoſſible but that in time ſhe might be cured.

ON Sir *Charles*'s arrival at *Bologna*, he haſtened to *Jeronymo*, who had been appriſed of his coming. The moment he ſaw him, Do I once more, ſaid he, behold my friend, my *Grandiſon?* Let me embrace the deareſt of men. Now, now, have I lived long enough; and bowing his head upon his pillow, his countenance ſhone with pleaſure, in defiance of pain. The Marquis and Marchioneſs ſignifying their pleaſure to ſee him, the Biſhop led him to them. His reception from the Marquis was kind; from his Lady it was that of a mother to a long abſent ſon. He had ever been, ſhe ſaid, a fourth ſon in her eye; and now, that ſhe had been informed, that he had brought over with him a ſurgeon of experience, and the advice in writing of eminent phyſicians of his country, the obligations he had laid on their whole family, were unreturnable. Sir *Charles* aſked leave to introduce Mr. *Lowther* to them, and they received him with great politeneſs, and recommended their *Jeronymo* to his beſt ſkill. The two ſurgeons who attended him were ſent for, and Sir *Charles* having given them Mr. *Lowther*'s character, preſented him to them, and they acquainted him with their method of proceeding. The ſame evening Mr. *Lowther* aſſiſted in the dreſſings, and in ſo eaſy and gentle a manner ſuggeſted an alteration, that the gentlemen came readily into it. The family were delighted with Mr. *Lowther*; they now flattered themſelves with the hopes of their *Jeronymo*'s recovery, and prevailed on him to accept of an apartment adjoining to that of his patient.

SIR *Charles* had been four or five days at *Bologna*, when the Lady *Clementina* arrived there with the General and his lady, to whom he was lately married.—The General had never been able to bear the thought that *Grandiſon*, an *Engliſhman* and a proteſtant, ſhould be eſteemed of ſuch conſequence to the happineſs of his ſiſter; he had therefore always been his enemy: he now expreſſed himſelf with coldneſs on

on his coming over, and treated him with ſcorn. Sir *Charles* reſented this behaviour, and with a noble ſuperiority commanded and engaged his eſteem.

THE lady *Clementina* was the picture of ſilent woe; ſhe knew not, nor paid the leaſt attention to her mother, of whom ſhe had never been unmindful before; it was therefore reſolved to revive her attention, by introducing her in a full aſſembly in which Sir *Charles* was preſent. She being before told that he was arrived, ſhe entered leaning on *Camilla*, her woman, with her ſervant *Laura* attending. Her movement was ſlow and ſolemn; her eyes were caſt on the ground; her robes were black and flowing, and a veil of black gauze half covered her dejected face. What at that moment was Sir *Charles*'s emotion! he aroſe from his ſeat, ſat down, and aroſe again, irreſolute, not knowing what he did, or what to do! She approached the table round which the company ſat, but with her eyes more than half cloſed and caſt down, ſhe turned to go towards the window. Here, here, Madam, ſaid *Camilla*, leading her to an elbow chair that had been placed for her between the Marchioneſs and the General's lady. She implicitly took her woman's directions, and ſat down. Her mother wept. The General's lady wept. Her father ſobbed, and looked from her. Her mother took her hand; My love, ſaid ſhe, look around you: but ſhe regarded not what ſhe ſaid.

THE General, grieved and impatient, aroſe, and ſtepping to her, My deareſt ſiſter, ſaid he, hanging over her ſhoulder, look upon us all. See your father, your mother, your ſiſter, and every body in tears. If you love us, ſmile upon us. He took the hand which her mother had quitted, and then ſhe reared up her eyes to him, and ſweetly condeſcending, tried to ſmile; but ſuch a ſolemnity had taken poſſeſſion of her features, that ſhe only could ſhew her obligingneſs by the effort. Her ſmile was a ſmile of woe. Then withdrawing her hand from her brother's, took her mother's hand. The Marquis aroſe from his ſeat, his handkerchief at his eyes. Sweet creature! ſaid he, never, never let me again ſee ſuch

a ſmile

a ſmile as that. It is *here*, added he, putting his hand to his breaſt.

OBLIGING ſiſter! you do not ſcorn us, ſaid the General. See father *Mareſcotti* is in tears! [he ſat next Sir *Charles*] Pity his grey hairs! See your own father too——Comfort your father. She caſt her eyes that way. She ſaw Sir *Charles*. Saw him greatly affected. She ſtarted. She looked again; again ſtarted; and quitting her mother's hand, now changing pale, now reddening, ſhe aroſe, and then threw her arms about her *Camilla*, who ſtood by her chair—O *Camilla!* was all ſhe ſaid; a violent burſt of tears wounding, yet giving ſome eaſe to every heart. Sir *Charles* was ſpringing to her, and would have claſped her in his arms before them all; but the General taking his hand, as he reached her chair, Dear *Grandiſon*, ſaid he, pronouncing his name in her ear, keep your ſeat. If *Clementina* remembers her *Engliſh* tutor, ſhe will bid you welcome once more to *Bologna*.——O *Camilla*, ſaid ſhe, faithful good *Camilla!* Now, at laſt, you have told me truth! It is, it is he!—— and her tears would flow, as ſhe hid her face in *Camilla*'s boſom. She then made a motion to withdraw, and ſupported by the Marchioneſs and the General's lady, turned towards the door; but Sir *Charles* coming up to her, ſhe ſtopt, and ſaying, Ah Chevalier! reclined her head on her mother's boſom, and ſeemed ready to faint. He took her hand, as it hung down lifeleſs extended [her mother held the other] and kneeling, he preſſed it with his lips, crying, Forgive me, ladies: forgive me, Lady *Clementina!* His ſoul overflowed with tenderneſs, and he could ſay no more; he therefore aroſe. She moved on to the door; and when there turned her head, ſtraining her neck to look after him, till ſhe was out of the room: Sir *Charles* for ſome moments remaining a ſtatue.

BUT it is impoſſible in this abridgment to give the beautiful paintings of a great but diſordered mind, exhibited in a variety of moſt affecting ſcenes, in the gradual progreſs of returning reaſon, or to repreſent the many tender interviews between Sir *Charles* and *Clementina*. It is ſufficient here to obſerve, that after all

all the perſuaſions this noble family could urge to make Sir *Charles* change his religion, proved ineffectual, they conſented to give him *Clementina*, on the conditions he himſelf had formerly propoſed; that ſhe ſhould have the free enjoyment of her religion, and be allowed her confeſſor, the ſons to be brought up proteſtants, and the daughters of the *Romiſh* perſuaſion. The daughters were therefore to be looked upon as *Italians*, they were to be educated in *Italy*, and to enjoy the great eſtate given to *Clementina* by her two grandfathers; while the ſons, as being proteſtants, were to be educated in *England*, and provided for by their father.

MEAN while Sir *Charles*'s joy was greatly damped by the grief and deſpair of the Count of *Belvedere*, who arrived at *Bologna*, paid him ſeveral viſits, and being weary of life, endeavoured, though without effect, to prevail on Sir *Charles* to meet him without the city gates; proteſting that *Clementina* ſhould not be his while he lived.

As the whole family of the Marquis *della Porretta* had conſented to Sir *Charles*'s union with *Clementina*, and all the articles of the marriage were ſettled, it was not doubted but that ſhe would have received his hand with tranſport. He was to be introduced to her the day after every thing was ſettled, with the free liberty of declaring his paſſion. A ſudden thoughtfulneſs now took poſſeſſion of the lady's mind, and it was obſerved that ſhe ſpent a conſiderable time in writing and preparing for this interview with an unuſual ſolemnity. On Sir *Charles*'s being introduced to her, ſhe received him with tears, ſighs, and trembling heſitation; and having put a paper into his hand, cried, Leave me, leave me, and retiring to her cloſet, ſhut the door, and fell on her knees; when Sir *Charles*, to avoid hearing ſobs which pierced his heart, went into the next apartment, where were her mother and *Camilla*, who inſtantly went to her. When opening the paper, Sir *Charles* was aſtoniſhed at the contents, the ſubſtance of which were as follows:

"O Thou

" O Thou whom my heart beſt loveth; my tutor, my brother, my friend! ſeek me not in marriage! I am unworthy of thee. Thy ſoul was ever moſt dear to *Clementina*; whenever I meditated the gracefulneſs of thy perſon, I reſtrained my eye, I checked my fancy, by meditating the ſuperior graces of thy mind. And is not that ſoul, thought I, to be ſaved? Dear obſtinate, and perverſe! And ſhall I bind my ſoul to a ſoul allied to perdition?—O thou moſt amiable of men! how can I be ſure, that, were I thine, thou wouldſt not draw me after thee, by love, by ſweetneſs of manners, by condeſcending goodneſs? I, who once thought a heretic the worſt of beings, have been already led by the amiableneſs of thy piety, by the univerſality of thy charity to all thy fellow creatures, to think more favourably of all heretics, for thy ſake. Of what force would be the advice of the moſt pious confeſſor, were thy condeſcending goodneſs, and ſweet perſuaſion, to be exerted to melt a heart wholly thine? I know that I ſhould not forbear arguing with thee, in hopes to convince thee; yet ſenſible of thy ſuperior powers, and of my duty, might I not be entangled? My confeſſor would, in that caſe, grow uneaſy with me. Women love not to be ſuſpected. Oppoſition ariſes from ſuſpicion and contradiction; thy love, thy gentleneſs, thrown in the other ſcale, ſhould I not be loſt? O thou whom my ſoul loveth, ſeek not to entangle me by thy love!

" WERE I to be thine, my duty to thee would miſlead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: ſince were thou to convince me at the time, my doubts would return; and whenever thou wert abſent, I ſhould be doubly miſerable. For, canſt thou, can I, be indifferent in theſe high matters? Haſt thou not ſhewn me, that *thou* canſt not? And ſhall I not be benefited by thy example? Shall a wrong religion have a force, and efficacy, upon thee, which a right one cannot have upon me?—O thou moſt

" amiable

" amiable of men! ſeek not to entangle me by thy " love!

" BUT doſt thou indeed love me? or is it owing " to thy generoſity, thy nobleneſs, thy compaſſion, " for a creature, who, aiming to be great like thee, " could not ſuſtain the effort? I call upon the bleſſed " Virgin, to witneſs, how I formerly ſtruggled with " myſelf! how much I endeavoured to ſubdue that " affection which I ever muſt bear to him.—Permit " me, moſt generous of men, to ſubdue it. I know " thou loveſt *Clementina:* it is her pride to think that " thou doſt. But ſhe is not worthy of thee. Yet " let thy heart own, that thou loveſt her ſoul, her " immortal ſoul, and her future peace. In *that* wilt " thou ſhew thy love, as ſhe has endeavoured to " ſhew hers. Thou art all magnanimity; thou canſt " ſuſtain the effort which ſhe was unequal to. Make " ſome other woman happy; but let it not be an " *Italian.*

" YOU, my father, my mother, my brothers, and " you my ſpiritual father, have helped to ſubdue me, " by your generous goodneſs. You have all yielded " up your own judgments to mine. You have told " me, that if the choice of my heart can make me " happy, happy I ſhall be. But ſhall I not, if it " pleaſe God to reſtore my memory, be continually " recollecting the arguments which you father *Ma-* " *reſcotti*, in particular, formerly urged againſt an " alliance with this nobleſt of men, becauſe he was " of a religion ſo contrary to my own, and ſo perti- " nacious in it? And will theſe recollections make " me happy? O permit me, permit me, my deareſt " friends, ſtill to be God's child? let me take the " veil!——And let me paſs the remainder of my life " in prayers for you all, and for the converſion and " happineſs of the man, whoſe ſoul my ſoul loveth, " and ever muſt love. What is the portion of this " world, which my grandfathers have bequeathed to " me, weighed againſt this motive, and my ſoul's " everlaſting welfare?

" O THOU whom my ſoul loveth, let me try the " greatneſs of thy love, and the greatneſs of thy " ſoul,

" ſoul, by thy endeavours to ſtrengthen, and not to " impair a reſolution, which, after all, it will be in " thy power to make me break or keep! But my " brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect " a long life? and ſhall I not endeavour to make the " cloſe of it happy?

" BUT, O my friends, what can we do for this " great and good man, in return for the obligations " he hath heaped upon us all? In return for his " goodneſs to two of your children? Theſe obliga- " tions lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows " not his magnanimity? Who, that knows him, " knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the ac- " tion? Divine, almoſt divine philanthropiſt, canſt " thou forgive me?——But I know thou canſt. " Thou haſt the ſame notions that I have of the " brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of " the duration of that to come! And can I have the " preſumption to imagine, that the giving thee in " marriage ſo wounded a frame, would be making " thee happy? Once more, if I have the courage, " the reſolution, to ſhew thee this paper, do thou " enable me, by thy great example, to complete the " conqueſt of myſelf; and do not put me upon tak- " ing advantage of my honoured friend's generoſity: " but do God and thou enable me to ſay, Not my " will, but his and theirs be done!——Yet, after " all, it muſt be, let me own, in thy choice (for I " cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to ſuch exalt- " ed merit) to add what name thou pleaſeſt to that " of

CLEMENTINA ——————."

SIR *Charles* at reading this paper was aſtoniſhed, perplexed and confounded, and at the ſame time filled with admiration at the angelic qualities of *Clementina*. He threw himſelf on a ſofa, not heeding *Camilla*, who ſat in the window. The lady rang. *Camilla* haſted to her. He ſtarted as ſhe paſſed him, and aroſe; but on her return ſhe rouſed him from the ſtupidity that had ſeized him. O Sir, ſaid ſhe, my lady dreads your anger; ſhe dreads to ſee you; yet hopes

hopes it.———Haſten, haſten, and ſave her from fainting.

HE haſtened in. The admirable lady met him half way, and throwing herſelf at his feet, cried, Forgive me, forgive the creature that muſt be miſerable, if you are offended with her. He attempted to raiſe her, but ſhe would not be raiſed, ſhe ſaid, till he had forgiven her. He then kneeled to her, as ſhe kneeled, and claſping her in his arms, cried, Forgive you, Madam! inimitable woman!—Can you forgive me for having preſumed, and for ſtill preſuming, to hope to call ſuch an angel mine!

SHE was ready to faint, and caſt her arms about Sir *Charles* to ſupport herſelf. *Camilla* held to her her ſalts, and ſhe again repeated, Am I, am I forgiven.——Say that I am. Forgiven! Madam! he returned; you have done nothing that requires forgiveneſs. I adore your greatneſs of mind!——What you wiſh, bid me be, and that I will be. Riſe moſt excellent of human creatures!

SIR *Charles* raiſed her, and leading her to a chair, involuntarily kneeled on one knee to her; holding both her hands in his as ſhe ſat, and looking up to her with eyes full of love and reverence. *Camilla* had run down to the Marchioneſs, crying, O Madam! ſuch a ſcene! Haſten, haſten up. They will faint in each other's arms. The Marchioneſs haſted after *Camilla*, and found him in this kneeling poſture, her daughter's hands both in his. Dear Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, reſtrain your grateful rapture! For the ſake of my child's head, grateful as I ſee by her eyes it muſt be to her—reſtrain it. O Madam, ſaid Sir *Charles*, quitting *Clementina*'s hands, and riſing and taking one of hers, Glory in your daughter: You always loved and admired her; but you will now glory in her. She is an angel.——Give me leave, Madam, (to *Clementina*) to preſent this paper to the Marchioneſs. He gave it to her, ſaying, Read it, Madam—Let your Lord, let the Biſhop, let Father *Mareſcotti* read it.—But read it with compaſſion for me; and then direct me what to ſay, what to do! I reſign myſelf wholly to your direction, and theirs;

and to yours, my dear Lady *Clementina*. You ſay, you forgive me, Chevalier, ſaid the lady:—Now ſhall I forgive myſelf. God's goodneſs and yours will, I hope, perfectly reſtore me. This is my direction, Chevalier—Love my MIND, as *yours* ever was the principal object of my love.

THE whole family was greatly ſurpriſed at this unexpected turn; *Jeronymo* pitied his friend, and told him, that he could not bear that ſuch a ſpirit as his ſhould be ſubject to the petulance of a brain-ſick girl. However none of them imagined that ſhe would be able to keep her reſolution: and, to encourage Sir *Charles*, they all reminded him, that ſhe had put herſelf intirely in his power, ſince ſhe had wrote, that he might add what name he pleaſed to that of *Clementina*. But Sir *Charles* himſelf ſaw, that her conſcience was concerned, and, notwithſtanding his paſſion, he could not think of perſuading her to violate it. However, when it was found that ſhe ſteadily perſiſted in her reſolution, Sir *Charles* deſired to be allowed to make one effort to convince her that ſhe might be happy with him, as to the article ſhe was ſo ſolicitous about, and to give her aſſurances of his inviolable honour, in allowing her the free exerciſe of her religion, and to endeavour to remove all her ſcruples. To this they conſented, and ſhe deſiring to ſee him, he pleaded his having agreed to allow her her chapel, her confeſſor, and her own ſervants. That he might prevail on her father and mother to accompany them in their firſt journey to *England*; that *Jeronymo* would alſo give them his company, with his ſkilful *Lowther*, and might receive great benefit from the reſtorative baths of his country. He urged the pleaſure ſhe would receive from the affection of his ſiſters and their lords, who, he would engage, ſhould attend her in her journies to *Italy*. With what pleaſure, proceeded he, will you every other year, viſit and reviſit *England*, and your native country! How dear will you be to your old friends, and to your new, in turn! never reviſiting *England* without ſome of your relations to accompany you; now one, now another, and who will be of our family.

mily. Your *Grandiſon*, Madam, allow me to ſay *your Grandiſon*, has not, he preſumes to aver, a narrow heart. You ſee how well he can live with the moſt zealous of your religion, yet not be an hypocrite; but when called upon, fears not to avow his own.——My deareſt *Clementina!* ſay, you think you can be happy, and yet bleſs me with your love. O how, ſaid ſhe, ſhall I guard myſelf againſt a voice, that is the voice of love!—If I attempt to argue, I am loſt!—Does not this ſhew me, that were I to be yours, I muſt be all you wiſh me to be? And then my everlaſting peace, my everlaſting happineſs.—O Sir! I doubt not your juſtice, your generoſity.—But I fear myſelf!—Seek not, let me repeat; ſeek not, kindeſt of men, to entangle me with your love.

SIR *Charles* was afraid ſhe would have fainted; he claſped his arms about her, and ſhe reſumed, Let me, let me cut ſhort all I intended to ſay, by referring to my paper. The contents of that are not, cannot be, anſwered to my ſatisfaction. Be my advocate to yourſelf, to your own heart, and ſeek not to entangle me with your love.

SIR *Charles* then promiſed, that whatever it coſt him, he would yield to her pleaſure, and never urge her again on that ſubject, unleſs her brother the Biſhop gave him hope that ſhe had changed her mind. The agitations this reſolution gave him, were ſcarcely to be ſupported, his health ſuffered greatly by them, and he thought it neceſſary, both on his own account, as well as *Clementina*'s, to wean himſelf by abſence. For this purpoſe he viſited ſeveral cities of *Italy*, and after ſome ſhort abſence, reſolved to take his final leave of *Bologna*, and return to *England*.

THE joy, the gratitude of the Marquis, his lady, and their ſons, on the recovered intellects of their admirable daughter; the agreeable proſpect of the ſpeedy recovery of their dear *Jeronymo*, and their admiration and affection for one to whom they were under ſuch high obligations, made them at a loſs how to return the favours they had received. They expreſſed the pain this gave them, and intreated him to let them know what returns he would accept from

them; when he let them know, that the higheſt favour he could poſſibly receive would be the honour of a viſit from this noble family the next ſpring; by which means he did not doubt but that his dear *Jeronymo*, by the uſe of the *Engliſh* baths, would be perfectly recovered. With hearts filled with admiration, they accepted this propoſal, and after taking a very affecting leave of *Jeronymo* and *Clementina*, Sir *Charles* ſet out in his way to *England*.

SIR *Charles*, during his ſtay in *Italy*, had ſent a very particular account of whatever paſſed in relation to the Lady *Clementina*, to Dr. *Bartlett*, and theſe letters Sir *Charles*'s ſiſters conſtantly ſent to Miſs *Byron*; who, notwithſtanding her love for the writer, greatly admired the lady, who, in a thouſand inſtances, ſhewed the nobleneſs of her mind, and the dignity of her ſentiments.——Some of theſe letters deprived Miſs *Byron* of all hope of being united to her generous deliverer, the only perſon who had ever made an impreſſion on her heart; ſhe endeavoured chearfully to acquieſce in her lot, and to bring her mind to look upon Sir *Charles* in no other light than as a dear and invaluable friend, and to baniſh every idea of being more nearly related to him: but the unavoidable diſtreſs of her mind had an effect upon her body, and ſhe fell into a gradual decline.

SIR *Charles*, on his return to his native country, was received by his family and friends with the greateſt teſtimony of joy. He was much alarmed at the news of Miſs *Byron*'s illneſs, and taking a journey into *Northamptonſhire*, where that lady was with her relations, he paid a viſit to Mrs. *Shirley* her grandmother, an elderly lady, of a moſt amiable character, when laying before her his ſituation with regard to *Clementina*, he aſked, if it was conſiſtent with her notions of delicacy, to give her intereſt in favour of a man thus ſituated; adding, that if it was, and if Miſs *Byron* would accept of the tender of a heart that had been thus unaccountably divided, they would then lay him under an obligation that he could only endeavour to return by the utmoſt gratitude and affection; and deſiring an anſwer in writing, laid

upon

upon the table ſeveral letters he had received from *Jeronymo* and *Clementina*, with his anſwers, in order to let her ſee that the affair between him and that lady was entirely given up by both. He then took his leave.

MRS. *Shirley* inſtantly ſent for Miſs *Byron*, Mr. and Mrs. *Selby*, and ſome other of her relations, and having communicated to them the welcome news, they read the letters, and being fully ſatisfied with the contents, the old lady wrote a letter to Sir *Charles*, the ſubſtance of which was, that they received as an honour the offer he made of an alliance that would do credit to the families of the firſt rank; and that it had been the height of their wiſhes, that the man who had reſcued the dear creature from inſult and diſtreſs, might be at liberty to intitle himſelf to her grateful love.

ON the receipt of this letter Sir *Charles* paid his addreſſes to Miſs *Byron*, which ſhe at firſt received with much confuſion; but encouraged by his polite and tender behaviour, ſhe grew more aſſured. He ſhewed her another letter from *Jeronymo*, in which that dear friend urged him to ſet an example to *Clementina*, by entering into the marriage ſtate, and acquainted him that his ſiſter wiſhed for nothing more than to ſee him happily married, and then added, You ſee, Madam, I am wholly free with regard to *Clementina*—free by her own choice, by her own will. *Clementina*'s wiſh always was, that I would marry; and only be careful that my choice ſhould not diſgrace the regard ſhe vouchſafed to own for me.—— *Clementina*, when ſhe has the pleaſure of knowing the dear lady before me, if that may be, by the name of *Grandiſon*, will confeſs, that my choice has done the higheſt credit to the favour ſhe honoured me with. He was ſilent, and ſeemed to expect her anſwer.

THE honour, ſaid ſhe, with much heſitation, of Sir *Charles Grandiſon*—no one ever did, or ever can doubt.——I muſt own—I muſt confeſs.——Here ſhe pauſed.

WHAT does my dear Miſs *Byron* own?—What confeſs? ſaid he. Aſſure yourſelf, Madam, of my honour, of my gratitude. Should you have doubts, ſpeak them. This, Sir, ſaid ſhe, is my confeſſion—and it is the confeſſion of a heart which I hope is as ſincere as your own.——That I am dazzled and confounded at the ſuperior merits of the lady you ſo nobly, ſo like yourſelf, glory ſtill in eſteeming, as ſhe well deſerves to be eſteemed.——I fear not, Sir, any more than ſhe did, your honour, your juſtice, nor your indulgent tenderneſs.——Your character, your principles, are full ſecurity to the woman who ſhall endeavour to deſerve from you that indulgence. —But ſo juſtly high do I think of Lady *Clementina*, and her conduct, that I fear—ah, Sir, I fear—that it is impoſſible.—Here ſtopping, Sir *Charles* returned, What *impoſſible!*—What fears my dear Miſs *Byron* is *impoſſible?* Why, thus kindly urged, returned ſhe, ſhall I not ſpeak all that is in my mind? Oh! the poor *Harriet Byron* fears, when ſhe contemplates the magnanimity of that excellent lady, that with all her care, with all her endeavours, ſhe never ſhall be able to make the figure to herſelf, which is neceſſary for her own tranquility. This, Sir, is my doubt, and all my doubt. Generous, kind, noble Miſs *Byron!* returned he in a rapturous accent; and is this *all* your doubt? Then muſt the man before you be yet a happy man. *Clementina* has acted glorioufly in preferring, to all other conſiderations, her religion and her country: I can allow this in her favour, againſt myſelf; and ſhall I not be doubly bound in gratitude to her ſiſter excellence, who, having not thoſe trials, yet the moſt delicate of human minds, ſhews in my favour a frankneſs of heart which ſets her above little forms and affectation, and at the ſame time a generoſity with regard to the merits of another lady which has few examples?—May bleſſings attend my future life, as my grateful heart ſhall acknowledge this goodneſs!

MISS *Byron* was now in the immediate proſpect of the higheſt human felicity; an union with a man juſtly entitled to her tendereſt love, gratitude and eſteem:

eſteem: but though this was a happineſs ſhe had not till now even dared to hope for, her heart ſunk under the fulneſs of her joy, and the near views of the completion of her higheſt hopes, filled her with fears and apprehenſions. When Sir *Charles* preſſed her to name the happy day, her generous concern for the diſtreſſes of the noble *Clementina*, made her deſire to wait till he received another letter in anſwer to one he had ſent to acquaint her, that he had actually paid his addreſſes to an *Engliſh* lady that would do honour to his choice. This letter at length arrived, and in it the generous *Clementina*, in the fulleſt terms, expreſſed her wiſhes, that the *Engliſh* lady might make him as happy as ſhe herſelf would have made him, had not inſurmountable obſtacles intervened; and deſired that that might ſerve as a teſtimonial to the lady, whoſe merit entitled her to his love, of her ſincere wiſhes for their mutual happineſs; aſſuring him, that ſhe wiſhed for nothing more ardently than to hear of their nuptials being celebrated.

IN ſhort, the happy day was at laſt fixed; and as the ceremony could not be kept private, Miſs *Byron*'s relations choſe to have it performed in as public a manner as poſſible, and Sir *Charles* coming into their meaſures, Miſs *Byron* acquieſced, though ſhe could not think of being expoſed to the view of a number of ſpectators on this ſolemn occaſion without great uneaſineſs. Sir *Charles* invited his neareſt relations, and Miſs *Byron*'s were deſirous of attending her. The lady, on the morning of this happy day, found her apprehenſions encreaſe; her excellent grandmother encouraged and bleſſed her, and Sir *Charles* entreated, that, in compliment to the beſt of parents, ſhe ſhould reſume her uſual preſence of mind; Elſe I, ſaid he, who ſhall glory before a thouſand witneſſes in receiving the honour of your hand, ſhall be ready to regret that I acquieſced ſo chearfully in the wiſhes of your friends for a public celebration. This day, my deareſt love, ſaid he, we call upon the world to be witneſs to our mutual joys. Let us ſhew that world, that our hearts are one, and that the ceremony, ſacred as it is, cannot make them more ſo. The engage-

ment is a holy one: Let us ſhew the multitude, as well as our ſurrounding friends, that we think it a laudable one. I call upon you, my deareſt life, to juſtify my joy by your apparent approbation. The world around you, loveliеſt of women, has been accuſtomed to ſee your lovers, ſhew them now the huſband of your choice. O Sir! ſaid Miſs *Byron*, you have given me a motive, I will think of it throughout the whole ſacred tranſaction.

THE ladies were all dreſſed as elegantly as morning dreſſes could make them; but Miſs *Byron*'s was the leaſt ſhewy, as ſhe was dreſſed all in virgin-white. Mr. *Selby*, her uncle, led the lovely creature to his own coach, but ſtopt at the door for her grandmother's going in firſt. The ſervants, at a diſtance, all admiring, and bleſſing, and praying for their beloved young lady. Sir *Charles* lifted the old lady in, and Miſs *Byron* following her, Mr. *Selby* and Sir *Charles* alſo entered. The proceſſion to church conſiſted of eight coaches and four, and the coach-way was lined with ſpectators.

WHEN they ſtopt at the church-yard, four girls, tenants daughters, the eldeſt not above thirteen, appeared with neat wicker-baſkets in their hands, filled with flowers, and as ſoon as the bride, Mr. *Selby*, Sir *Charles*, and Mrs. *Shirley* alighted, theſe pretty little *Floras*, all dreſſed in white, with chaplets of flowers for head-dreſſes, large noſegays in their boſoms, white ribbands adorning their ſtays and their baſkets; ſome ſtreaming down, others tied round the handles in true lovers knots, attending the company; two going before, the two others here and there, and all ſtrewing flowers. A thought of the tenants.

THE paſſage from the entrance of the church-yard to the church being railed in, the croud, which was very great, was kept at a diſtance. The lovely Miſs *Byron* was greatly confounded in walking through this paſſage; for Mrs. *Shirley*, her grandmother, walked ſo ſlow, that all were out of their coaches before Mr. *Selby* and the bride reached the church-porch. Sir *Charles*'s attention was chiefly employed

on

on Mrs. *Shirley*, becauſe of her age and lameneſs. The populace took notice, how right a thing it was for the fineſt young gentleman their eyes ever beheld, to take ſuch care of ſo good an old lady, and ſaid, that he deſerved to live to be old himſelf. Mrs. *Shirley* had her ſhare in reverence, as the lovely couple had theirs in admiration.

AT the concluſion of the ceremony, Sir *Charles*, with a joy that lighted up a more charming fluſh than uſual on his face, took her hand, and ſaluting her; May God, my deareſt life, ſaid he audibly, be gracious to your *Grandiſon*, as he will be good to his *Harriet*, now no more *Byron!*—She curteſied low, and with ſo modeſt a grace, that every ſoul bleſſed her, and pronounced her the loveliеſt of women, and him the moſt graceful and polite of men.

SIR *Charles* led his bride into the veſtry; ſhe was followed by her virgin train, they by their partners. She threw herſelf, the moment ſhe beheld her grandmother, at her feet, crying, Bleſs, Madam, your happy, happy child. God for ever bleſs, ſaid ſhe, the darling of my heart! Sir *Charles* then bent his knee to the venerable lady, ſaying, Receive and bleſs, alſo, your ſon, my *Harriet*'s reverend parent and mine. The good lady was affected; ſhe ſlid off her ſeat on her knees, and with uplifted hands and eyes, tears trickling on her cheeks, cried, Thou, Almighty, bleſs the dear ſon of my wiſhes! He raiſed her, with a pious tenderneſs, and ſaluted her. Excellent lady! ſaid he, but was too much affected to ſay more, and having ſeated her, he turned to Mrs. *Selby*——Words are poor, ſaid he; my actions, my behaviour ſhall ſpeak the grateful ſenſe I have of your goodneſs, ſaluting her; of yours, Madam, to Mrs. *Shirley*, and of yours, my deareſt life, addreſſing himſelf to his lovely bride, who ſeemed hardly able to ſuſtain her joy. Let me once more, added he, bleſs the hand that has bleſſed me! She chearfully offered it; I give you, Sir, my hand, ſaid ſhe, curteſying, and with it a poor heart———a poor heart indeed! but it is a grateful one! It is all your

own! He bowed upon her hand, but ſeemed as if he could not ſpeak.

JOY, joy, joy, was wiſhed the happy pair, from every mouth. See, my dear young ladies, ſaid the happy and inſtructive Mrs. *Shirley*, addreſſing herſelf to them, the reward of duty, virtue and obedience! How unhappy muſt thoſe parents and relations be, whoſe daughters, unlike our *Harriet*, have diſgraced themſelves and their families by a ſhameful choice!——As my *Harriet's is*, ſuch, looking around her, be your lot, my amiable daughters! They every one beſought her hand, kiſſed it, and promiſed to cheriſh the memory of this happy tranſaction.

THE bells were ſet a ringing the moment the ſolemnity was concluded, and Sir *Charles* led his graceful bride through a lane of applauding and decent behaving ſpectators, down through the church, and ſtill more thronging multitudes in the churchyard; the four little *Floras* again ſtrewing flowers at their feet as they paſſed. My ſweet girls, ſaid he, I charge you complete the honour you have done us, by your preſence at *Selby-houſe*. They returned in the ſame order they went, and bleſſings were poured upon the happy pair, by hundreds, at their alighting at *Selby-houſe*.

WHEN they were aſſembled in the great hall, mutual congratulations flowed from every mouth: then did every man ſalute the happy bride; then did the equally happy bridegroom ſalute every lady. There was among them the height of joy; a joy becoming the awful ſolemnity, and every one was full of the decent behaviour, and the delight expreſſed by the crowd of ſpectators of all ranks, and both ſexes, a delight and decency, worthy of the characters of the admirable pair.

THE bride could then look up and ſmile around her. Lady *G.* led her into a parlour, and throwing her arms about her, Now, my dear, ſaid ſhe, do I ſalute my real ſiſter, my ſiſter *Grandiſon* in my dear Lady *L*'s name, as well as in my own: God Almighty confirm and eſtabliſh your happineſs! My

deareſt,

deareſt, deareſt Lady *G.* ſhe returned, how grateful, how encouraging to my heart is your kind ſalutation! Your continued love, and that of my dear Lady *L.* will be eſſential to my happineſs. May our hearts be ever united! replied ſhe. But they muſt; for were not our minds kindred minds before?

BUT why, Ladies, ſaid Sir *Charles*, do you ſequeſter yourſelves from the company? Are we not all of a family to-day? The four little *Floras* with their baſkets in their hands are entering the gates. We will join the company and call them in. They returned into the great hall, and the pretty *Floras* were introduced. Sir *Charles* took each by the hand. My pretty loves, ſaid he, I wiſh I could preſent you with as pretty flowers as you threw away in honour to this company, putting into each baſket, wrapped up in paper, five guineas; and then preſented them, two in each hand, to his bride, who received them with a moſt graceful eaſe and familiarity.

THE children afterwards, deſiring to go to their parents, were conducted to them, but ſoon returned with a requeſt from all the tenants, who had an entertainment provided for them in the leſſer park, that they might have the honour, ſome time in the day, to ſee the bride and bridegroom among them, were it but for two minutes. But this the bride declining, Sir *Charles* promiſed to attend them to make her excuſe.

AFTER dinner Sir *Charles* went according to his promiſe. The tenants and their wives all wiſhed him joy; and as they would not ſit down while he ſtood, Sir *Charles* took a ſeat among them, and all the reſt followed his example. One of the honeſt men remembered the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. *Byron*, and praiſed them as the beſt and happieſt of the human race; others confirmed this character of both; another remembered the birth, another the chriſtening of the bride; and others talked of what an excellent creature ſhe was from her infancy: And let me tell you, Sir, ſaid one grey-headed man, that you will have much ado to deſerve her. Sir *Charles* was pleaſed with this honeſt freedom; he apologized for his

his not bringing her with him; but told them, that before he left *Northamptonſhire*, he hoped they ſhould have one happy dinner together, and then, with his uſual affability and politeneſs, took his leave of the good people, who, by their behaviour and appearance, did as much credit to their landlords as themſelves.

THE happy day was concluded with a ball, which, at the requeſt of the whole company, was opened by the bride and bridegroom.

THE next day Sir *Charles* wrote to Signior *Jeronymo*, to ſignify to him the actual celebration of his nuptials, and concluded with a caution, given in the moſt ardent terms, againſt precipitating the admirable *Clementina*. The ſame day, at Sir *Charles*'s requeſt, the church-wardens liſt was produced of the poor recommended by them. It amounted to upwards of one hundred and forty, divided into two claſſes, one of the acknowledged poor, the other of houſe-keepers and labouring people who were aſhamed to apply; but to whom the church-wardens knew bounty would be acceptable. There were above thirty of theſe to whom Sir *Charles* gave very handſomely; and the church-wardens, who were known to be good men, went away bleſſing him, with hearts running over at their lips, as if they themſelves were to find their account in his goodneſs.

THE next *Sunday*, the friends of the bride and bridegroom were all richly dreſſed. The bride, exquiſitely lovely in any dreſs, was ornamented by wearing richer ſilks than uſual, coſtly laces, and jewels that added grace to that admirable proportion, and thoſe fine features, to which no painter has ever yet done juſtice. The bridegroom was chiefly admired for that native dignity and eaſe, and that inattentiveneſs to his own figure and appearance, which demonſtrate the truly fine gentleman, accuſtomed to be always elegant. When his lady preſented herſelf to him and her friends, in all her glory, they involuntarily aroſe, as if to pay their homage to her: but Sir *Charles* approached her with rather an air of greater freedom

freedom than uſual; Lovelieſt of women, he called her, and taking her hand preſented her to her grandmamma; Receive, and again bleſs my angel, ſaid he, beſt of parents!———How lovely! But what is even all this amazing lovelineſs to the graces of her mind? They riſe upon me every hour. She hardly opens her lips, but I find reaſon to bleſs God, and bleſs you both, my dear ladies; for God and you have given her goodneſs—My deareſt life, allow me to ſay, that this ſweet perſon, which will be your firſt perfection in every ſtranger's eye, is but a ſecond in mine. Inſtruct me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to deſerve your love, by improving the mind you have the goodneſs to prefer, and no creature was ever on earth ſo happy as I ſhall be.

IN fine, the reſt of the company being come, they proceeded to church; but though they were very early, the church was crouded. How were the charming couple admired on their alighting, and as they walked to their pew! Sir *Charles*, however, forgot not that humble deportment, full of reverence for the place, and the divine offices, which ſeemed to make him abſent for the time from that ſplendor and beauty which took every eye out of their own pew. The church in the afternoon was ſtill more crowded than before. How were Sir *Charles* and Mrs. *Selby* bleſſed by the poor, and people of low circumſtances, for their well diſpoſed bounty to them!

SIR *Charles* and his bride having received and returned the viſits of the neighbouring gentry, and given their company at another entertainment provided for the tenants, they ſet out for *Grandiſon-hall*, Sir *Charles*'s capital ſeat; where having again run through the round of receiving and paying viſits, they ſettled into that ſweet domeſtic calm, which is the moſt perfect ſtate of human felicity.

GREAT part of his time was now employed in the improvement of his eſtate, and here the minuteſt things, any more than the greateſt, eſcaped not his attention; by which means he enabled himſelf to anſwer the generous demands of his own heart. He made

made himſelf acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager, and enquired into their circumſtances, the number of their children, and proſpects. When occaſions called for it, he would forgive arrears of rent; and if the poor men had no proſpect of ſucceſs, he, in a manner, bought his own farms of them, by giving them money to quit. At the tenants deſire he tranſplanted one to a larger farm, and another to a leſs, according as they had ſtock or probability of ſucceſs in the one or the other; and frequently aſſiſted his poor tenants under their neceſſities, by ſending them, on urgent occaſions, a ſupply of money. By theſe means his tenants grew rich, and he himſelf reaped the benefit of his own generoſity, by the eaſe and punctuality with which they were enabled to pay him their rents.

On the other hand, he began to employ himſelf in reconciling all the differences between his friends and tenants, and happily united thoſe, who, from any miſunderſtanding, were at variance. For it was always his opinion, that a day ſpent in doing good, be the objects of it ever ſo low, is more pleaſing upon reflection, than a day of the moſt elegant indulgence.

But while Sir *Charles* and his Lady were thus employed in acts of humanity and friendſhip, and had but juſt begun the above plan of life, they received a letter from *Jeronymo*, which gave them a very ſenſible concern. He informed his friend, that his ſiſter, the Lady *Clementina*, who was very deſirous of taking the veil, had been preſſed to give her hand to the Count of *Belvedere* with ſuch earneſtneſs and inceſſant importunity, as had greatly diſordered her mind, and that to avoid an union which ſhe could not approve, and thoſe ſolicitations which ſhe knew not how to withſtand, ſhe had raſhly fled from her friends, and had embarked on board a veſſel bound for *England*; accompanied only by her page, an *Engliſh* youth, and her ſervant *Laura*; that her father, mother, and himſelf, with ſeveral of her friends, being inconſolable for her loſs, were following her; and that they beſought him, their valued friend, to provide

vide them lodgings, and to ſearch for the dear fugitive.

THIS news gave great concern both to Sir *Charles* and his Lady, who were then at their country ſeat. That Lady, firmly convinced of the ſteadineſs of his virtue, inſtantly beſought him to give the unhappy *Clementina* his protection. Conſider me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, as a ſtrengthener, not a weakener of your hands, in her ſervice. I have no concern but for her ſafety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occaſion. Dear Sir, let me, by participation, leſſen it.

SOUL of my ſoul, ſaid he, claſping her to his boſom, I had no doubt of your generous goodneſs. It would be doing injuſtice to the unhappy *abſent*, and to the knowledge I have of my *own heart*, as well as to *you*, the abſolute miſtreſs of it, did I think it neceſſary to make profeſſions of my unalterable, my inviolable love to you; I will acquaint you with every ſtep I take. You muſt adviſe me, as I go along; for minds ſo delicate as yours and *Clementina*'s muſt be allied.

IN ſhort, he rode poſt to town, where he found a long letter from the unhappy Lady, who, in unconnected ramblings, deplored the inconſiderate ſtep ſhe had taken, and obſerved, that ſhe was far from being happy; wiſhed his advice and protection; but dared not let him know where he might ſee her; yet at the ſame time let him know how to direct a letter ſo as to have it come to her hands.

IN his anſwer, he endeavoured to ſooth the anguiſh of her mind, and offered to put her under the protection of his Lady, or his ſiſters; at the ſame time entreating, that ſhe would relieve the anxiety of his heart, by giving him an immediate opportunity of ſeeing her.

IN another letter, ſhe ſtrove to engage him to uſe his intereſt with her friends, to allow her the freedom of her choice, and having obtained his promiſe, that he would endeavour to prevent her being forced to marry the Count of *Belvedere*, ſhe allowed him to wait on her.

HE

He went, and was introduced by her ſervant *Laura*. He welcomed her to *England*—And do you, can you, ſaid ſhe, bid me welcome? Me, a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful!——O Chevalier, lower not your unſullied character, by approving ſo unnatural a ſtep as that I have taken. I do bid you welcome, Madam, ſaid he, your brother, your friend, from his ſoul, welcomes you to *England*. Let me know, Chevalier, before another word paſſes, cried ſhe, whether I have a father, whether I have a mother. Bleſſed be God, Madam, ſaid he, you have both. She lifted up her hands, crying, Thank God! God, I thank thee! Diſtraction would have been my portion, if I had not! I was afraid to aſk after them. I ſhould have thought myſelf the moſt deteſtable of parricides, if either of them had been no more. They are in the utmoſt diſtreſs, rejoined he, for your ſafety. They will think themſelves happy when they know you are well, and in the protection of your brother *Grandiſon*. Will they, Sir? ſhe cried. O what a paradox! They ſo indulgent, yet ſo cruel——I ſo dutiful, yet a fugitive! But tell me, Sir; determined as I was againſt entering into a ſtate I too much honour to enter into with a reluctant heart, could I take any other ſtep than that I have taken, to free myſelf from the *cruelty* of *perſuaſion?* Your conſcience, Madam, he replied, is a law to you. If that accuſes you, you will repent: if it acquits you, who ſhall condemn?

In ſhort, Sir *Charles* endeavoured to inſpire her with confidence, and mentioned the kind reception ſhe ſhould meet with among his friends. She then obſerved, that he forbore to mention the principal perſon among them, aſked what ſhe would think of the poor *Clementina*, and deſired him to aſſure her, that ſhe would not have ſet her foot on the *Engliſh* ſhore had he not been married, and added, that if ſhe ſhould make him and his Lady unhappy, no creature on earth could hate her ſo much as ſhe ſhould hate herſelf. He aſſured her that her happineſs was indeed eſſential to that of them both: that his *Harriet* was another *Clementina*; and ſhe another *Harriet*; that

that ſhe muſt know her, and he was ſure would love her, and that ſhe was prepared to receive her as the deareſt of her ſiſters. Generous Lady *Grandiſon*, ſaid ſhe, I have heard her character. I congratulate you, Sir, you have reaſon to think that I ſhould have been grieved, had you not met with a woman who deſerved you. To know you are happy in a wife, and think yourſelf ſo; and that no blame lies upon me for declining your addreſſes, will contribute more than I can expreſs to my peace of mind. When I have more courage, and my heart is eaſed of ſome part of its anguiſh, you ſhall preſent me to her. Tell her, in the mean time, that I will love her; and that I ſhall hold myſelf everlaſtingly bound in gratitude, for making happy the man, whom once, but for a ſuperior motive, I had the vanity to think I could have made ſo.

SHE turned away her glowing face, tears on her cheek; while Sir *Charles*'s admiration of her greatneſs of mind, ſo ſimilar to that of his own *Harriet*, would not allow him to pour out his heart in words: but at laſt he broke ſilence, by urging her to accept of an apartment at Lady *L*——'s. To this ſhe conſented, and Sir *Charles* and his ſiſter came the next morning, and carried her away in Lord *L*—'s coach. The ladies of Sir *Charles*'s family all exerted themſelves in ſtriving who ſhould moſt oblige the unhappy *Clementina*, and particularly his *Harriet*, who had always admired her for her virtues, and, now ſhe knew her, behaved to her with the tender affection of a beloved ſiſter.

CLEMENTINA had not been long acquainted with the principal perſons of this happy family, when Sir *Charles* received a letter by an expreſs from his friend *Jeronymo*, to inform him, that his father and mother, with ſeveral of their friends, were landed at *Dover*.

SIR *Charles* inſtantly ſet out with four coaches and ſix of his own and his friends, to accommodate them and their attendants, he having before fitted up his houſe in *Groſvenor-ſquare* for their reception. Sir *Charles* had not been long gone, when the Count of *Belvedere*,

Belvedere, and one of his friends, impatient to hear news of *Clementina*, arrived, and were received by the Lady *Grandiſon* with all poſſible marks of reſpect, though ſhe could not be perſuaded to let them know where that Lady was; but would only inform them that ſhe was ſafe, and in good hands.

SIR *Charles*, on his arrival at *Dover*, was received by the whole noble family with inexpreſſible joy; and though he found them breathing nothing but reconciliation and love to their *Clementina*, reſolved to keep her concealed, till he could be aſſured that her ſenſes ſhould no more be endangered by her being teized to marry the Count of *Belvedere*. He conducted the family *della Porretta* by eaſy journies to *London*, and placed them in the houſe he had provided for their reception, where he was agreeably ſurprized at his lady's having provided an elegant repaſt for them on their arrival.

THE fond mother was ſo impatient to ſee her daughter, that every one was afraid of the conſequences, as to the health both of her body and mind; and, on the other hand, the young lady grieved to find herſelf, as ſhe ſaid, in ſuch a ſituation as to be obliged to inſiſt on conditions with her parents, before ſhe threw herſelf at their feet, which ſhe longed to do, though ſhe dreaded to ſee them.

SIR *Charles*, at the requeſt of all parties, drew up a paper, copies of which were given to *Clementina* and the principal perſons of her family. In which he propoſed, that the lady ſhould give up all thoughts of withdrawing from the world; that ſhe ſhould be at liberty to chuſe her way of life, and to nominate her attendants. That the Count of *Belvedere*, for the ſake of her compoſure of mind, ſhould reſolve to diſcontinue his addreſſes; and that her parents and brothers ſhould promiſe never with earneſtneſs to perſuade, much leſs to compel her to marry any man.

To theſe articles the whole family, after ſome debate, conſented; but the Lady *Clementina* found more difficulty in reſigning for ever her favourite project of taking the veil; however, ſhe at laſt ſubmitted,

as

as did the Count of *Belvedere*, tho' with the greateſt agony of mind.

CLEMENTINA was then to be introduced to her longing parents, but her dread of ſeeing them, made her beſeech the Lady *Grandiſon* and the Lady *L.* Sir *Charles*'s ſiſter, to introduce her, and countenance her by their preſence. To this they readily conſented. At the time fixed for this affecting interview, the Lady *Grandiſon* waited upon her, while Sir *Charles* went to prepare her expecting relations. *Clementina* looked wild and diſordered, and giving each of the ladies her hand, was led to the coach. But, at ſtepping in, ſhe trembled, faultered, and ſeemed greatly diſturbed. They conſoled her all they could, and the coach drove to *Groſvenor-ſquare*. Sir *Charles*, on the coach ſtopping, appeared. He ſaw her emotion. It is kind, my *Harriet!* it is kind, Lady *L.* ſaid he, to accompany Lady *Clementina*—— Your goodneſs will be rewarded by ſeeing the moſt gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave to a long abſent daughter. O Chevalier! was all ſhe could ſay. Sir *Charles* then told her that he would lead her into a drawing-room, where ſhe ſhould ſee no other perſons but thoſe who were with her: this viſibly encouraged her: ſhe gave him her trembling hand, and he led her in, followed by the two ladies, who ſeated themſelves on each hand of her; but they, with difficulty, by their ſalts and ſoothing, kept her from fainting.

WHEN ſhe was a little recovered—Huſh! ſaid ſhe, with her finger held up, and wildneſs in her looks, caſting her eyes to the doors and windows in turn: they will hear us——Further recovering herſelf—O Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, what ſhall I ſay? How ſhall I look? What ſhall I do?—And am I, am I, indeed, in the ſame houſe with my father, mother, *Jeronymo?* Who elſe? Who elſe? with quickneſs.

IT is ſo ordered, my deareſt *Clementina*, ſaid Sir *Charles*, in love and tenderneſs to you, that you ſhall only ſee your mother firſt; then your father—at your own pleaſure, your brothers, Mrs. *Beaumont*, Father *Mareſcotti*. Your mamma, Madam, all indulgence,

is

is impatient to fold you to her heart. What joy will you give her?

He offered his hand, ſhe gave him hers, motioning for the two ladies attendance, who followed her into the room, where was her expecting mother. They ran with open arms to each other. O my mamma! My *Clementina!*—was all that either could ſay. They ſunk down on the floor, the mother's arms about the daughter's neck; the daughter's about the mother's waiſt. Sir *Charles* lifted them up, and ſeated them cloſe to each other——Pardon! pardon! pardon! ſaid the lady, with her hands and eyes lifted up, and ſliding out of her mother's arms on her knees —But at that moment could ſay no more.

The Marquis, not being able longer to contain himſelf, ruſhed in, crying, My daughter! my child! my *Clementina!* once more do I ſee my child? Sir *Charles* had lifted her up, when her father entered. She ſunk down again proſtrate on the floor, her arms extended, ſaying, O my father! forgive! forgive me, O my father! He raiſed her up by Sir *Charles*'s aſſiſtance; and ſeating her between himſelf and his lady, both again wrapt their arms about her. She repeated prayers for forgiveneſs, in broken accents. Bleſſings, in accents as broken, flowed from their hearts to their lips.

After the firſt emotions, when ſhe could ſpeak, and ſhe now and then could look up, which ſhe did by ſnatches as it were; but her eyes preſently falling under theirs, Behold, Madam, behold, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, looking at Lady *L.* the hoſpitable Lady to whom—Behold, looking at Lady *Grandiſon*, a more than woman: an angel——More ſhe would have ſaid, but ſeemed at a loſs for words. We have before ſeen and admired, ſaid the Marquis, in Lady *Grandiſon*, the nobleſt of all women. He aroſe to approach the ladies, when Sir *Charles* led them both to him.

CLEMENTINA ſnatched firſt Lady *Grandiſon*'s hand, and eagerly preſſed it to her lips; then Lady *L*'s. Her heart was full: ſhe ſeemed to want to ſpeak, but could not: when the two ladies, with overflowing

overflowing eyes, congratulated the father, mother and daughter.

SIR *Charles* then withdrawing, returned with the Biſhop and Signior *Jeronymo*. It is hard to ſay, whether theſe two Lords ſhewed more joy, than *Clementina* did ſhame and confuſion. She offered at begging pardon; but the Biſhop ſaid, Not one word of paſt afflictions! No body is in fault. We are all happy once more; and happy on the conditions preſcribed to both, by this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular. My ever noble, my venerable brother, ſaid *Jeronymo*, (who had claſped his ſiſter to his fond heart, his eyes running over) how I love you for this uncalled for aſſurance to the dear *Clementina!* Every article of my *Grandiſon*'s plan ſhall be carried into execution. We will rejoice with the Chevalier (as he has deſired) in his *England*——And he, and all who are dear to him, ſhall accompany us to *Italy*. Sir *Charles* then introduced to the lady, the greatly and juſtly eſteemed Mrs. *Beaumont*, who had alſo left *Italy* to attend her. *Clementina* threw herſelf into her arms, ſaying, Forgive me, my dear Mrs. *Beaumont!* If you forgive me, *virtue* will. Pardon the poor creature, who never, never, would have ſo much diſgraced your leſſons, and her Mamma's example, as ſhe has done, had not a heavy cloud darkened her unhappy mind. It was not your fault, my dear Lady *Clementina*, returned ſhe, but your misfortune. You never was ſo much to be blamed as pitied. All here are of one ſentiment. We came over to heal your wounded mind: be it healed, and every one will be happy.

TWO days after, the articles, ſigned and witneſſed, were put into *Clementina*'s hands in the preſence of all her friends; when having written her name, ſhe deliberately tore off the other names, and kiſſing the torn bit, put it in her boſom; then throwing herſelf on her knees to her father and mother, who ſtood together, and preſenting the paper to the former, Never let it be ſaid, cried ſhe, that your child, your *Clementina*, has preſumed to article in form with the deareſt of parents. My name ſtands. It will be a witneſs

againſt

againſt me, if I break the articles which I have ſigned. But in your forgiveneſs, my Lord, in yours, Madam, and in a thouſand acts of indulgence, I have too much experienced your paſt, to doubt your future goodneſs to me. Your intention, my ever honoured parents, is your act. I pray to God to enable your *Clementina* to be all you wiſh her to be. In the ſingle life only indulge me; your word is all the aſſurance I wiſh for. I will have no other. They embraced her, they tenderly raiſed her between them; and again embraced her.

CLEMENTINA did not know, till the day before, that the Count of *Belvedere* had accompanied her friends to *England*. Sir *Charles* uſed great precaution in giving her this information, and at the ſame time informed her that the Count begged to take his leave of her. She conſented to ſee him, as one of the friends of her family; and in that light, deferred his departure; ſhe entered into ſeveral converſations with him, and before all her friends, behaved to him with the reſpect due to his merit. She knew how ardently her parents and brothers wiſhed to ſee her united to that accompliſhed nobleman; ſhe obſerved the pleaſure that ſparkled in their eyes, whenever ſhe addreſſed her diſcourſe to him; and after having ſeriouſly conſidered their motives and the Count's merit, together with the reaſons that induced her to reſolve never to marry, began at length to heſitate, and made a voluntary promiſe to her relations to comply with their wiſhes, if within a twelve-month's time, ſhe ſhould ſee no reaſon to alter her mind.

THIS noble family ſtaid with Sir *Charles* ſeveral months, part of which time they ſpent at his country-ſeat. Every opportunity was taken to render their reſidence in *England* as agreeable as poſſible; and when they took their leave, Sir *Charles* and his Lady attended them to *Dover*. *Jeronymo*, however, ſtaid in *England* with Sir *Charles*, in order to enjoy the benefit of the *Bath* waters: And the next year Sir *Charles* and his Lady, with his two ſiſters and their Lords, accompanied him to *Italy*, where they were received with tranſports of joy by his noble family,

and

and where they had the pleaſure to find the Lady *Clementina* perfectly recovered from the diſorder of her mind, and to be preſent at her marriage with the Count of *Belvidere*.

AFTER ſtaying ſeveral months in *Italy*, Sir *Charles* and his Lady, with his brothers and ſiſters returned to *England*, where they reſumed their former plan of life. The Lady *Grandiſon* had already brought Sir *Charles* a ſon and a daughter. Their love being founded in virtue, is fixed on an immoveable baſis. They are admired and beloved by their friends; their generous and benevolent ſpirit makes them regarded with grateful affection by their tenants, almoſt adored by the poor, and beloved and reverenced by their ſervants. In ſhort, their piety, their religion and virtue, free from all bigotry and ſuperſtition, are the ſources of the noble pleaſures that can fill the minds of rational beings; they enjoy the bleſſings of life with gratitude, and look forward to futurity with tranſport.

FINIS.